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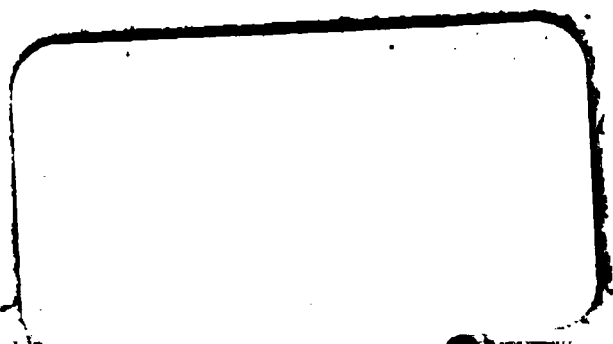
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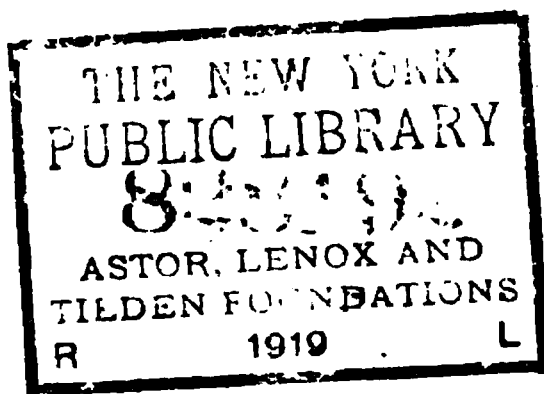
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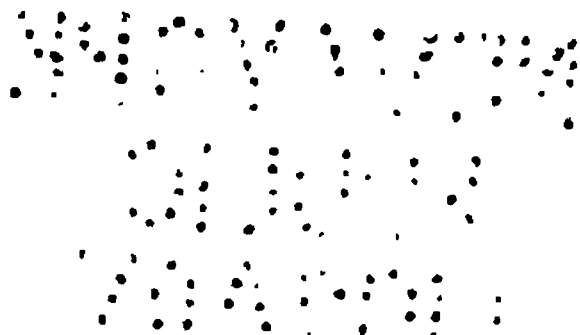
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BILLY THE GOAT

**HAS SOMETHING TO SAY BY WAY OF INTRODUCING
HIMSELF AND IN LIEU OF A PREFACE**

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you."

MY DEAR READER,—In appearing before you under the cover of this book, and exposing to profane view a few of the profound secrets of a long and eventful career in connection with the Lodges of various Secret Fraternities, I feel I can safely do so without incurring the disapproval of my Fraters, and that I shall be greeted with their cordial and unqualified indorsement instead.

In this intrusion upon a general public, I am sure I shall meet, and renew the acquaintance of, a host of old and valued friends, with recollections of past associations and of agreeable intercourse, which none of us can forget, nor do we regret.

To these, I trust, the recital of a few of my pranks and capers will prove familiar, and perhaps be recognized as a part of their own experience. Truly, my Brothers, we must confess that we have had many a jolly time together, "out o' nights;" many happy occasions that go far to form and cement lasting friendships. I would not forego these recollections if I could; and I trust the sentiment is mutual.

To those whom an inopportune fate has denied the enjoyment of the privilege, which should be every man's at some period of his life, of "riding the goat"—and thus making my acquaintance—I must say that the loss has been on their side, not mine, and that a good thing has been missed by them.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Throughout my long life in the Lodges, I have been petted, indulged, well fed, maligned, but well trained, and it has been said of me that I "know my business." Notwithstanding my associates refer to me familiarly and affectionately as "Billy the Goat," I am proud to observe that I am universally respected by all with whom I come in contact in my intimate connection with the numerous Secret Orders, of which I am an indispensable member, as my name is invariably to be found upon the roster of every Lodge of that character. This would seem to be evidence that I am a useful member, and that my services can not be dispensed with. None, I have observed, have ever indicated any desire or inclination to dispense with them. This condition of affairs is perfectly agreeable to me, and I fully enjoy the distinction.

It will easily be seen that I am no longer a "Kid." As the oldest member, my name will also be found enrolled on every veteran list. My whiskers have grown gray, my horns have grown longer, my hide tougher than ever, and yet I have lost none of my original activity.

My pedigree dates 'way back, and history proudly substantiates my claims to an ancient and honorable ancestry. Members of my family have ever shown a willingness to enter into and contribute to the rites, mysteries, and ceremonies of creeds, clans, and otherwise, of peoples prehistoric. In a more recent period, and for an account of my entrance into the oldest of the modern Secret Orders, known to you as "The Masons," there is to be found, among the researches of my brother Mackey, the following:

"The idea that 'riding the goat' constitutes a part of the ceremonies of initiation of a Masonic Lodge has

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its real origin in the superstition of antiquity. The old Greeks and Romans portrayed their mystical god Pan in horns and hoofs and shaggy hide, and called him 'goat-footed.' When the demonology of the classics was adopted and modified by the early Christians, Pan gave way to Satan, who naturally inherited his attributes; so that to the common mind the devil was represented by a he-goat, and his best known marks were the horns, the beard, and the cloven hoofs. Then came the witch stories of the Middle Ages, and the belief in the witch orgies, where, as it was said, the devil appeared riding on a goat. These orgies of the witches, where, amid fearfully blasphemous ceremonies, they practiced initiation into their Satanic rites, became, to the vulgar and illiterate, the type of the Masonic mysteries; for, as Dr. Oliver says, 'It was in England a common belief that the Freemasons were accustomed in their Lodges "to raise the devil."' So the 'riding of the goat,' which was believed to be practiced by the witches, was transferred to the Freemasons, and the saying remains to this day."

Another historian, Brother Gould, finds another explanation of the origin of the idea of "riding the goat" in Masonic Lodges. Mr. Gould says:

"Alluding to the well-known tavern sign, 'The Devil and Bag of Nails,' Mrs. Plozzi, in a letter, April 5, 1819, to Sir James Fellowes, observes: 'Your idea of Pan among the bacchanals (devil among a bag of nails) is incomparable. 'T is the only solution to so strange a sign, and Scaliger says that his Satanic Majesty, when visible to his adorers, commonly does assume the port and person of Azazel, Hebrew for the goat.' As the Freemasons were anciently supposed to raise the devil, can it be that, in the above, we find a clue to the popular

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

delusion that every newly-made Mason is obliged to ride the goat?"

There is still a further account which gives evidence of my ubiquity. If Robinson Crusoe had sighed "for a Lodge in some vast wilderness," he need not have sighed in vain, as he could have erected and established an Order on his island with an active membership; for I was there and he found me. I am always and everywhere. "Semper et ubique" is engraved on my horns.

Brother Gould intimates that my association with the Lodges is a "delusion." Do n't you believe it. This assertion is made for the benefit of "outsiders," because of his reluctance to expose the secrets. Let any one of these join any of the Secret Orders, and he will find Mr. William Goat very much in evidence.

But I do not relish being classed by Mr. Gould as synonymous with his Satanic Majesty. I admit no relationship whatever. There are times, perhaps, when, having a timorous candidate to initiate, we do raise a merry Hades. But I am not alone responsible for this: the "boys" all have a hand in it as well. The world would be very dreary to me but for the occasional opportunity of adding zest and merriment to the initiation of some timid and shrinking candidate by a rough-and-tumble ride round and round the Lodge-room. It is fun for me, and sport for "the boys." Nor does the candidate get the worst of it, though he is generally glad when it is over. He has had an experience that he does not readily forget, and we have had our laugh. Are we not the better for it?

But, then, this is only for innocent sport; and when the ceremonies are concluded, the victim invariably, and honestly, declares that he has enjoyed it, and proclaims his everlasting friendship, usually announcing, at the

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

same time, that he has a friend who has lived too long in ignorance of good things, possible of attainment, and, not being selfish, will bring this friend to realize for himself the surprises that are in store for him!

After all, I have a particular mission, which is, to add my mite to the bright side of life. If I succeed in provoking a smile now and then, and cause a candidate to forget his troubles for a moment, I have performed a duty. If, in the performance of this duty, I, at certain times, have caused a temporary inconvenience, it was only temporary and with the best of intentions; the end was always a hearty laugh all around, and everybody present was given an extension of his lease on life.

“This world is as we make it,
I often hear them say;
If we are sad and tearful
The world will seem that way;
And if we seek the dark side,
Where everything goes wrong,
And see molehills as mountains,
Our lives will seem too long.”

Sydney Smith declared that the habit of looking at the bright side is worth a thousand a year. A lady was told by her friend to look upon the bright side, to which she answered, “There is no bright side.” Her friend replied, “Then polish up the dark side.” To such as are despondent I would recommend the following prescription:

“If you feel like bein’ blue,
Better laugh.
Sighs won’t bring sunshine to you,
Better laugh.”

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

You can't conquer fate with frowns
In a fight of fifty roun's;
So, in all your ups and downs,
Better thing to do by half
Is jist to laugh."

When a change for the better has resulted, continue with the following, taking a dose every hour, or oftener, each day:

"The thing that goes the farthest
Toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most,
Is just a pleasant smile.

The smile that bubbles from a heart
That loves its fellow-men,
Will drive away the clouds of gloom
And coax the sun again.

It 's full of worth, and goodness too,
With manly kindness blent;
It 's worth a million dollars,
And it does n't cost a cent."

That is the proper point of view. How often have I seen an exemplification of this thought! Because of a pleasant smile, I have seen many a hatchet buried between men, former friends, who had been apart, may be for years, owing to some trivial misunderstanding, or from a fancied or perhaps a real wrong.

"I 've met with a good many people
In jogging over life's varied way,—
I 've encountered the clever, the simple,
The crabbed, the grave, and the gay;

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

.
I 've laughed with those that were merry,
And wept with those that were sad ;

.
And the joy and the peace they 've brought me
Have cheered my whole journey through."

"How many smiles there could be, if folks would only say, 'Good morning, neighbor; let me give a helping hand to-day!'"

"If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I 'd try so hard,
I 'm sure t' would open for me ;
Then over the land and sea broadcast
I 'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the people's faces might hold them fast,
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I 'd try to gather them, every one,
From Lodge-room, home, and street ;
Then, folding and holding, I 'd pack them in,
And turning the monster key,
I 'd hire a giant to drop the box
In the depths of the deep, deep sea."

"How much lies in laughter, the cipher-key where-with we decipher the whole man!" says Carlyle. "The fewest are able to laugh what can be called laughing."

Better laugh. Learn to laugh if you can't. A good laugh is better than medicine. Tell a good story. A

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

good story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick-room. Greet your friends with a smile. The good-humored man is always welcome. The grouchy man is always voted a nuisance.

The stories that I am about to relate are confined to the bright or sunny side of Lodge life. I have said it was my special mission to provoke mirth and contribute enjoyment at the Lodge meeting. Though these occasional relaxations from the serious business of the Lodge may prompt the Brothers to lay aside their own cares for the moment, they do not forget the sorrows of those outside.

The humorous side of Lodge work has always been mine, as my stories will show, and this office, I have been told and hope I may repeat without egotism, I have generally performed with credit to myself and with satisfaction to the Brethren. If the reader derives as much pleasure from reading the stories as I have had while participating in the events, then I shall feel amply rewarded.

"Humor is the very sunshine of the world. Hardly any other single gift will go so far to refresh and inspire one in every-day life, and keep the heart still young. It steals merrily across the work-a-day world, animating the dreariest monotony, and finding place in the most hopeless destiny. Such a gay traveling companion is Humor for the pilgrimage of life."

"There are three books, 'Aristophanes,' in Greek, 'Le Moyen de Parvenir,' in French, and 'Joe Miller's Jests,' in English, which contain ninety-nine per cent of the humorous and witty stories current. But is that any reason why one should not tell or print a good story? Copyright laws have their limitations, and one of them is, that whatever makes people laugh is the

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

common property of the world, and may be used, adapted, modified, or travestied by anybody who has sense enough of humor to appreciate and communicate a good thing."

The stories and incidents to be related were accurately "written up" by Brothers who were "on the spot." Where able to learn who were the authors, I have given credit. Most of them are from pens unknown to me, yet they have my grateful thanks just the same.

I know that some of my readers will find, among this collection many "chestnuts," a few perhaps, moss-grown. But it is my hope, that there will be found *some* things that they have not seen or heard of, and will find in these enough of healthful enjoyment to compensate for the reading; perhaps, also, some things that will bring a renewed vision of the bright side of their own pleasant experiences.

My Brothers and friends, when you have read my stories, enjoyed, smiled, or laughed over them, as I hope you will, then I shall have accomplished another duty, added another mite to benefit your race, and drawn tighter the chords that have bound us together in the ties of fraternity for so many years.

Further, I trust my effort will also result in firmly convincing the outsider and unbeliever that there really is a Goat in the Lodge of every Secret Order—a very lively Goat, as he can undoubtedly ascertain for himself by "jining."

Fraternally,

WILLIAM GOAT IOOI°.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT, IN COMMON METER, OF THIS
SINGLE COMBAT

BY AN IRISH BARD

(This admirable ballad is by General Basil W. Duke, of Louisville, and was published in the *Southern Bivouac* several years ago, whence it was extensively copied. It grows better with age, and it is republished here, and will be appreciated by our friends among the Odd Fellows.

The brightest boy ould Jesse had
Was David—youngest son;
He was a bould and active lad,
Well liked by ivery one.

Although he had to moind the sheep,
To l'arn he was so sharp,
Whin other boys wor' fast ashleep
He'd practice on the harp.

"He'd practice on
the harp"

'T would make the birds of heaven hide
Their heads to hear him sing;
He'd murther half the counthry side
Wid pebbles and a sling.

And thin the sootherin' ways he knew
To capture young and ould!
The female sex—ech Whillielu!
'T was there wor his heart hould.



"He'd murther half the
counthry side"

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Whin David was some eight year
Of age, or thereabout,
Betune the haythen and Juda-ar
A bloody war broke out.

His brothers 'listed for the war—
Begorra! they wor' daisies—
His father tuk a conthract for
To sell the army chaases.



—
"He dhrove to camp"

"David," the ould man said one day,
"You 'd loike a little thramp;
Jist load some chaases on the dhray,
And take 'em down to camp."

He dhrove to camp and sought straitway
The commissary's tint;
He got a voucher for his pay,
Thin to his brothers wint.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

He found 'em lookin'
mighty blue,
And in a dhreadful
fright;
Retrate was what they
wished to do,
But divil a bit to fight.

A big black bully, tin fut
tall,
Was bluffin' all the Jews,

"He found them lookin' mighty blue"
And throops and staff and

in their

aythur's

istine;
oike the
ne,
loike a

"Goliath was t

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

He wore upon his back and breast
Tin thousand pounds of brass;
The shine of him, complately dhressed,
Would smash a lookin'-glass.

And ivery day the baste would sthrut,
Inflamed with dhrink and pride,
And kept all Israel closely shut
In lines well fortified.

"Come out," he 'd bawl; "come out of there,
Beyant yure dhirty works;
Come av' ye dare and fight me fair,
Yer bloody Hebrew Turks!"

But ivery faithful Israelite
Said, "Lave the blaggard be;
Av' coorse no dacint Jew can fight
Wid sich low trash as he."

This sort of talk was well and good
'Till David j'ined the throop;
Whin he the matther understhood,
Bedad! he raised a whoop.

"It is a burnin' sin and shame,"
He said, "upon me word,
To hear this haythen hound defame
The chosen of the Lord.

And since no other man has felt
A wish to tan his hide,
I'll fight him for the champion's belt
And fifty slugs a side."

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

The corp'ril of the guard he tould
The offsur of the day
What David said, and he made bould
To mintion it at tay.

The edge-du-camp was of that mess,
And heerd the whole discourse,
So he—he could n't do no less—
Tould Gin'ral Saul, av' coorse.

The chafe of staff writ the high praste
To sind peremtuous orthers
For David to report in haste
At Gin'ral Saul's headquarters.

whin the son of Jesse kim,
nd Saul beheld the lad,
'oung, so tendher-loike, and shlim,
made him tearin' mad.

“O, houly Moses! look at that,”
Said Saul; “the boy's consate;
How can it be that sich a brat
Can match that heavyweight?”

“Saul beheld the lad”

Wid that blood-suckin' giant thafe
This baby can not sthrive,
The Philistine, it's my belafe,
Would ate him up alive.”

Thin David shpoke: “Me lord, it's thrue
This seems a rash intint;
Yit while I weigh but nine stun' two,
I'm full of divilmint.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

A lion and a bear kim down
The mountain's rugged sides;
I slew the bastes, then wint to town
And thraded off their hides.

And since for roarin' brutes loike thim
I've found I'm man enough,
I'm quite convinced that I can thrim
This blaggard pagan tough."

"Avick," said Saul, "yure full of pluck,
And wag your little chin
Like one who ra'ly thrusts his luck
And manes to thry and win.

I'll give ye my best coat of mail—
A new spring suit, just made—
Tuck in a thrifle in the tail,
And pad the shouldher-blade."

But David did not understhand
The use of such a thing,
And only wanted in his hand
His staff and thrusty sling.

Whin Goliath saw little David approachin', afther
havin' heerd proclamation that a gra-at
to fight him,
his sides; and
by reason of
what passed
betune them
— in the
way of
talk, I

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

dhrap out of poethry for a bit. Bekase, while poethry is mighty foine for a sintlemental dialogue, it 's no good at all for a ra-al sthrong, first-class, breezy, blaggardin' match.

"O, Jerusalem!" said Goliath, wid the wather bilin' out of his eyes for laughin', "what sort av thing is that? May the divil admire me," he says, "if I do n't belave it 's a monkey escaped from an orgin-grinder."

"Ye 'll find me a mighty bad thing to monkey wid," says David, "ye big thafe, wid a pot on yure head loike a cupola on a steam fire-engine, and yure dirthy, black mouth loike the hole of a coal-cellar."

"Ye little skinned polecat," said Goliath, beginnin' to grow mad whin he diskivered that David's rethoric was superior to his, "do ye think I 'm a dog that ye 've got a shtick to bate me wid?"

"Bedad," says David, "I would n't be afther doin' a dacint dog sich injustice; but it 's dog's mate I 'm goin' to make of ye."

"Hear that!" says Goliath. "Arrah, now, tache yure gran'mother to feed ducks!"

"Dhry up," says David, "bad scrán to ye," he says; "ye have n't the sinse of a catfish. By the light that shines, yure bad grammar gives me a cramp in me stummick."

Och! David had a tongue in his head like a jewsharp.

"Tare an' ouns!" says Goliath, "I 'll not lave enough of yure hide in one piece to patch a shoe."

"Tare and ages!" says David, "I 'll give the buzzards a picnic wid yure dirthy karkuss, and sure it 'ull make 'em sick to eat ye."

"Ye re a liar," says Goliath.

"Ye 're another," says David, "and an opthalmic ould Cyclops to boot."

. THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Wid that Goliath lost his timper inthirely. He pawed
up the groun', and kim at David wid his eyes shut, a-bel-
lowin'; and that bhrings me back to the poethry.

Goliath poised his mighty spear,
'T was fifty fut in length;
And unto David dhravin' near,
He punched wid all his strength.

But David was surphrisin' quick
upon his pins;
ately, wid his shtick
d Goliath's shins.

Wid pain the giant
howled and grinned,
And dhrapped both
shield and lance
To rub his legs the lick
had skinned,
Thin David saw his
chance.

"He whacked Goliath's shins"

Takin' a brick from out his scrip,
He put it in his sling,
And, whirlin' it 'round head and hip,
He let it dhrive full swing.

Right to the mark the dornick flew
As straight as to a hod,
He smote the wretch betune the eyes,
And stretched him on the sod.



"He smote the wretch betune the eyes"

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Thin David for to prove him dead,
 beholders
 slavin' head
 phamous shoulders.

"Cut off his unbelievin' head"

Whin the Phenaysean sailors sought,
Long since, ould Erin's sthrand,
A prince of David's blood they brought,
Who settled in the land.

From him the Irish race had birth,
And that 's what we delight in,
Beyant all other tribes on earth,
'The harp's swate sthrains and fightin'.

That this surmeize is no wise thin
Can asily be shown,
For harp and shtick have iver been
As Erin's emblims known.

Thin let her inimies beware
How they indulge their hate;
Let England thrimble lest she share
Goliath's dhreadful fate.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I am a Lodge goat. There is nothing recorded of when or where I was born. Those who know anything about young goats will conceive in their mind a long-legged, all-eared, and the most awkward thing that was ever let live on earth. I was raised in a tailor colony. These tailors were a peaceful, quiet-mannered people, who reared goats as a side issue to their regular occupation for what there was in it, and because the business required little or no capital. As there was a market for every he or she goat that was produced, the better the condition the merchandise was kept in, the better the price it brought; therefore the stock on hand was always kept in presentable condition; the natural consequence of which was that we goats generally fared very well while we remained "on the shelves" waiting a possible purchaser.

There were quite a number of goats in that colony,

THE GOAT FARM

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

and I can recollect as we were at large many a butting match with other kids about my own age, and sometimes with the biped kids of the tailors too. This Elysian life, however, did not last forever.

I think about the time I was five or six months old I was sold and sent to a colony of decidedly different character and environment.

My new owner was a quarryman, whose shanty was propped up against a rocky hillside, and the several goats owned by the family were left to roam about and shift for themselves to gain a living. Grubbing on those bare hills was a tough proposition, and the life we were forced to live seemed to be on the line of the "survival of the fittest," as we had to fight to keep what we might find with other goats that roamed the same pastures.

The vicinity, too, was infested with a class of boys or young men (I heard some one call them hoodlums), each of whom seemed to believe it to be his bounden duty to stone any billy that might be within throwing distance. As a result, my new life became an eternal scampering and climbing. Twice each day the nannies would straggle down the hill to the shanty to be milked, and as a matter of course I followed them with the expectation of getting an extra bite to eat.

In the hungry scramble we would invade the shanty from kitchen to parlor, if it might be called such, and was in everybody's way, and I was usually the first to be kicked out. These people seemed to have so much less use for me than the nannies, and I received so much abuse that my life soon became a desperate one; my temper became warped, and I grew stubborn and irascible in proportion to the mistreatment that was inflicted upon me.

I not only had to fight protracted battles with other

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

billies on the hillsides, but had also continuous fights with the folks at home, and it was not a long while before I had acquired the reputation for being a "tough one."

None of the men or boys who lived near the quarries dared to pass my way without a club or a stone in his

hand with which to defend himself against me;

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pectedly.

One day while browsing above the quarries I saw the quarryman, accompanied by a couple of strangers, climbing up the hill back of the shanty, until they had approached to within about a hundred feet from where I stood. I was astonished at the temerity of the "old man," until I noticed that he had amply provided for self-protection with a stout club, which he pretended before his companions to use as a walking stick. I

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

was ready for a fight, but waited to see what was the object of this unique visit.

As they stood looking at me I could catch an occasional phrase from the "boss" like, "most tractable," "strongest billy in the ward," "any child could ride," etc.

These I resented as libel, or worse—if he referred to me—and determined if I had a reputation for "wicked" I would stand up to it. I was about to make a charge, club or no club, when one of the men threw me a carrot. Now, a carrot to an angry goat is like a compliment to a woman in a passion, equally disarming in either case. I immediately forgot the imputations of the quarryman. This was the first token of friendship that had been offered me since I left the tailor colony. I wondered at it, but noticed the men seemed to have a genial bearing, and one of them wore a miniature goat on his watch chain.

They tossed me another carrot, and said to the old man, "He'll do," and then they started down the hill together. When I realized what a difference there could be between men, I wanted to slip up behind the shanty man, and send him toppling over into one of his own quarries!

When I went down to the shanty that night a mysterious influence seemed to pervade the atmosphere. Upon some pretext I was enticed into a corner, and immediately realized that a job had been set up on me. Then the trouble began. It looked as if every full-grown man in that ward was present to assist in "downing me." Blood and goat hair filled the air for a few minutes, but as I was outrageously outnumbered, was finally forced to succumb. Though I was awfully sore all over, I had the satisfaction of seeing that every man in that crowd carried away some mark of the struggle.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

I was bound and thrown into a box or trunk, and soon realized that the box was placed in a wagon and driven away somewhere.

After an interval I felt the wagon backed up against the curb and the box lifted out. I felt I was being carried up several flights of stairs and left somewhere. I began to wonder where I was. I was sure I hadn't been buried, for I was certain my journey had been in an opposite direction. After what seemed to me, in my cramped position, to be a very long time, I heard voices. The box was opened and I was tumbled out into a burst of splendor, the most beautiful place I had ever seen. The floor was covered with the softest material, and the place was brilliantly lighted. I supposed it must be the heaven I had heard the tailors speak of. I saw among those around me my two friends of the hillside, and remembering their kindness in the morning, I concluded that these and other persons present were the angels.

I learned in due time why I had been brought to this place, that I was in a Lodge and was to be the Lodge goat, and that I would have certain duties to perform. I quickly became accustomed to my new surroundings. I was kindly treated and well provided for. I took an interest in my new work, studied "my business," and very soon became quite proficient. As every Lodge-man knows what my work is, I need not describe it here, but will merely mention that I enjoy it as much as they, and feel that to devote to it my best efforts is only to show my gratitude for the fortunate change in my circumstances.

I lived in the Lodge-room and have remained there ever since. I am the recipient of the affectionate

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

regard of the membership, who have taught me many clever tricks and gymnastic exercises which I apply to the work, adding much to the interest and attractiveness of the ceremonies. I meet here all classes of men and have contracted many warm and cherished friendships.

One night, one of my former tailor friends came up to be initiated. I recognized him instantly as he entered the room. These people had treated me kindly when I was a kid, and I immediately saw an opportunity to reciprocate, and determined when it came to my part in the work, I would make it as easy as possible for him. He was a timorous sort of a person and exceedingly nervous. He had heard there was a goat, but was not sure of it. It was that of which he was most afraid. But I carried him around gently and let him down easy though the boys "had it in for him." I heard them say afterwards, "Billy must have been off his feed to-night." How could they divine my affection for the poor tailor?

But one night I heard a petition read before the Lodge that took away my breath. It was from my old quarryman of the shanty! "What," I thought, "is *he* coming up here? Ye gods! I shall have my chance for revenge at last! 'All things come to him who waits.' Well! what I will do to him will be a plenty!"

I studied for a whole week what should be my plan of operation when my old enemy should present himself for initiation. When he came, it was evident he had forgotten all about me or he did not guess right. I had not forgotten him, and the recollections of his abuses while I lived under his shanty roof were kept alive by the scars I bore.

THE QUARRYMAN'S WILD RIDE

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

He was a coarse, loud-mouthed, braggadocio sort of a person, and the beautiful lessons that were intended to sink deeply into his inner nature, rolled off as water from a duck's back, and were received rather as a jest.

Then came my turn. After the usual preliminaries, he was blindfolded and conducted to my corner; his harness was put upon him, and we were securely strapped together—securely enough for an ordinary occasion. He was a heavy man, but owing to the feeling I entertained towards him, I seemed to have been endowed with extraordinary strength, and he was but a feather.

At the word "go!" we were off. In leaps and bounds we started down the Lodge-room, around and around again, over the chairs, over the platforms; with a leap we cleared the altar, and then to the upper end of the Lodge and over the secretaries' desks; across the stations of the officers, scattering furniture and emblems and overturning the chairs to the right and left. Now close to the floor, now up in the air and down with a crash; no obstruction was too great to be cleared with a bound; the landing on the other side would jar the building and rattle the windows in their frames. Up and down the room, across and back. No man ever had so rough a ride on any beast that ever wore hair. The members left their seats and crowded against and clutched the walls for a place of safety from collision. It was terrific. I felt no fatigue, but seemed to gain both strength and wind as the ride grew more fierce and rapid. In his terror the candidate had torn the bandage from his eyes and could see the effects of our wild race, but was helpless. On and around we flew. I felt as if the very

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"Old Nick" was controlling me, and that I could go on in this way all night, through any depth and over any obstacle.

The scant fare on which I had lived on the hillside had deformed me in my mature growth into a razor-back; the violent bounding and springing gave to this a saw-like movement which soon cut through the soft pad or saddle across which the rider sat astride, and at every bound and the landing, I could hear above the racket, his yells of agony. It may have been pitiable, but I felt no pity for him.

When I thought he had had enough, I made a last rush down the center of the Lodge, and suddenly stopped; the straps broke and he was pitched into the air, over the altar and onto a pile of broken chairs on the other side. As soon as he could extricate himself from the tangle I was with him again; whenever he would present a front I was ready, and sent him back onto the pile of chairs. I dug my hoofs into the carpet to brace myself to give additional force to the blow. (I heard there were a number of holes torn in the carpet that night.) Every blow would send him tumbling twenty feet; he would scarcely recover his breath before he would receive another shock. This continued until what clothes had been left on him in the preparation-room, had been torn to shreds. I never heard him use such loud and vigorous language on his men in the quarries, as we heard from him that night. He was a complete wreck when I had finished with him. One of my hillside friends who was present, took in the situation, and once, when the boys started to pull me off, said, "Hold back, boys; he is only paying off old scores; let him have his chance."

I am afraid I took a mean advantage of the quarry-

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

man, but it was a rare opportunity, and I returned to him in thirty minutes all that he had given me in three years.

The quarryman was confined to his bed for a month, and whenever he would come to the Lodge afterwards, he would regard me from a respectful distance. He was mean enough to persuade some of his friends to join the Lodge, expecting they would meet with a similar experience, but I knew the old duffer and his conceits, and none of his friends were accorded the same kind of ride, at which he was sorely disappointed. Some of those, however, who had assisted in the brawl when I was cornered and abducted, were given a little more than usual, but as I felt they were partially, though unwittingly, responsible for my advanced position in life, I handled them with due consideration.

In the many years that I since devoted to Lodge service I have met many and diverse temperaments, and as these brought into our Lodge for initiation, I have made man a careful study of the best methods to adopt in my work to meet their several and varied idiosyncrasies, so that every man should feel that he has had his money's worth, and leave the Lodge-room in an agreeable humor.

Caters to the varied temperaments

"THE REBEKAH GOAT"

DR. E. VAN NOTE

When to me the committee this subject made tender,
They failed to acquaint me concerning its gender,
Whether William or Nan (little diff'rence at most);
So we 'll make of Sir William the "butt" of this toast.

In no way you take him can you call him "Masonic,"
Though he "squares" off and "levels" things in manner
laconic.

Though "brave" (whatever its meaning may be),
He bears not an ear-mark that would dub him "K. P."

The men they can ride him, of course, with great ease;
For all of his tricks they have learned by "degrees."
But ladies—poor creatures!—O pity their plight!—
Must learn how to ride him all in one night.

He 's a fellow quite "odd;" for sure he 's not double,
And he gives the novitiate much mental trouble.
There 's naught I can say that will add to his glory;
So I 'll fulfill my mission by telling a story:

A maiden observed how, as to some "Mecca,"
Some ladies made pilgrimage. ('T was a Lodge of Re-
bekah.)

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

So she thought she would join them—but O the distress
of it!

How to ride on that goat and not make a mess of it.

So tasking her mind some scheme to evolve,
She settled at last on this wild, rash resolve:
She'd steal in the Lodge-room, and "right there and
then"

Would "beard" this Sir William alone in his den.

But how could she do it? "I have it," said she,
"My father is janitor; I'll get his key,
And to save from disgrace, should mishap occur,
I'll take Brother Tom." He'd do anything for her.

But Tom was a small boy chock full of fun
(About such a boy as you'd find in Peck's Sun).
He'd helped clean that hall "from cellar to garret,"
And as for a goat, there was none, he'd swear it.

But he never once breathed his convictions, but went
And, ere they their steps to the Lodge-room had bent,
Managed to coax from his perch on the wall
A typical "billie" right up in the hall.

And there, when she came with much trepidation,
Her heart beating tattoo in strong condemnation,
She found Mr. Billie serenely parading,
Unmindful of Emma's unwise escapading.

And Emma, observing him "calm and serene,"
Supposed it because he was used to the "scene."
And when she approached him with some little dread,
All the care he evinced was a shake of the head.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Ah! well for Miss Emma, along with her Greek,
Had she studied goatology, this gesture so meek
Would have told her his brain at that moment was form-
ing
Some strong purpose dire, and for her to take warning.

Thus, falsely assured, she exclaimed: " 'In an ace'
I'll learn how to ride Sir William with grace,
And show those Rebekahs on next Monday night
That ME on a goat's not a laughable sight!"

Next she searched for a saddle with horn on the side
(But this paraphernalia we fail to provide);
And, failing to find one, she cried out: "Alack!
They surely do n't ask one to ride him bareback!"

But nothing undaunted, though absent the saddle,
She might as well learn, so she got on a-*****
(For fear that the word too vulgar might seem,
I'll take it for granted you know what I mean.)

Sir William, not liking this novel relation,
Encompassed the room in rapid gyration,
Miss Emma the while quite loudly exhorting
Some power to quiet the capers cavorting.

By special request Brother Tom staid outside
(She did n't want any one watching her ride).
But Tom all the while through the "wicket" was peep-
ing,
'An eye for expected developments keeping.

So when he observed her in such a dilemma,
He opened the door, and shouted, "Whoa, Emma!"

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Sir William, descrying him there in the door,
Soon made of the three a pile on the floor.

Sir William quite nimbly escaped from the hall
Ere Emma and Tom could recover their fall.
Tom promised he 'd never the circumstance name
If Emma 'd not tell what made him so lame.

And when, the next Monday, Miss Emma "went
through,"
Every corner and door she kept slyly in view.
But she went through the ordeal only to find
That the goat she must ride was—all in her mind.

WILLIAM J'INED THE KNIGHTS

I hear the curiosest things that nearly raise my hair,
An' keep me in a feelin' nex' door neighbor to a scare;
I'm havin' ugly dreams at night, see monsters in my
sleep,
That wake me latherin' with sweat, my flesh all in a
creep.
I've tried through all our married life, by every scheme
and dodge,
To keep my husband's mind away from every secret
Lodge;
But all my hopes have riz an' flown like sailin' kites,
Fur William, spite of all my prayers, has gone an' j'ined
the Knights.

He talks about the strangest things, of skulls and dead
men's bones,
An' skeletons a-stalkin' round with deep graveyardy
groans,
An' of a roarin' lion kep' a-standin' in his den,
Jes' keen to eat the traitor, that they feed him now
and then.
He talks of ghosts and phantom spooks a-floatin' in
the air,
An' big, enormous, scaly snakes a-hissin' everywhere,
An' voices from the lower world, an' strange, oneearthly
lights:
I feel my hair a-turnin' gray since William j'ined the
Knights.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

He says that folks that see 'em out paradin' in the
street,
Dressed up in gorg'us uniforms an' lookin' slick an'
neat,
With flowing feathers in their hats an' gleamin' swords
in hand,
An' marchin' in a proud an' sassy way behind the band,
Have little comprehension of the horrors that are hid
Inside the sacred precincts of a Lodge, fur if they did
They 'd raze the buildin' to the ground, extarminate the
frights:
O dear! the orful things I 've heard since William j'ined
the Knights.

I asked him once if they would care if he would tell
his wife
Some of the secrets; an' he said: "Not on your bloomin'
life!"
An' I imagined that he turned a palish cast when he
Remarked: "If I should tell you one, 't would be the
last of me;
They 'd take away my trait'rous tongue an' feed it to
the bear,
An' dress me up in wimmen's clothes, and make me
blonde my hair
An' dance before 'em every night in peachy-colored
tights;"
I sometimes wish my man had died afore he j'ined the
Knights.

There's one thing that I've noticed, though that's
pleasurably strange,
In all his actions towards me there seems to be a change;

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

He tries to treat me kinder than he ever did afore,
An' every day that passes seems to love me more and
more;
An' when he tells them horrid things, he smiles in
cunnin' way,
An' sometimes winks the other eye, as much as if to say
That, though his duty makes him face these strange,
onearthly sights,
His little wifey is all right since William j'ined the
Knights.

✻ ✻ ✻

THE GOAT

Who is it, when my prayers are said,
Eats the shingles off the shed,
And licks the window near my head?
The goat.

Who is it, when the clothes are flying
On the line, left there for drying,
Eats the whole wash without trying?
The goat.

Who is it, when the fishes kind,
Swim a mile my hook to find,
Rushes at me from behind?
The goat.

And when from wordly things I flee,
And seek relief in Masonry,
Who meets me all in mask of black,
And winks his eye and bows his back?
The goat.

WHEN FATHER RODE THE GOAT

The house is full of arnica,
And mystery profound;
We do not dare to run about
Or make the slightest sound;
We leave the big piano shut
And do not strike a note;
The doctor's been here seven times
Since father rode the goat.

He joined the Lodge a week ago—
Got in at four A. M.,
And sixteen brethren brought him
home,
Though he says he brought them.
His wrist was sprained and one big
rip
Had rent his Sunday coat—
There must have been a lively time
When father rode the goat.

He's resting on the couch to-day
And practicing his signs—
The hailing sign, working grip,
And other monkey shines,
He mutters passwords 'neath his breath,
And other things he'll quote—
They surely had an evening's work
When father rode the goat.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

He has a gorgeous uniform,
All gold and red and blue,
A hat with plumes and yellow braid,
And golden badges, too.
A sword of finest tempered steel;
Hilt set with precious stones.
He says this par'phernalia
All came from Pettibone's.

This goat he leads what "Teddy" calls,
A very strenuous life.
Makes trouble for such candidates
As tackle him in strife.
But somehow, when we mention it,
Pa wears a look so grim,
We wonder if he rode the goat
Or if the goat rode him.



DON'T BE A CLAM

The Tyro who slumps
In the dark room with dumps,
And shows a big shortage of sand,
Will find (the poor chump)
Not a solitary trump
Will ever fall into his hand.

Tho' the camel may buck,
Keep a grip on your pluck—
Do n't bleat like a motherless lamb;
Take hold of his humps,
Tho' you get a few bumps;
Keep a stiff upper lip—do n't be a clam.

JOINED THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE

An intelligent young gentleman came from Bavaria, Germany, to this country, to make his fortune and become "one of us." After a short while he acquired a very slight knowledge of the English language, and a few expressions as employed by those among whom he was cast, mostly his own countrymen who had preceded him. But this was not enough, nor fast enough. His desire was to acquire a more accurate knowledge and an opportunity to practice what he might learn. To accomplish this he deemed it expedient to attach himself to some English-speaking literary society or something of that nature, and so expressed himself to a friend. This friend, having been long enough in the country to become acquainted with some of the social organizations of the city, suggested that the newcomer join "The Sons of Temperance," as it was composed of just the class of intelligent and correctly-speaking persons wanted.

Now the young Bavarian was entirely unfamiliar with the English word "temperance," and had no idea what a "Temperance Society" implied; nor did his friend explain. In Bavaria beer is an institution, and bread and meat to the native. The young man had been bred to have his beer whenever he wanted it, and it was on the table for each meal; to drink beer was irrevocably a part of his life. But, as he was informed, in this society he could learn, and have the practice to

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

familiarize himself in the use of correct English, he consented to become a member.

In due time he presented himself for initiation, and passed through the ceremonies without a hitch. He took upon himself a solemn vow not to "touch, taste, handle," etc., any "malt, vinous, spirituous, or other intoxicant," etc., and "to use his best endeavors to persuade others to do likewise," etc.; all this, together with the examinations, instructions, lectures, etc., incident to the initiation, was rendered in the choicest language, but wholly unintelligible to the trusting candidate, who relied implicitly upon his friend, who continued by his side to prompt him when to say "Yes," or when to say "No," as the questions propounded and answers thereto might require.

At the conclusion of the initiation a recess was in order, at which occurred the usual handshaking and congratulations. The persons assembled about the new member seemed so nice and gentlemanly, and were so cordial in their reception and greeting, that he felt it was up to him to reciprocate. Without consulting his friend, and as soon as he could get a hearing, he said:

"Chentlemens, pefore you begins again, you all go down mit me to der saloon on der corner und haf a beer on me."



TRY A PYTHIAN SISTER

Here is the advertisement of a man who wants a good girl to cook.

Let him try a Pythian Sister. They are sweet enough to eat, whether cooked or not.

THREE O'CLOCK A. M.

She.—“This is a nice time to come home from your Lodge, three o'clock in the morning.”

He.—“My dear, didn't I tell you before we were married that I was n't worthy of you?”

She.—“Yes; but I did n't think you would make such desperate efforts to prove it.”

BEFORE I BECAME A KNIGHT

BY H. A. STICKNEY

I had long bid farewell to my boyhood,
I had drifted far out on life's sea;
I was dreaming quite often of friendship
And wondering what life had for me:
When the world seemed to spring up before me,
Regaled in deception and blight,
Till I questioned the pleasure of living
Before I became a brave Knight.

I was clothed in the full garb of manhood,
I was treading the old heel-worn street,
Yet longing for friends of my childhood,
And that confidence which is complete;
For the world looked so cold and so bleary,
While closed were the windows of light,
That I fancied my life the most dreary
Before I became a brave Knight.

I studied and thought o'er the lessons
Experience had silently taught,
And prayed that some glimmer of sunshine
Might yet in my efforts be caught,
Or that some happy stroke in my fortune
Would set my discomfort aright,
And purify what seemed corruption,
Before I became a brave Knight.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

At last I was led to the altar,
All trembling with fear and distrust,
And though the impressions were lasting,
I was thoroughly filled with disgust—
Not because of the bad disposition
Displayed by the goat in my sight
So much as my own foolish actions
Before I became a brave Knight.

Then, studying the lessons of pagehood,
I thought of how foolish I'd been,
And yet I was fully determined
That I'd be a man amongst men;
My heart it would sink in my bosom,
The question would come, "Am I right
To offer myself at the altar?"
Before I became a brave Knight.

My friends they encouraged me often,
And kept me from total despair
Until I again at the altar
Was seeking to be an Esquire;
Just how I got through that ordeal
Has never been clear to my sight,
For I was quite angry and foolish
Before I became a brave Knight.

An Esquire I was finally created,
Though wondering what use I would be
To an Order where caution was honored
By all the Esquires there but me;
For the proof it was very convincing
That I had attempted to write,
Great heavens! but how I got roasted
Before I became a brave Knight!

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

I trembled with fear at my record
That night in the old castle hall,
And felt that my friends had all left me,
If ever I had any at all;
For there I was hopeless and helpless,
Not dreaming I had any right
To say that my soul was even my own,
Before I became a brave Knight.

How I got to the next regular meeting,
Or what my thoughts were on the way,
My tongue has not since been repeating,
Though fresh to my memory as day;
For there is a great deal of sorrow
Commingled with joy and delight,
Which I was quite willing to borrow
Before I became a brave Knight.

I thought of the past and the present
As I stood with the guard at the door,
And I wished I could guess the ordeal
That I must go through on the floor;
As I had been tried and found wanting
In courage and manhood and right,
What little conceit I had left me
Before I became a brave Knight.

The shield, the sword, and the helmet
Restored my courage in part,
While I marched to the chancellor commander
With a doubting and trembling heart;
But when I was stripped of my armor,
And loudly commanded to light
On the back of that terrible, blood-thirsty goat,
I was anything but a brave Knight.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

They gave me a royal reception,
And led me along in the path,
Until now I am perfectly happy,
And can look at the future and laugh.
There is something so grand in the Order
That fills a man's soul with delight,
If he will but follow its teachings
When he has become a brave Knight.



THE STAY-AT-HOME

Who shirks his duty year by year,
And thinks he's paying rather dear,
And at fraternity will sneer?

The Stay-at-Home.

Who first is sure his teeth to gnash,
And swear the Lodge has gone to smash,
When called upon to pay his cash?

The Stay-at-Home.

Who, when he catches cold some day,
Gets on the sick list right away,
And frets until he gets his pay?

The Stay-at-Home.

Who wriggles like an angle worm
If asked to serve a single term,
And pleads his health is now infirm?

The Stay-at-Home.

Who chews the rag with great delight,
And says some folks ain't doing right;
And remains away each meeting-night?

The Stay-at-Home.

USED THE WRONG HAND IN THE SIGN OF RECOGNITION

Jenks lived in New York City. His friend Angle lived next door. Angle was a big man—both in flesh

and Odd Fellowship. Angle tried in vain to induce Jenks to join the three-linked crowd, but failed. Finally hearing that Jenks was going out on a business trip to a place out West called Chicago, he saw Jenks, and

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

told him that he could prove to him the value of belonging to the Odd Fellows by giving the sign of recognition to the conductor, who would at once pass him free to his destination. He told Jenks how to make the Odd Fellow sign of recognition by bending over, seizing his right foot with his right hand, and shaking it three times. Meanwhile Angle saw the proper conductor, put him "on," and paid Jenks's fare.

Jenks took passage on the train doubtful of the efficacy of the Odd Fellows' sign of recognition, but willing to give it a trial. Soon the conductor came gruffly through the car, hoarsely yelling "tickets!" and punching them like he was mad. He yelled in a fierce way at Jenks, almost scaring the life out of him by his ferocity. Jenks recovered enough, though, to make the sign as instructed by Angle. Thereupon a great change came over the fierce conductor. He grasped Jenks by the hand, nearly shook it off, told him he was glad to see him, told Jenks about the new thirty-four-story Odd Fellows' Temple to be built in Chicago, and informed Jenks that he could ride free on his train all the rest of his life.

So Jenks thought Odd Fellowship was a great thing. He telegraphed Angle to put his petition into the New York lodge at once. In the course of a month Jenks saw Chicago, and soon concluded to go back to the suburban town of New York. When the return conductor came around Jenks gave him the sign, but without effect. Numerous repetitions of it only convinced the conductor that Jenks was a crazy man, and he had two brakemen seize him and confine him in the baggage car till the next station was reached, when he turned him over to the sheriff. After a week of trouble Jenks got back in New York with blood in his eye for Angle.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

He soon found Angle, and told him all that had happened. Angle sympathized with him, and said:

"Pshaw, man, in coming back you should have used your left hand and foot. I forgot to tell you that."



FIXED FOR BOTH WORLDS

The following is credited to the Rev. Sam P. Jones. It is said to have been part of a sermon preached by him:

"Before I was a Christian I learned one thing, and I want you to hear this. I was away from home, and was robbed on a train. I had all the money of both my friend and myself. He did not have any, and they got mine; and we got off at a station. That was when I was a sinner, and that was twenty-five or twenty-six years ago. He was a steward in the Methodist Church, and I was just a plain, common, simple sinner; that is all I was. When we got off at the station, we staid around there a moment or two. He says, 'Sam, I wonder if there is an Odd Fellow in town?' I said, 'An Odd Fellow?' He says, 'Yes.' 'Well,' I said, 'what do you want with an Odd Fellow?' He says, 'I can get some money if I can find an Odd Fellow.' I said, 'Ain't you a Methodist?' He said, 'Yes.' I said, 'Why do n't you go to the Methodists?' 'O, shucks,' he said, 'I will go to the Odd Fellows.' And he struck out, and after a very few minutes came back, and I said, 'How did you come out?' 'All right,' he said; 'I got it.' 'Who did you get it from?' 'From an Odd Fellow,' he says. 'Sam, if you want to go to heaven, you join the Methodists, but if you want a hold down here, join the Odd Fellows.' So when I started in I just joined both, and to-night I am a Methodist and an Odd Fellow, and I am getting along well for both worlds."

A FRATERNAL INCIDENT

On a certain railroad in Missouri a bridgeman was working, and the bridgeman was an Odd Fellow. One day he received a telegram to come home at once; his wife had become suddenly ill. He boarded the first home-bound train, anxious to reach her bedside at the earliest possible moment. He lived near the railroad, midway between two stations; and the thought came to him that much precious time would be saved to him if the conductor would stop the train and let him off at his home. It happened that the conductor was also an Odd Fellow; and the bridgeman told him his desire. The conductor looked thoughtful a moment, then replied: "My brother, according to the regulations of this road I can not stop the train between stations for passengers—but I'll tell you what to do. I will call for your ticket about the time we reach your home. You can refuse to present one, and I will put you off. See?"

By and by as the train neared the bridgeman's home, the conductor stopped at the side of the bridge-man, who was wearing a three-link pin, and said, "Ticket, sir!" The bridgeman refused, and the conductor reached up, pulled the bell rope, and gruffly said, "I shall put you off!"

Now it happened that another Odd Fellow, sitting across the aisle, heard the conversation, and on seeing the three-link pin on the bridgeman's vest, quickly

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

rose, and stepping between the bridgeman and conductor, said: "How much is the fare, sir? I will pay it," and pointing to the mystic links, added, "This man is my brother." But the train had stopped, and the bridgeman did not stay to listen to explanations.

SCENE IN A LODGE-ROOM

V. G. to Candidate.—"You will please repeat after me."

V. G.—"I, your name."

Candidate.—"I, your name."

V. G.—"I mean you should state your full name."

Candidate.—"I mean you should state your full name."

V. G., impatient.—"Please state your own name."

Candidate.—"Please state your own name."

V. G.—"Do n't you know how to pronounce your name?"

Candidate.—"Do n't you know how to pronounce your name?"

V. G.—"What is your name?"

Candidate.—"What is your name?"

The Lodge is now in an uproar, and the N. G. breaks his gavel in trying to restore order.

V. G.—"The devil may be able to obligate that candidate, I can't do it."

Candidate.—"The devil may be able to obligate that candidate, I can't do it."

V. G.—"Conductor, take this candidate to the anteroom for better instruction."

Candidate.—"Conductor, take this candidate to the anteroom for better instruction."

Exit. Tableau.

THIRTY-THIRD DEGREE

W. J. DUNCAN.

It was a very warm day in Jerusalem. The workmen were perspiring beneath the melting rays of the noonday sun, when Solomon, going around the building, noticed the thermometer that hung above Hiram, the builder's drawing table, and asked: "What's the matter with your thermometer? It seems to be out of order." Hiram replied: "No, your majesty, it's all right. You observe it's a Masonic thermometer, thirty-three degrees is as high as it can go." Solomon walked thoughtfully away. Shortly afterwards he introduced the ninety-sixth degree among the Craft.

THE MASONIC GOAT

BY MRS. W. L. COOPER.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I waited, lone and
weary,
For my absent husband, gone to join the ancient
Masons' corps,—
Suddenly my heart went jumping, for I heard a dread-
ful bumping
And a weird and awful thumping, thumping at my front
hall-door.
“’Tis some drunken wretch,” I muttered, “mistaking
it for his hall-door;
Only this and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was not in bleak De-
cember,
But wet April, and it rained as it had never rained
before.
Eagerly I watched the clock-hand, thinking that that
horrid lodge-band
Surely would its members home land; some time ere
the night was o’er,—
Ere this ghastly, ghostly night, this fearsome, gruesome
night was o’er.
But a voice moaned, “Nevermore.”

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Soon the voice wailed loud and stronger, and I could
not stand it longer.

"Man," I screamed, "or demon maybe, get you gone
from my front door.

Stop that everlasting thumping, or I soon will send
you jumping,

With a shot I'll send you jumping, jumping headlong
from my door."

Then I summoned all my courage and I opened wide
the door.

Still the voice cried, "Nevermore."

Deep into the darkness peering, scared I stood there,
trembling, fearing,

Feeling tremors which no mortal woman ever felt
before.

Suddenly the lightning flashing, showed a shape that
toward me dashing,

From his coat the raindrops splashing, entered in at
my front door.

Without sign of recognition, took his stand upon the
floor,

"T was a goat, and nothing more.

Such a poor, bedraggled Billy, that I could refrain
but illy,

Having from my fright recovered, laughing at the mien
he bore.

Not a sound or movement made he, on my best rug
silent staid he,

Till I really was afraid he would stand there for evermore.

While the water from him trickling, running on my
hardwood floor,

Spoiled my rug for evermore.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"Billy," said I, "beast uncanny, do n't stand like some
ancient granny,
In an attitude which never any goat assumed before.

Did some mishap sad befall you, did some demon mad
enthrall you,
That uninvited you install you, where you ne'er have
been before?
Do you mean to stay here always? Tell me, tell me,
I implore."
Quoth the goat, "For evermore."

This reply with sorrow spoken, with streaming eyes
and accents broken,
Filled me with a consternation, which I had not felt
before.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"Tell me, sirrah most respected, why appear you thus
dejected,
Have you mayhap been ejected from some home you
had before—
From some happy home you had in hopeful, happy days
of yore?"

"Yes," the goat replied, "and more.

"I was reared among my brothers in the hills with
many others.
We were reared for noble purpose, so said they who
looked us o'er.
Destined were we to take part in sacred rites of Masons'
art in
Giving members their first start in mysteries ne'er
known before.
In deep mysteries of ancient and accepted Masons' lore.
This to do for evermore.

" 'T was a grievous change when lately I was placed in
chambers stately,
Taken from my childhood's quarters where I'd always
lived before.
True, they gave me kindly greeting when they heard
my lonesome bleating,
And at every lodge's meeting there were things to eat
galore.
Yet this was no compensation for my comrades loved
of yore,
And I missed them evermore.

"But to-night the worst befell me, lady kind I'd have
you tell me
If in my place you could muster courage to return
there more.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

They a third degree were giving to your husband as
I 'm living,
And he had to ride me whizzing, round and round about
the floor.
While some brothers jeered and shouted, others did but
wildly roar.
Screamed and yelled, and nothing more.

"When I could not stand it longer, and the cries waxed
loud and stronger,
They led me where an op'ning wide yawned deep and
dark beneath the floor.
I must jump across this chasm, with my burden in a
spasm,
Scared almost to protoplasm at sight of water 'neath
the floor.
His tremendous weight, O lady, his tremendous weight
I bore;
But I 'll do it nevermore.

 "Just when I was madly leap-
 ing, my rider scarce his bal-
 ance keeping,
Clutching with both hands my
 windpipe, robbed me of my
 breath in store.
In the ice-cold water splashing
 went steed and rider help-
 less flashing,
The frightened Masons for-
 ward dashing, their Brother
 quickly hauled ashore.
And the horror-stricken Tyler, leaving without guard
the door,
I escaped for evermore.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"Down the frightful stairs I stumbled, down into the
street I tumbled;
Stunned and bruised, my pride offended, every limb and
muscle sore.
Up the hill I hastened, running till I saw your light was
burning,
And my footsteps toward it turning, rested gladly at
your door;
For my intuition told me here was sympathy in store,
And I 'll leave you nevermore."

Gaunt his goatship still is standing by the stairway near
the landing,
Visible to me his form is motionless before the door.
Every lodge night he keeps droning, echoing my in-
ward groaning,
And together we make moaning, cherishing our griev-
ance sore;
Victims of the Lodges' sessions keep repeating o'er
and o'er,
"Nevermore, nevermore!"



THE NEW LODGE WOMAN

To-night will be a stormy night,
But I to the Lodge must go;
So take good care of the babies, Joe,
When I 'll return I do not know.
I may come back after midnight;
It may be half-past two.
You 'll have your fun with the babies,
But do n't worry whate'er you do;
For I can assure you, dearest,
I shall amuse myself too.

OLE HANSON'S WIFE JOINS THE RATH-BONES

"Say, ded yo efer light match to find lamp vat var burnin'?" asked Ole Hanson this morning.

"No, never heard of such a thing; did you?"

"Yas, yust har bout et last night. Mae vife, Hulda, hae yoin Lodge called Wrathbone Sesters, and hae tal me all bout et. Yo see, aye yoin K. P., and try to get en des edder teng maesel, bat boss voman say no man could be Sester en te Lodge."

"But how about that lighting a match to find a lamp that was already lighted?"

"Das vat Hulda say. She tal mae ven she go in ferst teng some voman skal say, 'Sester, yore hat is not on straight.' Den she go letla funder en, ond nodder voman say, 'Sester, your complexion powder bane gute deal more on von side as et es on odder.' Naxt one say, 'Sester, yore skert hangs lak faller vat yury find guilty of murder down en Kansas.'

"Bay des ten Hulda bane mat lak deckens, and tal vomans vat she tank bout them. Ven das been all fix oop gen, the Sesters tak her to nodder room and ask lot quashions bout how ol she var. Yo bat mae vife tank das ensult, too. Den Sesters ask: 'Ef yo yoin des Lodge, vil you promise to get long met van new hat efery yar, and naver asks yore hosband ef yo can go home an see yore modder? And vil you promise to agree met yore hosband en eferything hae say bout yore modder?'

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"Yo bat Hulda vas mat es letla blue vagon boy des, and she wanted to go home. En yust van second she vas so mat te Sester tal her to tak light and go home. Har et vas var she hed to light a match to find et. Aye tank es bane because she vas mat. Poorty soon, ven es var all ofer, Sesters tal her she bane gute member now, and tak back efery teng vat dey say bout her."



WHITE BALLED

"Am it true dat Rastus Johnsing done got black-balled when he tried toe git 'lected in yo' golf club?"

"No, sah; he done got white balled. Black ball is what 'lects a gemmen in ouah organization."

A SISTER

Who's at you night and day to "jine,"
And clings, as to the oak the vine,
And captures you ten cases out of nine?
A REBEKAH.

Who, when she's caught you,
treats you straight,
And helps ice-cream upon your
plate,
Regardless of your stomach's
fate?
A STAR.

on the cheerless wintry night,
make the Lodge-room a delight,
puts Subordinates out of sight?
A RATHBONE.

Who, when Grand Officers appear,
Doth load the table with good cheer,
And beg permission to be
near?
A MACCABEE.

Who murmurs not at any
slight,
And gets by favor what's a
right,
And sweetly bids them all
good-night?
A POCAHONTAS.

HOW A LODGE LOST ITS GOAT

**"Down through the streets on Monday night,
Bringing the news of an Indian fight,
The frightened George, with rush and roar,
Carried the news to the Odd Fellows' door,
Telling of tommy-hatchets and gore,
Tamarac swamps and Injuns galore,
Each yelling demon painted red,
And coming 'our way,' the message said."**

The above lines are from a descriptive poem written by a Brother of a Lodge in Minnesota. This Lodge is located in the vicinity of the recent Indian outbreak, and our good Brother, whose veracity is beyond question, furnishes the following, which indicates the intense excitement that prevailed in the vicinity of Leach Lake. If the Brother has exaggerated, or has "set down aught in malice," we leave him to the mercies of his Brethren. He says:

"On Monday night, October 10th, the Lodge had gone through its regular order of business, and had opened in the first degree, and the candidate was just being introduced when a member came tearing upstairs, four steps at a bound, and yelling, 'Indians! Indians! Indians!' at the top of his voice. Several Brothers immediately formed a hollow square around the candidate. The conductor grabbed the goat by the horns. The V. G. attempted to call the Lodge to order by frantically using his gavel. The Noble Grand

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

stood making the sign of distress, and vainly endeavoring to repeat prayers learned in infancy at his mother's knee. His honor the mayor, who was present, clapped his hand on his head and turned a ghastly hue when he discovered that his hair was already gone. Other Brothers started running round the hall in a mix-up, just as if they were training for a friendly race. The warden began honing his ax on his boot. The inside guard started singing the closing ode; the goat began bleating, and escaped from the conductor, and charged the hollow square, which beat a hasty retreat. The candidate fell limp and frightened upon the floor, while his royal highness, with an extra loud and satisfactory bleat, began chewing the candidate's hair, while the poor victim faintly mumbled the initiatory obligation. During all this time, the member who gave the alarm had, through fear and fright, forgotten the password, was unable to enter the room, and was madly pounding the door, while his voice grew weaker and weaker, finally dying away in a low, husky murmur — 'juns.' The goat escaped, and was found in the village suburbs reveling in oyster-cans. A posse of Brothers were immediately sent in pursuit, but up to date have been unsuccessful. When order was restored, the candidate asked if *that* was all there was to the first degree. Lodge was closed in due form on the following Monday."



EXPLAINED

"Can you explain the meaning of the Scriptural injunction, 'Seek and ye shall find?'" asked Brother John Wonn of Pete Ganzemiller.

"I guess it was meant to apply to people who are always looking for trouble," replied Brother Pete.

CALANTHA

SOCIETY GOAT OF THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

BY WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

[NOTE.—Calantha, the gentlemanly and urbane society goat of the Knights of Pythias, was making a grand tour of the United States, stopping off every now and then to make a speech and cavort around the Lodge-room. He stopped in New York as follows:]

Behold me!
I'm a K. of P.,
And my name is Calantha G.
G. standing for Goat—
But Calantha is only
fancy and frilly;
My really and truly
name being Billy.
See?

You've heard of Billy Goat,
Have n't you?
But what's in a name?
I get there just the same.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Well I 've just lit
In this town and I 'm It ;
I have n't come to stay, either,
But just stopped over
To trot a few heats
Around a Lodge-room or two,
And shake up the knightly livers.
I 've been doing one-night stands
Through the New England circuit.
And before I 've finished
I will have strung a string
Of K. of P. Stunts
From the Kennebec to the Coronado,
And repeat.
It means bouquets and banquets,
Boom and brass band,
Days of pleasure,
Knights of Pythias.
All the way from sea to sea ;
But——
However, but me no buts.
I 'll do the butting myself.
I 'm out to have the time of my life,
And I 'll have it,
If they have to bring me home
To slow music.
Without me
The K. of P.
Would simply be
A barren ideality.
I 'm the Supreme Lodge,
And the S. C.
And the S. V. C.,
And the S. K. R. S.,

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

'And the S. O. G.,
And the S. I. G.,
And the whole shooting match;
For if it were n't for me
The performance could n't go on,—
That 's what.
Here I am, fellow Knights,
Bring on your brass bands,
Your bouquets
And your banquets,
And if there 's anything left over,
Throw it to the birds,
With my compliments.
In conclusion, permit me to remark
That I am particularly glad
To be in New York;
I feel that we are equals:
It is a big thing,
So am I;
It is the biggest
thing,
So am I;
As New York is to
all other cities
So am I to all other
goats.
See?

THE NEW ORGAN

Quite an amusing incident recently occurred in one of the Blue Lodges of this State, not more than a thousand miles from this city, which is entirely too good to keep.

The Lodge, which is a progressive one, desiring to be strictly up to date, decided to purchase an organ; but as none of the Brethren could play the "tarnal thing" they finally concluded, after much discussion, that an organette would answer their purpose a great deal better.

The instrument was duly ordered, and its advent awaited with a great deal of interest and curiosity.

The Secretary, who was intrusted with the responsibility of making the purchase, forgot to mention that it was for Lodge use, and consequently the firm from whom it was ordered, in the absence of instructions, furnished it with the regulation standard music.

The instrument arrived in due time, and was installed in the most conspicuous part of the Lodge-room, and then came the tug of war. Every member of the Lodge wanted to act as organist, but the master finally hit upon a happy solution of the problem in the appointment of Brother A., one of the oldest and most

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

influential members, to take charge of the instrument. It was decided that the first trial should be made at the next regular meeting, at which time work in the first degree was anticipated. The eventful night came at last, and the Lodge was opened with every member present. The chaplain, in a fervent prayer, invoked blessings upon the Lodge and its new departure. Brother A. took his place by the side of the organ with becoming dignity. The candidate was prepared and introduced. Upon the reception, the venerable organist thought it would be a good idea to give the crank a couple of turns to kinder prepare the Brethren, as well as the candidate, for that which was to follow. The effect was electrical, for with a silence in which the dropping of a pin could have been detected the organette pealed forth "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-Aaaaaaa."

The musician dropped the handle of the crank as if it were red-hot, and dove down in his box for his book of instructions. Meanwhile, the candidate and the Brethren were held in suspense for—the second stanza. After a time the Brother discovered a way to remove the roll and replace with another, which he proceeded to do.

Feeling secure in the change, the ceremonies proceeded, and the march began to the inspiring strains of "Yankee Doodle Doodle Doo," with the accent on the doo. It was with difficulty that the Brethren restrained their mirth, while their worthy organist, with beads of perspiration standing upon his forehead and with a perseverance worthy of the noblest cause, stayed by the organ to the bitter end.

During the ceremonies following, however, he took advantage of the opportunity afforded to again change the music.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

This time he selected a most innocent-looking roll marked "S. T.," which he interpreted as meaning slow time. His confidence returned as he carefully adjusted the roll, feeling that he was about to redeem himself. At the proper time he set the crank in motion, but the O. B. was well under way before the thing gave forth a sound, and then, to the utter consternation of all, instead of the "slow, sweet music" appropriate of the time and ceremony, came

"O, Mr. Johnsing, turn me loose,
Ain't got no money, but a good excuse!"

This was too much, and the Brethren, unable to control their feelings, quietly and quickly vanished from the room.

The Master, who was the first to recover, requested the organist to desist, and the ceremonies were concluded without further incident and—without music. The venerable Brother who had been honored with the appointment of organist was very much offended, and expressed the opinion that the whole thing was a conspiracy, and he thought that if anything was to be turned loose it would be that confounded music-box. We have not heard from this section since the above occurrence, but we hope that time has healed our Brother's wounded feelings.

GILHOOLY RODE THE GOAT

BY ROBERT REXDALE.

Maud Muller, on a summer day,
Her lodge insurance went to pay.

She donned a stylish tailor gown,
And looked the belle of all the town.

The day was sticky, warm, and fair,
So Maudie staid to curl her hair.

Each golden lock—a Titian red—
Clung lovingly about her head.

And truth to tell, from head to feet,
The maid was most demurely sweet.

The Judge stood in his office door,
As Maudie passed by Folsom's store.

He gave a look of glad surprise,
And eke he made those goo-goo eyes.

His playful fancy slipped away
To clover fields and new-mown hay.

And while he gazed, a love-lorn wreck,
A little bird sang "Rubberneck!"



"GILHOOLY MADE THOSE GOO-GOO EYES"

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Maud Muller, with her witching airs,
Had climbed the secretary's stairs.

She soon emerged upon the street,
And started home with her receipt.

The Judge, so tall and debonair,
Said "Howdy?" to her, then and there.

In Maudie's eyes a merry smile
Lurked ever and anon the while.

Upon the swain she worked a dodge,
And got a member for the Lodge.

The minutes of next meeting note
That Judge Gilhooly rode the goat.

THOUGHT HE HAD FOUND A FRAUD

Apropos of Lodge frauds: A prominent business man had a severe attack of sciatic rheumatism, and was confined to his bed, unable to move. He had to be dressed and lifted about by his attendants, and as the trouble was confined to his lower limbs only, he could sit up, propped with pillows, and made comparatively comfortable, at least as far as appearances were concerned. This was in midsummer, with the temperature at the highest. One day he asked his physician if he might occasionally take a bottle of cold beer; this was followed by another request for permission to smoke an occasional cigar, which was also granted. He was a man of means, but perhaps a little careless in paying his Lodge dues, as he never expected to profit through the sick benefits, should he ever be entitled to them, nor did he need them. He had let his dues lapse this time, but thought nothing of it.

He was reported to the Encampment as a very sick man, as he really was, and the Chief Patriarch, according to custom, called upon him, and, through the merest coincidence, called about the middle of one afternoon. He found the "very sick man" propped comfortably upon the bed, dressed, smoking a cigar, and reading the afternoon paper, and alongside the bed on a table was a bottle of beer and other signs of luxurious indulgence.

Now the time for a Lodge visitor to call on the sick

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

and surprise the frauds is in the daytime when they are least expected. Here was a surprise for the Lodge officer. The two were not well acquainted, but knew each other by reputation. After some little conversation, the Chief Patriarch, who was conscientious to the degree of crankiness almost, having declined to accept any of the hospitalities offered, sat with head down, his hands clasped between his knees, engaged in deep thought. The patient, watching him for a moment, divined his thoughts, and then burst into a hearty laugh, and said, "Brother William, you need not worry about my case; I am in arrears, and the Camp can't pay me any benefits."

"O!" said the visitor, brightening up immediately. He never knew that the sick man had read him through while he was trying to make up his mind whether or not he would report "another fraud."



THE LODGE IS ALL RIGHT

He: "You're always growling about the Lodge!"

She: "O, no! The Lodge is well enough."

He: "Well, my late hours, then?"

She: "I don't care about that even. But it does annoy me to get up to let you in, and find the milkman at the door. It's rather embarrassing."



BY EASY DEGREES

An old and well-posted goat which was kept by a secret society for use of initiations was chewing the leg of a boot, when a young kid came along and asked:

"Say, does n't it make you awful tired to have those duffers in the Lodge ride you so much?"

"No, not much. You see I get used to it by degrees."

REBEKAHS

BY ANNIE MARGARET HEITSHUSEN.

(Air, "Comin' Thro' the Rye.")

If a body join the 'Bekahs
For a social time,
If a body join the 'Bekahs
Need a body whine?
Everybody has his hobby,
E'en a one ha'e I.
Yet all the 'Bekahs smile on us
And never make us cry.

If a body meet a 'Bekah
On the streets up town,
If a 'Bekah greet a 'Bekah,
'Bekah will not frown.
Every 'Bekah has her penny,
Nane a one ha'e I.
Yet all the 'Bekahs chip in,
And help both you and I.

Among the Lodge there is a name
They only know themsel',
But what 's the name or where 's the game,
They do not want to tell.
But if you join them you may know it
Just the same as they,
And all the 'Bekahs smile on you
Just as they do on me.

THE TEN LITTLE LODGE MEN

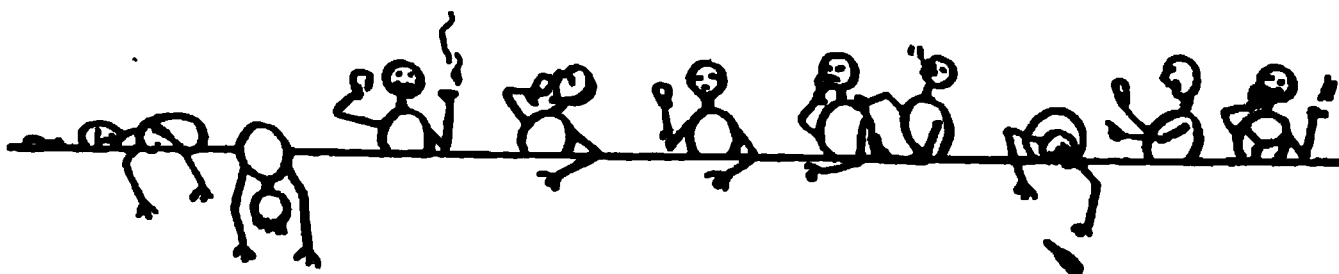
Ten little Lodge men went out to dine,
A cocktail killed a Maccabee, then there were nine.



Nine little Lodge men drinking to their fate,
Down went an Odd Fellow, then there were eight.



Eight little Lodge men thought they were in heaven,
A small bottle fixed a Forester, then there were seven.

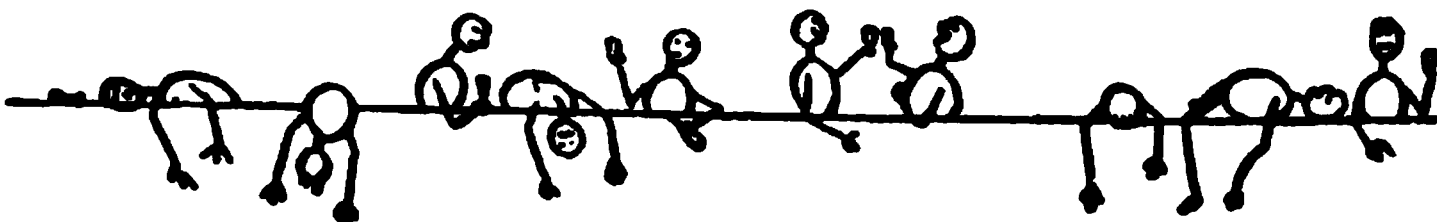


Seven little Lodge men playing funny tricks,
Another cock, a Red Man, then there were six.

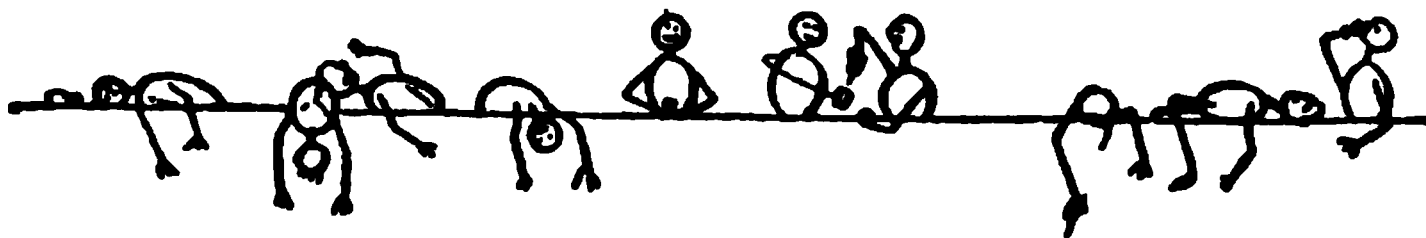


Six little Lodge men, trying to boose and thrive,
The next round fixed a Workman, then there were five.

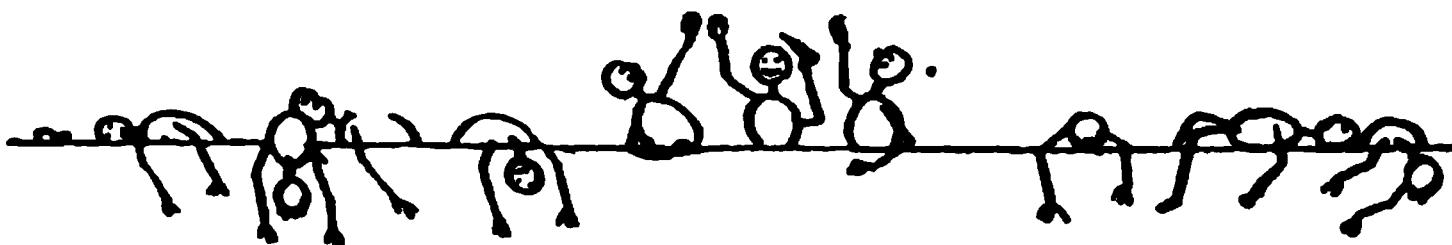
THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES



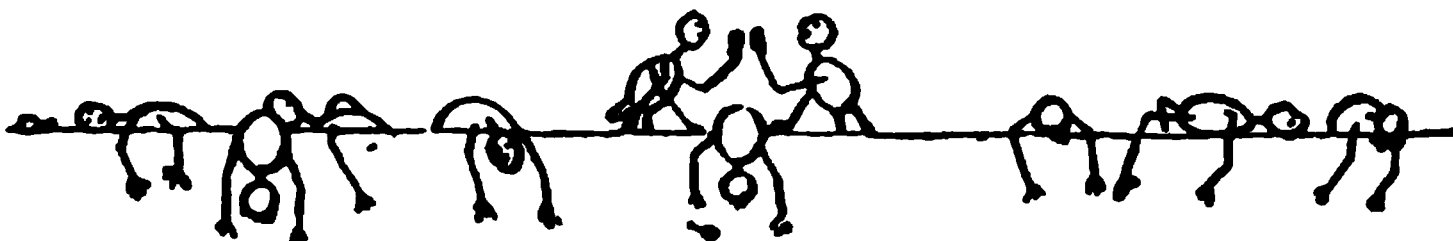
Five little Lodge men, the others on the floor,
A Malta Knight gave up the ghost, then there were
four.



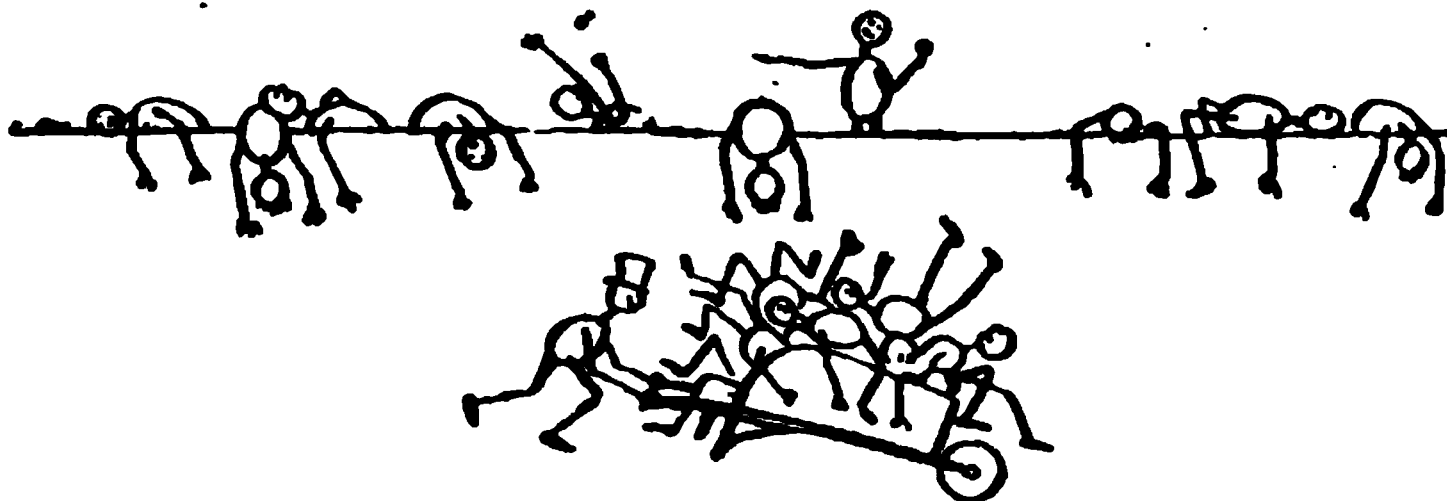
Four little Lodge men on a lonely spree,
A Mason got his habits on, then there were three.



Three little Lodge men, sitting round the brew,
Away rolled a Pythian, then there were two.



Two little Lodge men, pretty nearly done,
A Shriner could n't stand the pace, then there was one.



One little Lodge man, drinking all alone,
He was an ELK, and he took the whole bunch home.

DO NOT AFFILIATE

A colored man was busily engaged in sawing wood for Colonel Powis, when the latter observed that the bosom of the "man and the brother," so to speak, was adorned by an Odd Fellows' breastpin.

"Do the white Odd Fellows and the colored Odd Fellows in this city affiliate?" asked Colonel Powis.

"Do n't 'fillyate wuff a cuss, but dey helps each other out."

"Well, that 's the same thing, ain't it?"

"No, sah, hit 's not de same ting."

"What 's the difference?"

The colored man stopped sawing wood, and made the following explanation:

"Las' week, when dat norther war a-freezin' the marrer in yer bones, I went into der saloon of a white man what totes dis werry same emblem. I was in distress, as I had n't had a dram dat mornin', so I gib him de sign ob distress."

"Did he respond?"

"He did n't gib the propah response. De propah response would hab been to hab rubbed his lef' ear wid his right han', an' to hab sot out de bottle."

"Then he did not respond correctly?"

"No, sah. He made a motion at de doah wid one han', an' reached under de bar wid de odder. I made de Odd Fellows' signal ob distress once moah, an' den sumfin' hard hit me on de side of de head an' knocked

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me clean out inter de street. Hit was de bungstarter what dat white Brudder Odd Fellow had frowed at me in response to de distress signal.” •

“Then the colored Odd Fellows and the white Odd Fellows do not affiliate?”

“Jess what I tole yer. Dey do n’t ’fillyate, but dey helps each odder out. I was helped out inter de street wid de bungstarter, but ’fillyate means to set out de hisky.”



THE GOAT AND THE STAR

One day a goat,
In fields remote,
 Stood gazing at a star;
In solitude
He stood and chewed
 An overcoat col-lar.

He watched the star
That shone afar
 Above the button-balls.
It touched his soul—
He swallowed whole
 A pair of overalls.

The star then got
Right up and shot
 Across the heaven’s span;
The goat profound,
Just stood his ground,
 And ate an oyster-can.

NO DOUBT

BY THOMAS J. CROWE.

All have met him. He's a rival of the man that knows
it all,

His manner loud makes timid people wince;
He says he's willing to be told, but his ire doth al-
ways fall

On any who attempts to him convince.
He heard of a society organizing in our town,
And his eyes scintillated with glee;
To the secretary his application he promptly put down,
And laid it with the usual fee.

He said he knew "how things ought to be done an'
what members ought to do,"

And "to even fill an office might decide."
The secretary smiling, said, "We're needing workers
such as you

Our members less experienced to guide.
We need you on our committees and our entertainment
work,

Our audit and our sick to visit too.
I shall note you are a worker and not disposed to shirk,
We'll lay out work at once for you to do."

"O no," the quick reply; "such work I leave for those
more spry than me
And younger. That is not my line."

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The secretary, smiling, said, "Ah, then, your specialty,
I see,

Is field work—new members—that is fine."

The applicant shook his head, "O no, I have no time
to spare

For gettin' members. No indeed."

"Then what on earth," the secretary said, "do you deem
your share

Of labor in the work such Orders need?"

The answer came: "O, I can criticise an' keep 'em run-
nin' right;

They call me 'an objector' down our way;

An' if things do n't suit my notions I can put up quite
a fight,

An' when I join a Lodge I stick an' stay;

Those who allus want to run things do n't like things
an' greetin's—

A good objector's sure to weed 'em out.

After a while they get tired an' stay away from all the
meetin's."

The secretary groaned and said, "No doubt."

A PROPHECY

BY ELLA THORNTON.

All hail to the Rebekahs,

They're a strong and noble band,

And by far the grandest Odd Fellows

In this or any other land;

And the day is not far distant—

We feel the breezes blow—

When we shall mount the brother's goat

And ride to Jericho.

SECRETS DIVULGED

At the risk of being charged with giving away secrets of the Order, we publish the following unwritten work of the Camp Kettle Degree:

Rule 1. The grip: Grasp the fork firmly with the left hand, fingers of both being in position. Bring hands to a carry over the plate, point of implements extended downward, and wait for orders.

Rule 2. Should any Brother have trouble in swallowing an oyster, he shall give the sign of distress. If this sign can not be observed, he may use the words, "You're my oyster." Trained attendants will then help the Brother out of the difficulty and incidentally out of the room.

Rule 3. The sign of recognition to waiters is three winks given in rapid succession. The waiter will probably recognize and answer the same by pouring a plate of hot soup down your back.

Rule 4. When a Brother shall suddenly become black in the face, wave his arms frantically in the air and gasp for breath, it is the warning sign, and indicates that, unless pretty suddenly relieved, the

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Brother will choke to death. The answer to the sign is to call for the coroner.

Rule 5. When a Brother with all the symptoms as described in the warning sign, so far recovers as to ask for more pie, it is a sign of safety, and indicates that the services of the coroner will not be required.



Rule 6. The principal sign is made as follows: Grasp a ham sandwich with the five fingers of the right hand, thumb below and the fingers above the sandwich. Elevate the hand in a perpendicular position until it shall be on a level with the mouth. Slightly throw back the head, open the mouth about two inches. Place the sandwich tenderly in the mouth, being careful to withdraw the thumb and five fingers. Softly close the eyes and chew vigorously.

Without these rules you can not do justice to this or any other banquet of Odd Fellows. It is to be hoped that you will soon acquire them, and show by your proficiency that we have not in vain admitted you to this spread. You will now resume your station, and commence operations.



THE J'INER

He was what folks call a j'iner,
For he was a charter signer
Of each and every Order in the town.
When a new one would be started
For membership he bartered,
And his name would always be the first one
down.

He would march with glee and bustle;
Over rituals he would tussle;
He had uniforms until he could n't rest.
He was Worthy Grand Head Master
Of the Sons of Benzoraster,
And for other offices he made quest.

He was Worthy Secretary
Of the Sons of El Kary;
Of the Modern Choppers he was Royal Ax;
And he proudly held the station
Of Supreme Extreme Gyration
Of the Free and Ancient Order of Kerwhacks.

Monday night the Sons of Hoping,
Tuesday night the Never Moping,
And on Wednesday he would 'tend the Chiefs
of Cheer;
Thursday night the Weary Workers,
Friday night the Tired Shirkers,
And on Saturday the Helpers Far and Near.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Morn and night of things fraternal
Wrote he down in his large journal,
He his wage for gaudy trappings new;
And it needed no persuasion
On each possible occasion
To get him to march before the public view.

When he died each mourning Order
Put crape round its charter's border,
And his policies were paid with delight.
Then his widow said, 'midst weeping,
"Now I know just what is keeping
My beloved darling husband out at night."

AUGUSTUS AND THE WILLIAM GOAT

BY GIL FORDE.

Augustus Prim went out to swim,
And, following tradition,
He hung his clothes on a hickory limb,
Devoid of all suspicion.

A William Goat soon came that way,
And, following tradition,
He wickedly chewed up those clothes,
Devoid of all contrition.

Augustus Prim came from his swim,
Devoid of all suspicion,
But, when he saw the empty limb,
Fled like an apparition.

HE WAS A MASON, YET THE UNFEELING TYLER GAVE HIM THE GRAND LAUGH

A well-known Chicago publisher, speaking of scenes and incidents in that city in the trying days after the big fire, said: "The great fire was a thing of the recent past, and the down-town portion of the city a scene of the greatest confusion. About nine o'clock in the evening, while on my way to my home in the West Division, I was accosted by a man of respectable appearance, who asked me to give him the price of a lodging.

" 'I 'm not a beggar,' said he, 'but I 'm in hard luck. A man told me that some Masons were in session over this way. If I could find them, I 'd be all right.'

" 'I happen to know a Lodge-room on Canal Street, where there is a meeting to-night,' said I. 'Come along, I 'll take you there.'

"The place reached, I conducted him up a long flight of stairs, and knocked at a door.

" 'I 'm not a Mason,' said I to a man who seemed to be acting in the capacity of a guard, 'but I 've run across one of your fraternity who seems to be in hard luck. I take it you 'll be glad to do something for him.'

"Congratulating myself on having done a good act, I pushed my chance acquaintance forward and retreated toward the stairway. A whispered conversation ensued, when the guard exclaimed:

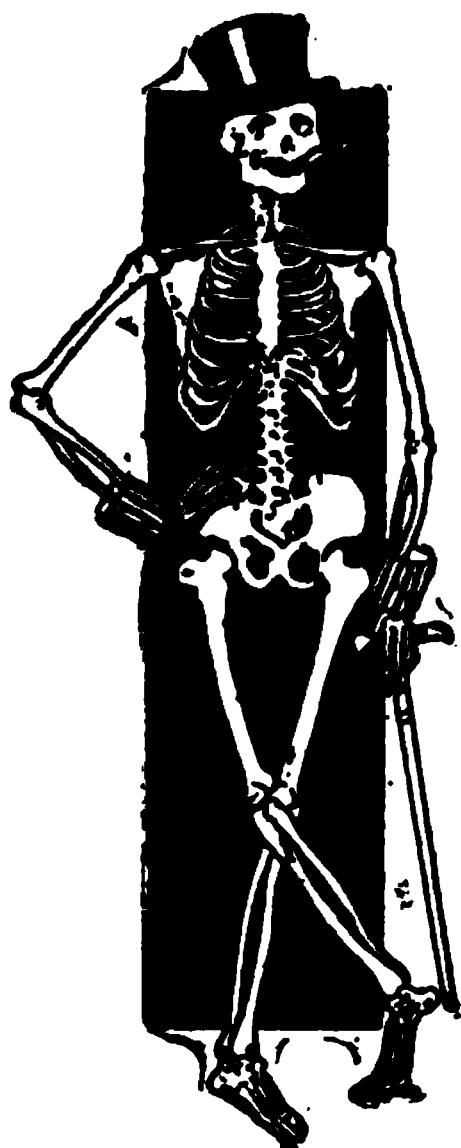
" 'You 're not a Freemason !'

" 'No,' replied my late charge, 'but I 'm a stonemason out of a job.'

"The roar of laughter that issued from the half-open door made me wish myself a Mason. As it was, I hurriedly quit the place."

CAUSED BY A SKELETON

No one in the Dry Fork neighborhood thought anything of Sam Speck until he proved himself to be a man of dauntless courage. Sam was a sort of clientless lawyer. About nine o'clock in the morning he would go to a cabin which he called his office, and there, with his cowhide-encompassed feet resting on a pine table, he would sit, apparently in deep meditation, until a clanking cowbell, shaken by the fat hand of Mrs. Gallison, warned him that dinner was ready.



Sam's standing in the community did not improve as time passed. The men declared that he ought to throw his pine table into the road and go to splitting rails, and the women asseverated that, as he was of no account anyway, it made no difference what he did. All the boarders at Mrs. Gallison's made fun of Sam, but he took it good-naturedly. A young doctor, who was a Lodge man, and who was one of the boarders, conceived the idea of an excellent practical joke.

"Tell you what I'll do," said he one night, in explaining his ideas to a friend, and member of the Lodge. "You know that our Lodge has the finest skeleton in the land. Well, to-morrow, while Chancellor Sam is down at his office, I'll borrow it, and we'll get into his

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

room and arrange a wire above his door, so that, when we pull a string at the proper time, the skeleton will swing into his room. We'll hide out in the hall until he goes into his room. Then we'll tap at the door and run away, and just as he opens the door we'll pull the string, and the fun will begin. What do you think of my proposal?"

"It's capital," the friend replied; "but it strikes me as being a trifle severe. It's enough to frighten the bravest man in the world. It would scare me nearly to death."

"I know it's lively," rejoined the other Lodge man; "but I think that Sam deserves it. He needs something to stir up his laziness."

"All right. I'm with you."

The arrangements were skillfully made. Fortunately for the jokers, Sam did not notice the wires above his door. It was late when he entered the room, and the jokers were afraid that he would go to bed before they would have time to introduce

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

the fun. But he did not; he sat down, put his feet on a rickety washstand, and began to read a sensational novel.

Tap, tap, tap!

"Come in," Sam called.

Tap, tap, tap!

"Come in, I tell you!" Sam yelled. "If you can't come in, stay out!"

The doctor, whispering to his friend, said:

"He won't open the door. You throw it open as hard as you can, jump away quick, and I'll pull the string."

"All right."

The door was flung violently open. A skeleton stepped into the room.

"Well, old fellow," said Sam, looking at his visitor from skull to shank, "you must have been taking anti-fat, or perhaps you are a regular boarder at this place. Sit down and rest your bones. You ought not to venture out of your room such a night as this without an overcoat. I do n't suppose, however, that you suffer much from the cold. I never have been a skeleton, and I do n't know how it seems, but I do n't believe I'd like it. Believe I'd get tired of that ceaseless grin."

The doctor and his friend, filled with admiration for the man of wonderful nerve, entered the room and congratulated Sam.

"Joke, eh?" said Sam. "Why, boys, when you want to scare me, you'll have to pull a different string. The reason I did n't open the door was because I was afraid of being dunned by the landlady."

The joke leaked out, and the next day Sam received congratulations from all quarters. In the superstitious neighborhood of Dry Fork, a man who has the nerve

"A Skeleton Stepped into the Room"

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

to defy a skeleton is a hero worthy of all praise. Clients came, and the justice of the peace, before whom most of the cases were brought, was so much disposed to honor intrepidity that he generally rendered his decisions in Sam's favor.

The young lawyer continued to grow in popularity until he was sent to the Legislature. Indeed, he was elected judge of the Circuit Court, and is now regarded as one of the ablest jurists in the State, all on account of that skeleton. The other day Judge Speck, in giving some wholesome advice to a young lawyer, said:

"Remember that a turning-point in your favor is likely to be reached at any time. Now, if it had n't been for that skeleton, I never would have been judge of this court."

"Judge, why do n't you say that if you had n't been a brave man, you never would have been so highly honored?"

"Nonsense!"

"Why, did n't you show that you was not afraid of the skeleton?"

"O yes."

"Was n't that nerve?"

"No."

"What was it?"

"It was the fact that I had heard the doctor and his friend talk over the affair, and was, therefore, prepared to receive the skeleton when it came. But if I had n't thoroughly understood the joke, my young friend, I would have hopped through the window and carried the sash with me."

BLACK BALLED

In a prosperous town far away in the West,
Where enterprise, striving with efforts her best
To level the forest, and build in its place
A city, had brought to its aid in the race
For improvement, brick, timber, and anvil, and bel-
lows,
Workshops, schools, churches, Freemasons, Odd Fel-
lows,
Among other means of improving men's status
And o'ercoming the numerous ills that combat us.
The town made such progress that, spite of its schools,
It had also acquired its full share of fools.
Among them, of course, were some who were wise,
And some very cunning—viewed by their own eyes.
The question of progress engendered disputes,
The parties to which, each alive for recruits,
Brought to its aid all manner of issues,
And declared t' other side was made up of tissues
Of falsehood and nonsense. With other varieties
Of folly, one side attacked the secret societies.
To further their cause, they invented a story
Of Odd Fellows' rites, horrid, ghastly, and gory.
Set forth at the Lodge were being held nightly
Revelries shameful and orgies unsightly.
Some victims were hung by the hair of the head,
And some by the heels were dragged till half dead;
Some boiled on a gridiron until done brown,
Then released on condition they 'd forthwith leave town.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Some even declared they held knives at the throats
Of candidates riding their old, soapy goats.
Of course, the lie took, found large hosts of believers—
No lie is so absurd but finds some receivers.

Now, one of the aforesaid fools, to beat the rest
In peddling scandal, tried his best

For membership in the Order,
Saying he 'd greatly changed his mind of them,
And would esteem it very kind of them

To let him inside their border.

A wag who heard of him, feigning to confide in him,
Well knowing there was little pride in him,

Said he guessed he could fix it,
As, being the N. G., he bossed the Lodge,
And, though some might object, they could not dodge
His official *ipse dixit*.

One night the fool, dressed in Sunday attire,
Was patiently 'sconced by a flaming wood-fire

In a tavern near where they met,
While the wag, who promised to meet him there,
Kept him waiting till patience was almost threadbare,
Then said he must wait a week yet.

With a patient smile he homeward turned,
While the ardent desire within his breast burned
To witness the mystic rites ;

But 't was well worth while for a secret so great,
Although it sore tried his patience to wait

For seven more anxious nights.
But a disappointed sharp, deep and sore,
For this seeker of knowledge was laid in store,
A blow that came quite uncalled.

For his Odd Fellow friend the very next day

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Dropped in at his shop, and regretted to say
That he'd been rejected—blackballed.
He felt insulted, but shrewdly suspected
His mischievous purpose had been detected.
The truth was very unpleasant;
But there was one thing for him to do, since
He could n't get in, he could be a nuisance
Whenever Odd Fellows were present.
So each Lodge night he took up his stand
At the foot of the stairway, and there he remained,
And gave loose rein to his passion.
He denounced them as cut-throats, as billy-goat riders,
As scoffers at virtue and sinful backsliders,
In the most approved Billingsgate fashion.
One night, to get rid of his constant abuse,
Instead of persuasions or seeking a truce,
They appealed to his superstition;
For he who argues with one without brains
Will have but his labor to pay for his pains,
And but wastes his ammunition.
They caught an old goat full of pugnacious airs,
And, taking him up to the head of the stairs,
They awaited the nuisance's coming.
He had fairly begun his insulting chatter,
When down came the goat with a rattling clatter
And a baa-a that was perfectly stunning.
Out at the door, like a gust of wind,
And butting the nuisance's Grecian Bend,
The billy-goat laid him sprawling.
Up he scrambled, and down the street
He ran like a racer, with flying feet
And a terribly cowardly bawling.
"O, save me! help! help!" cried the terrified clown,

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

As onward he fled, his cries rousing the town,
Till, fainting, he fell to the earth,
While a number who witnessed the whole affair
Came up, and, relating the cause of his scare,
Changed the people's pity to mirth.
They carried him tenderly home to his wife,
And, although he was scared nearly out of his life,
'T was the best thing that ever o'ertook him;
For, whenever to scandal or tattling inclined,
His wife would cry "baa," when his presence of mind
In an instant completely forsook him.
His case cast ridicule over his friends,
That, instead of attempting to make him amends,
They left him alone in his glory.
He lived many years, but was ne'er known to mention
The case that had brought him distinguished attention,
Unless to deny the whole story.



THE DIFFERENCE

Mrs. Gradley (tearfully): "I do n't care who knows it! My husband has to give up either me or his Lodge. He gets worse and worse. I do n't believe he'll ever be of any account—the worthless brute."

Neighbor (soothingly): "I did n't think it was so bad. But Mrs. Gossipper did tell me yesterday that your husband was a poor creature at best."

Mrs. Gradley (flaring up): "O, she did, did she! Well, I'll just let that backbiting gossip know she can't run around slandering the best man in this town. Poor creature, indeed! He's worth a thousand Tom Gossippers, and I'll let her know it! Wait till I get my bonnet!"

KNUTE EXPLAINED THE SECRET WORK

Knute Hellson had a good wife named Hulda. Knute staid out one night. As the couple sat down to breakfast next morning, Hulda began to propound certain interrogatories that displeased him at first, but he finally reasoned that he had better answer as best he could.

"Where were you last night?" she asked in a before-breakfast tone of voice.

"Ve haf a special meetin' of te Lodge, Hulda, an' Aye var dar, yu bat yur boots."

"What did you do at the Lodge?"

"Yust eferyting for te gute of te Order."

"Last night you were talking in your sleep, and you said something about twenty-five-cent limit. What did you mean?"

"O, das var nodder faller's fault. Hae var talkin' 'bout raisin' te assessment, an' das mek me hot."

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"And you said you 'was in.' What did that mean?"

"Well, et meant det Aye var member, an' haf youst so motch to say as anybody."

"When you said, 'I 'll open it,' what did you mean?"

"Some feller could not get onto de door, Aye tank. You see, mae dear vife, et is lock all tem."

"Once or twice I heard you say, 'It 's a show-down.' What does that mean?"

"Hulda, Aye haf no right to tal you tengs outside of te Lodge, but Aye will tal ye dis. Das means in Lodge language, 'God bless mae home.' "



LADIES' DEGREES

"So, dey 'se gwine to hab a Ladies' Degree in de 'Royal Emperors ob de Golden Jerusalem?"

"Yes, Uncle Rastus; dat am de calk'lashun."

"Doan' hab nuffin to do with it, young niggah. I tell you de fun in de Lodge am gone when you let in de female pop'lation; no more 'journments ob de Committee ob de Whole to Brudder Bones's tavern; no more comin' home early in de mornin' from smokin', story-tellin', an' other important bizness."

"But, Uncle Rastus, we doan' intend to have de ladies intrudin' on de brudders; de Ladies' Degree am nuffin' that you 'se agwine to bring into de meetin' ob de male sex."

"No?"

"Of course not."

"An' Dinah can't get at us an' interrupt de proceedin's?"

"No, sah."

"Den go ahead; dis niggah ain't afraid ob your Ladies' Degree!"

SWAN GANDERSON JOINS THE BUFFALOES

Swedonia, Ill., das state, Masch das 23, 19—.
Master West Shewin Gum Com-pa-nee:

A ban Buffalo now. It cost mae twenty doular. A tell you all aboud it. A ban goin' uptown last Saturday, and vhen a com ba Yon Yonson's store, a see lot of fallars talkin' and laffin', and they say they going to organize Buffalo Lodge, and ask if a do n't vant to join.

Den Sharley Peterson ha say to mae, "It only cost 11 cents." Vell, dem fallers say it ban such a good tang, a say, "Maybe a yoin, but a do n't hav das 11 cents;" so a tell dem fallers, "Dr. Skoogerson ha owe mae some money, so a go and see if a can get some money, for ha owe mae twenty doular for two months' vork, and a goin' to buy new suit clothes so a can get married to Hulda." (Hulda ban mine girl.)

Vhen a see him has say, "Vell, Swan, a guess a pay you off," and ha giv' mae twenty doular bill, and a go back to Yon Yonson's. A tell Sharley Peterson a got nothin' but a twenty doular bill, but Sharley ha say ha can shange it; so a give hem twenty doular bill, and ha say, "You tak' oath," and a tak' das oath, and den ha say, "Ve must go over to das saloon." Vhen ve got dere ha introduce mae to Yacob Gutseneater, das dutch saloonkeeper, and ha say, "Swan, ha ban Buffalo now," so ha giv' Gutseneater das twenty-doular bill, and den ha set 'em up to das crowd. Dere ban more as twenty fallers dere.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

A tell dem fallers a do n't drink, but say a can drink vater; so a get glass vater and a drink with mine right hand. Den everybody holler, "Hurraw for Swan! Set 'em up again."

Den purty soon Erick Erickson com' in, and every-boy say, "Shake hands with Swan. Ha ban Buffalo now." So a shake with mith mine right hand, and all dem fallers hollar, "Hurraw for Swan Ganderson! Set 'em up again." Vell, every time some faller com' in, de mak' mae shake hands, and a use mine right hand all das time, and every time a do dem fallers holler, "Set 'em up again." After 'vhile, vhen da set 'em up again aboud twenty times, a say, "Vell, a ban tired being Buffaloed, so a vant mine shange for das twenty-doular bill so a can go home." And den das barkeeper faller say, "You do n't get some shange, and you owe mae doular and sixteen sents more."

Vell, den a catch on das trick, and maybee you do n't tank a ban mad. A tak' off mine coat and a start for Sharley Peterson, but ha run out das back door. Den a yump for Ole Oleson, and a hit hem von under das left ear, and ha lay down quick; den a yump for Peter Peterson, but ha go out das front door, and every faller yump and run so nobody ban left but das barkeeper. Den a mak' von yump for him, and ha pull out big revolver and point it at mae, and ha say, "You get," and a say, "You bet." If a ever find das Sharley Peterson a 'nock him into das middle of last week.

SWAN GANDERSON.

P. S.—Can't you give mae yob on das rode, so a can get money to buy suit of clothes so a can get married to Hulda?

"NEVER PASS HIM BY"

BY NELSON WILLIAMS.

Air: "Coming Thro' the Rye."

If a Shriner meet a Shriner
Coming o'er the sands,
When the Shriners all are busy
Laying on of hands;
If the Arab thinks he's sinking,
And for rope should cry,
Just throw him out a piece of tow-line,—
Never pass him by.

If a Shriner meet a Shriner
Weary and footsore,
And that Shriner still is stubborn
And is asking more;
When this Shriner in his journey
Finds himself too high,
Just help him slide down the toboggan,—
Never pass him by.

If a Shriner meet a Shriner
When that Shriner's dry;
If a Shriner treat a Shriner
To some rock and rye,
And the fellow should get mellow
Then to fill him try;
For if you meet a thirsty Shriner,
Never pass him by.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

If a Shriner should be snoozing
On some cellar door,
And the zem zem should be oozing
Out of every pore,
Do not leave him to the mercy
Of some cop so fly,
But help the fellow find his keyhole,—
Never pass him by.



THE MASTER'S APRON

BY HENRY O. KENT.

There's mony a badge that's unco braw,
Wi' ribbon, lace, or tape on;
Let kings and princes wear them, a',
Gi'e me the master's apron,
The honest craftsman's apron,
The jolly Freemason's apron.
Bide he at home, or roam afar,
Before its touch fa's bolt and bar,
The gates of Fortune fly ajar,
'Gin he but wears the apron.

For wealth and honor, pride and power,
Are crumbling stone to base on;
Fraternity should rule the hour
Among all worthy Masons,
All free accepted Masons,
All ancient crafted Masons.
Then, Brothers, let a halesome sang
Arise your friendly ranks alang;
Gude wives and bairnies blithely sing
To the ancient badge wi' the apron string
That is worn by the Master Mason.

EARLY SALUTATION

Mr. Whoopla and Mr. Gayboy took a lively interest in the annual election, and after the meeting they had some oysters and wine with a few of the newly-elected, so it was about three o'clock in the morning when they started for home. Next day they met, and Gayboy asked: "Well, Whoopla, did you get home all right?"

"O, yes, I got home all right; but as soon as I opened the hall door I got a box on the ear that knocked me against the wall and made me see fifteen different kinds of fireworks."

"What did you say?"

"Good morning, my dear."

UNIFORM MORE VALUABLE THAN A BABY

To the average colored man the privilege of donning a "bergalia" is an honor not to be sneezed at. But to own and turn out on parade in the still more showy "rig" is the very acme of his ambition.

A colored society purchased a lot of gorgeous uniforms in anticipation of an event, and great preparations were made to parade in public. Much favorable comment was expected from wives and sweethearts, and envy from those who could not "belong." At some time during the day preceding the parade, word was received by one of the members, at the place where he was at work, that his house was on fire. With visions of a burnt-up uniform, and the disappointment that would result in not being able to turn out in the parade with the rest of his Brethren, he lost no time in getting home. Here he found that his house was really ablaze, with the smoke and flames pouring out of every door and window, and in danger of a complete and speedy destruction.

His wife stood, wringing her hands, a very picture of distress, surrounded by her neighbors, who, when they saw the husband coming, cried out, "Dah he is! Dah he is!" His wife cried to him that the baby was still in the house, and to go in and save it. He rushed into the burning house, and presently came out with his new uniform. His wife anxiously cried, "Whar's de baby? Whar's de baby?" To which he replied, "I had to save de rig fust, dat cost me thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents. I go an' git de baby now." He did go in again, and brought out the baby this time.

WAS NOT A WARM MEMBER

Pa: "I think it is your bedtime."

"Yes. But pa! You've taken the thirty-second degree, have n't you?"

"Yes, what of it?"

"Why, I heard the man next door say that you were a warm member, and I thought thirty-two degrees was cold, and—O! ouch! yes, I'm going to bed!"

LITTLE CHARLIE AND I

BY BIG CHARLIE.

When I came home the other night,
From Myrtle Lodge K. of P.,
I sat down in my rocking-chair,
Little Charlie on my knee.
A conversation we began,
My little one and I,
He grasped me firmly by the hand,
And said to me, O why

Do you go out each Monday night,
And leave us all alone?
No matter how the weather is,
You surely will be gone.
I'd like to see that billy-goat,
And have him cut his shine,
You all love him so very much,
He surely must be fine.

How do you feed that billy-goat,
Way up that flight of stair?
Do you bring him way down to eat,
Or send his food up there?
Then how big is that billy-goat?
And is he black or white?
Is he a nice, kind, gentle goat,
Or does he butt and bite?

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Do you all make the fellows ride
The goat around to see
If they can ride him good enough
To be a K. of P.?

Why, I can ride a billy-goat,
'Cause that ain't hard to do.
If that is all that's to be done,
I'd just go galloping through.

When I get grown like you, papa,
I'll join the K. P.'s too,
And then I will find out, I guess,
Just how that goat does do.
I'll hold to him with all my might,
And let him rear and run;
I do n't believe when I go through,
That they will have much fun.

Well, now, my little boy, said I,
We'd both best go to bed,
For I have listened earnestly
To all that you have said;
And I do hope, my dearest boy,
That when you're grown like me,
You'll have the pleasure of riding
The goat in the K. of P.

Then you will find out for yourself,
Exactly what we do;
I hope you'll make a valiant Knight,
Being always good and true.
Remember, that I've always tried
To live up to the right—
And then I gently laid him down,
And kissed my boy good-night.

AN AWFUL ORDEAL

Quite a sensation was created last week in one of the Sister Lodges in this city over the resignation of a newly-initiated young lady member. There was nothing startling about the fact of a young lady signifying her intention to join another Lodge. In the wording of the withdrawal, however, the lady stated that, as she was a new member, she was afraid she would not be able to stand the severe tests that were forced upon members of this Lodge. It is needless to say that these remarks brought about an investigation, which disclosed some peculiar ideas about testing the faith of some of the members.

It seems that one of the good old Brothers was discoursing to her on the beauties, and teachings, and her duties in the Order. The young lady was very attentive to what the good man was saying; her eyes looked trustingly up to his, her lips were parted in a tempting manner, far too tempting for the Brother, who, unlike St. Anthony, could not withstand the temptation of kissing her, much to her surprise and dismay. When the good old Brother saw the effect his actions had upon her, he made a bold front of it, and told her what he had done was one of the tests she would have to undergo, and doubtless would have succeeded in making her believe his story had she not confided "in a friend," who advised her to withdraw.

What really will happen to the poor old Brother is hard to tell. It will be safe to say, however, that he will not be apt to recline upon a bed of roses, as there is a wife to be heard from, and they say she has blood in her eye.

FRITZ HUFF UND DER GOAT

BY D. R. WILLIAMS.

"Mein frient, I vill eggsblanation to you vat eggs-citment und fun der poys und me had vit de Billy's goat already, ven I vas coom a Woodman py der Woodlawn Camp. I vill tells you sometings you vas nefer eggspected."

Thus said Sov. Fritz Huff, which I took the liberty to put in poem form:

I vent ub to der Voodmen's camp,
To haf enrolled mine name,
Und dis vas how I vill eggsblain
Dot I vas vit der game.

Ach, vell, dere was yust lots of mens,
Coom ub ter see der fun,
Unt von shpoke ter me mit der door,
"Say, Fritz, vere vas your gun?"

I shakes vit fright, and vanted him
To eggsblanation me;
"Vat for you vant some guns?" I said.
"To shoot some mens," said he.

Yust den der door vit noise did coom,
"Hello, hello, who 's dere?"
Mein eyes vas closed vit some pad mens,
I could no see, no vere.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Yust den der poys dey let me vent,
I did not know der way;
Dose mens inside vent vild vit joy,
Und said I vas too gay.

I vent to shpoke, I svelled me ub,
I wanted to eggsblode;
But some mens dook me py mein arm,
Und valked me ub der road.

Der vay vas rough, yust filled vit stumps,
Der mens yust let dem shtay
To discommote men's chins vit dem,
I do n't like fun dot way.

Vell, after dot, I tink ve vent
Und shtood up straight some vere,
Und some mens vit some noises made
Me sit down vit der chair.

Und den dose mens shtood up by me,
Und told der boss dis vay,
Dot I did not fills up der bill,
Und shpoke I vas too gay.

Von said he wanted off mine leg,
Ter hang it vit der peg,
Und from dot forth dey all vould see
I haf a wooden leg.

Der plud did creep me ofer den;
Mein heart did vit me shtop,
I yust got mad und fights dos mens,
Und soon I vas on top.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Und ven I vas on top vit joy,
I made von run for home.
"Ach, ouch!" mein Gott, look liddle out,
Dot Billy goat vas come.

Vel next, mein frent, I vas fall down;
Der stars vas mit mein eyes;
Jerusalem, dot vas mein song
Ven I vas vit der skies.

Und all dose men dey laugh und sing,
"Vere, O vere, can Fritz be?"
Und von of dem dook vay some tings,
Den I could blainly see.

Der boss told me sit mit der chair,
"Nay, nay, mein Herr," said I,
"If I should sit me on dot chair,
O my! ah my! O my!"

Der boss did shpoke, "'You feel not goot,"
Und let me haf mein vay,
"Und for der fun," said he, "mein Fritz,
Some moneys you vill pay."

Und den der mens vit laughter said,
"A Voodman now you be,"
Und all of dem shmiled ub und said,
"You 've had it, so haf ve."

I yust vent home to mein Katrine,
You know dot vas mein wife;
She shmiled to me, I giff her den
Two thousand on my life.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

De poy had fun, I haf der mun,
It 's in mein Katrine's name;
I 'll not feels goot till I haf shtoot
Right vit dem in der game.

I 'll yust go round about der town,
I 'll find some Shermans yet;
I 'll get his mun, I 'll take him in,
I 'll haf some funs, you bet.

"Heah you are—de best but- The Billy—"You are, hey?
ter in de whole—" I do n't think."

CAUDLE'S RETURN FROM LODGE

A HOT SHOT

Smudgkins got taken down wonderfully a few mornings since ; but we should n't have known it if he had n't told the story himself. You must understand that Smudgkins is great on his dignity, and that propriety is his hobby. He has been very careful in bringing his wife to his own proper standard. Truth and honor are dear to him. Lately, however, Smudgkins has been a little loose in a singular particular. His wife objected to his joining a Lodge ; but Smudgkins assured her that he had strength of mind enough to withstand all possible evil influences. Many of his best friends belonged to the Lodge, and it would be decidedly for his interest to join. He joined three months ago. One evening, or rather, one night, Smudgkins came home very late from the Lodge, after the closing of which he had been entertaining some friends. On the following morning Mrs. S. said to him :

"Do you really think, Augustus, that a man and his wife are truly one, as you often say they are meant to be?"

"They are one, my dear ; or, at least, they should be."

"And are we one, Augustus?"

"Yes, my dear, I may say that you and I are one."

"Then, my dear Augustus," said the pretty wife, looking meekly up into his face and resting her hand upon his shoulder, "I wish to express to you my deep regret, and ask your forgiveness for my imprudence last night. Pardon me this once, and I promise you that I will never get tipsy again."

Smudgkins says the shock was effectual. He does n't believe his wife will ever have occasion to fire another like it.

TRANSLATION OF A TOTEM

The beaver, once upon a time, lived in a long, fine house, and the bear and the wolf used to come and visit the beaver, eat and drink with him, and play cards, and have a good time generally. The raven god looked down upon them, and finally concluded to put an end to all these frolics. Now, the raven could transform himself into any sort of an object; so he made a poor old beggar out of himself, and lay down on the road where he knew the beaver was sure to pass. When the time for the beaver finally came to pass that way, he noticed an old man crying, so he asked him what he was crying about. The old man told him that he had lost his father, mother, brothers, and sisters, and all his money, and did not know what to do. The beaver then invited the old man to come and stay with him, and he (the beaver) would feed and clothe him, and take care of him. The old man very readily accepted the beaver's hospitality. The next day the bear and wolf came, as usual, to play cards, eat and drink, and have a good time with the beaver. The old man looked on at the game, and finally begged to be allowed to take a hand in the game also. The request was granted, and in a very short time the old man beat them out of all they possessed, and they left, swearing vengeance. The beaver also went into the woods to hunt berries. And now, thought Mr. Raven, is my opportunity, so he packed everything movable

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

and carted it off to his own home, and came back for what more he could find; but in the meantime the beaver came back, and found his house all emptied, and he could not understand who the perpetrator could be. He finally looked up, and saw the raven overhead—for the raven had, in the meantime, transformed himself back again to his former state—perched on top of the tallest tree. The beaver did not know how to get at the raven any other way than to chop down the tree, but when he did that, he was only the more perplexed to find the raven fly over onto the next tree; so he chopped it down, with the usual result, until he finally became disgusted, and went and built his house under the bed of the river, where he has been living ever since.—Kirschberg & Lansdberg.



MIXED IN HIS SECRET WORK

TROUBLES OF AN ABSENT-MINDED, THOUGH FRATERNAL ACQUAINTANCE

A man who belongs to several secret societies must occasionally find the task of keeping the secrets of each society in their own special corner of his brain a tax upon his memory. This was the case with one Absalom Wyckoff, of the thriving town of Skedunk. He came home one evening looking worried.

"What is the matter, Absalom?" asked his wife.

"A man came at me a little while ago," answered Mr. Wyckoff, "with the Masonic sign of distress. I remember now that I replied with the Knights of Pythias sign, and I am almost certain I gave him the Odd Fellows' grip."

FORCE OF EXAMPLE

SCENE : Nurse bringing in a small boy (crying) to his mother.

Nurse : "Please, 'm is n't Master Tommy to go to bed now?"

Tommy : "No, ma, I do n't want to! We 're all playing Lodge in the Nursery, and we 're goin' to initiate Cousin Arty, and I 'm to be the Goat. Boo-hoo!"

THE MOTHER LODGE

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

There was Rundle, station master,
An' Beazeley of the rail;
An' Achman, commissariat,
An' Donkin o' the jail;
An' Blake, conductor sergeant—
Our master twice was 'e,
With 'im that kept the Europe shop,
Old Framjee Eduljee.

Outside—"Sergeant! Sir! Salute! Salaam!"
Inside—"Brother" an' it does n't do no 'arm,
We met upon the level an' we parted on the square,
An' I was Junior Deacon in my Mother Lodge out there.

There was Bola Nath, accountant,
And Saul, the Aden Jew,
An' Din Mohammed, draughtsman,
Of the Sursey office, too.
There was Babu Chickerhitty,
An' Amir Singh, the Sikh,
An' Castro of the fittin' sheds,
A Roman Catholic.

We 'ad n't good regalia,
An' our Lodge was old an' bare;
But we knew the ancient landmarks,
An' we kept 'em to a hair.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

An' lookin' on it backwards,
It often strikes me thus,
There ain't such things as 'eathen now,
Except, per'aps, it 's us.

For monthly after labor
We 'd all sit down an' smoke
(We durs'nt give no banquets
Lest a Brother's caste were broke),
An' man on man got bukkin'
Religion an' the rest,
An' every man comparin'
Of the God 'e knowed the best.

So man on man got started,
An' not a beggar stirred
Till mornin' waked the parrots,
An' that dam' brain-fever bird.
We 'd say 't was very curious,
An' we 'd all go 'ome to bed
With Mohammed, God, an' Shira,
Changin' pickets in our 'ead.

Full oft on Gov'ment service
This wanderin' foot 'ath pressed
An' bore fraternal greetin's
To the Lodges East and West
Accordin' as commanded,
From Ko'at to Singapore,
But I wish that I might see them
In my Mother Lodge once more.

I wish that I might see them,
My Brethren white and brown,

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

With the burlies smellin' pleasant
An' the ag-dan passin' down,
An' the old Khansannah snorin'
On the bottle-Khana floor,
Like a Brother in good standing
With my Mother Lodge once more.

Outside—"Sergeant! Sir! Salute! Salaam!"
Inside—"Brother" an' it does n't do no 'arm.
We met upon the level an' we parted on the square,
An' I was Junior Deacon in my Mother Lodge out there.

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TOSSING A COPPER

AN EDITOR'S LAMENT

Man that is born of woman is small of frame, but so large of lung that he preventeth even the man with "light in his own clear breast" from "sitting in the center of the night and enjoying bright day."

He ariseth in the morning when the dewdrop sparkleth like the diamond in the shirt-front, which so pleaseth him that, desiring to emulate Pythias, he goeth bail for a friend, but the development maketh his heart sick.

He goeth forth at eventide when the sunset glows like the rubies in his best girl's engagement-ring, and, thinking to visit her, he hieth away, but findeth her "in the arms of Morpheus." He getteth jealous, and would commit suicide, but is too selfish to put himself out of the way for anybody.

In his youth he is sent to school, and becometh center rush in a football team, but, losing his hair by a scalp disease, is dismissed from college in disgrace.

After reaching manhood's estate he joineth a secret society, and learneth that man is sometimes useful after death—if he comes from France.

His ambition soareth, and the uniform degree of his Order became his delight; but being called "tin soldier" by the head of a fake military expedition, he retireth his blue coat and brass buttons, and retireth to the shades of private life.

He becometh the editor of a fraternity journal; but

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

the "occult mysteries of the Persian magi not being to him an open book," he clippeth from his exchanges without credit, and they threaten him sore, but he stoppeth not.

He taketh unto himself a wife, and his father-in-law faileth in business and cometh to live with his beloved son-in-law, "his wife, son John and his wife—those four and no more."

Alas! alas! "in the midst of life he is in debt," and the sheriff pursueth him wherever he goeth.

At last the undertaker gathereth him in, and his fraternal insurance goeth to his wife's second husband.



"LIKE HOGS OR GENTLEMEN"

Years ago, when it was more the fashion in some sections than at present, the successful candidate for a high fraternal office, "Bill" Perry, gave a "stag party" to his supporters. He had procured a bountiful supply of cold beer for the delectation of his guests, but hid it away in an upper room as a post-prandial surprise. When the proper time arrived for the revelation of his surprise, he said to the assembled company:

"Boys, I have a lot of cold beer upstairs, but before we start I want to know whether you intend to drink like gentlemen or like hogs."

"O, we'll drink like gentlemen; lead on, 'Billy,'" chorused a dozen voices in reply.

"That settles it," replied the jovial host, as a smile rippled over all three of his double chins. "I'll have to send for more beer. A hog always knows when he's got enough."

EXPERIENCE OF A NERVOUS MAN

I stood in the hall of Masons
As the clock was striking nine;
My heart was beating loudly,
And shivered all the time.

I felt there were many dangers
To right and left of me;
But, faith, my eyes were covered,
And so I could not see!

I thought of the many thousands
Who had gone through it all before,
And I set my teeth, which chattered,
And I boldly stepped the floor.

I can not and must not tell you
The mysteries revealed to me;
But it was a happy moment
When I again was free.

And when I left the building,
I shook my fist at the door,
And said to myself with a chuckle,
"Never again, no more."

But after a while, on reflection,
I was led to see
That, after all, it was better
To take the second degree.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Then I grew braver and braver,
And in spite of all I had heard
Of its dangers and deadly horrors,
I followed up with the third.

That journey soon was over,
The road is known to you;
And I heartily thank my Brothers
Who safely saw me through.

Whenever I cross the threshold
Of that hall so fair and bright,
I bless the hand that led me
Out of darkness into light.



ON THE DEAD

To meet upon the level,
Is an easy thing to say,
But when it comes to practice,
Do we do it every day?
Do we meet him on the level,
If the Brother chance to be
Just a little out at elbow,
Or baggy at the knee?"



FISHING

The fisher who toys with the strong
liquid bait,
Has his own geometrical plan,
For he knows he'll become, if he
takes enough "straight,"
A rye tangled, try angle man.

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IN PARADISE NO. 1. HE THEN CAUSED
all the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air to
pass before Adam, for him to name them, which was a
piece of work he had to do alone, so that no confusion

AN INTERLOPER GAINS ADMISSION

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

might arise when Eve was created, whom he knew would make trouble if he created her beforehand.

Adam, being very much fatigued with the labors of his first task, fell asleep, and when he awoke he found Eve, as the pillar of beauty, in the South, they received their instructions from the Grand Master in the East, and, when he finished, Eve immediately called the Craft from labor to refreshment. Instead of attending to her duties, as she ought, she left her station, and violated her obligations by letting in an expelled Mason, who had no business there, and went around with him, leaving Adam to look after the jewels. This fellow had been expelled, with several others, some time before. Hearing the footsteps of the Grand Master, he suddenly took his leave, telling Eve to go on making aprons, as she and Adam were not in proper regalia.

She went and told Adam, and when the Grand Master returned to the Lodge he found that his gavel had been stolen. He called for the

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Senior and Junior Wardens, who had neglected to guard the door, and found both absent. After searching for some time he came to where they were hid, and demanded of Adam why he was there instead of occupying his station. Adam responded that he was waiting for Eve to call the Craft to labor again; and that the Craft was not properly clothed, which they were making provision for. Turning to Eve, the Grand Master asked her what she had to say for her unofficial and unmasonic conduct. She replied that a fellow, passing himself off as a Grand Lecturer, had been giving her instructions, and that she thought it was no harm. The Grand Master asked her what had become of his gavel. She said that she did n't know, unless that fellow had taken it away. Finding that Eve was no longer trustworthy, and that she had caused Adam to neglect his duty and let in an expelled Mason, the Grand Master closed the Lodge, and, after turning them out, placed a Tyler with a flaming sword at the door. Adam, repenting of his folly, went to work like a man and a good Mason, in order to get reinstated again. Not so with Eve—she got angry about it and commenced raising Cain.

Adam, on account of his reformation, was allowed to establish lodges and work in the degrees; and, while Eve was allowed to join him in acts of charity outside, she was never again admitted to the Lodge to assist in the regular work of the Craft. Hence the reason why a woman can not become a regular inside Mason."

THE SECRETS OF MASONRY

The story is told of a Mason's wife,
Who plagued him almost out of life
To learn the secret—whatever it be—
The mystic words of Masonry.
Said he: "Now, Mary, if I should tell
The awful words, I know very well
When you get mad, my darling dear,
You 'll rip them out, that all may hear."
Said she: "O, Edward! never! never!
They 'll rest in my heart's recess forever!
Tell me, Edward, and never more
Shall I scold, or fret, or slam the door;
And I 'll try to be quiet with all my might,
No matter what hour you come home at night."
No man, unless he was made of wood,
Could resist an offer so fair and good;
So he said, "Now, Mary, my woe or weal
Depends on the words I am about to reveal."
"O, Ned," she answered, "you may depend
I 'll keep the secret until life shall end."
Said he, "The secret that Masonry screens,
The awful words are, 'Pork and Beans!'"
Scarcely a week had passed away
When Mary got mad, and what did she say?
She shouted out that all might hear,
"'Pork and Beans!' I 've got you there."

MR. KNIGHTLY'S EXPERIENCE

Mr. Knightly fell into the lamentable habit of coming home quite late o' Lodge nights, and would find Mrs. K. waiting up, prepared to receive an explanation. Upon one occasion, when he was much later than usual, Mrs. K. was quite warm in her reception. Upon thinking it over the next morning, he made up his mind that he was not going to be bossed any longer by his wife; so when he went home at noon, he called out imperiously, "Mrs. Knightly! Mrs. Knightly!" Mrs. K. came out of the kitchen with a drop of sweat on the end of her nose, a dish-towel tied around her head, and a rolling-pin in her hand.

"Well, sir," she said, "what will you have?"

Knightly staggered, but braced up.

"Mrs. Knightly, I want you to understand, madam"—and he tapped his breast dramatically—"I am the engineer of this establishment."

"O, you are, are you? Well, Knightly, I want you to understand that I"—and she looked dangerous—"I am the boiler that will blow up and sling the engineer over into the next county. Do you hear the steam escaping, Knightly?"

Knightly heard it, and he meekly inquired if there was any assistance he could render in the housework.

❖ ❖ ❖

A GOAT

'T was large, 't was calm, 't was still,
A summer plug hat coyly eating;
But soon 't will have its fill
Of old hoopskirts, tin cans, and sheeting.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE AT THE PRETZEL CLUB

At the Pickleville Pretzel Club's literary meeting at Boulevard Hall, December 26th, big Chris Larkin occupied the chair, and gave the Irish members "the benefit of all doubts." George Vashington Brooks recorded the proceedings. The first business was the reading of the following:

"VILLIAMSBEARG, 9th Nov.

"Most Honored und Elevated Pretzels:

"Your presents are requestered on Palace Hall, December 26, night.

"FRANK HATH QUARTET CLOOB."

Pretzel Hammer was on his feet in an instant, shouting: "I mof dot be conferred back again. Ve can't afford to send presents to dose clubs. Christmas comes der day before dot, und ve all haf childrens vrom our own. I got me nearly grazzy already. My gal wants a rubber doll, my udder gal wants a silk dress, my udder one wants a ceilingskin coat, my udder one wants a new hat und shoes, my big boy wants a overcoat, my Jake wants a sojer-drum, my Frankie wants a snow-sleigh, my Henry wants a new suid, my Shorgie wants a hobby-horse, and effer since last winter my Orgoost wants an icycle. I should schnicker all ofer mein face if animosity do n't begin at home!"

After further discussion, the secretary was directed

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

to notify the Frank Hart Quartet Club that "Animosity begins at home."

"Reports of committees are in order," said the chair.

Pretzel Eppig, of the Health Committee, arose, and, taking off his coat, proceeded with his report: "Ve haf dis veek considered the horsh Frankfurters, und respectably vish to state dot ve wisited 999 sayloons vhat has free lunch. Pretzel Jake Strong eat sex hunted und fairtsy sissages, und ve eat der rest. Ve found in dem whiskers vrom der horses' tails, pieces of hoofs, horseshoes, und horseshoe nails. On one sayloon ve eat Frankfurters mit saddles und harnesses in dem; und Mr. Strong he finds a wagon-spoke wheel mit one. Ve safed our car-fare, und valks mit der flagstones until der under member vrom der committee, Pretzel Delano, his shoes wore out. Den he go on a shoe-store, und say, 'Let me see some shoes.' 'Vhat size?' der man asks. 'Twelves,' he say. Den der shoe man tell him he not got dot size, und Mr. Delano has to take two sixes. Dot vas my suggestion, und vhen he gits oudt, he can't wear dose two sixes; so I tink our cloob should compensate him for dem. However, nevertheless, ve found soometing else out, for your benefit. Ve vish to state dot if you vish to neutralize der schmell from cabbage vhen she boils, you must cook onions on der same time. If you vish to destroy der smell vrom der onions, burn der house down."

The report was adopted, and the chair stated that the reading of literature was the next business on hand. "Th' Irish has fust show," remarked Larkin, as he rapped for order. Jack Burns took the floor, and explained that James McCallion, a *Citizen* stereotyper, had been reported dead, but was n't. Here is the way Burns started off:

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"When Mulladay and I, faith, were drinking potheen
In the little back parlor of Roche's shebeen,
Al Keenan rushed in, an' he cursin' like fury,
Shoutin', 'Come and enlist on a coroner's jury!'

'Well,' says I, 'who 's the corpse?' 'O,' says he, 'do n't
you know?

Faith, he wurked wid ye down in th' *Citizen* below,
Where th' ster'typin's done—McCallion 's the man—
Ye know very well, he 'd a very sore han'.

A thrue-hearted fellow Ireland must mourn,
For he 'd never said die since the day he was born,
And, faith, now 's our chance, we won't go any further;
We 'll convict all th' hospital docthers of murther.'

Well, we all got sworn in; and Al Black, next to me,
Says a sight of th' body he 's anxious to see—
A remark—well, that made Cor'ner Rooney furious,
Sayin', 'Git out of this, you 're a—sight too curious!'

The autopsy docther then got on the table,
An' he showed us, as only a docther is able,
When Jim went to the hospital, 't was doubted by
some,
He 'd a dang'rous disaze, for he 'd poisoned his thumb.

That through hospital diet, he thin did explain,
The poison had worked itself into Jim's brain;
So he died; though his en'mies he could not forgive,
When his brains were all poison 't was useless to live.

Then the counsel did ax of us what did we think,
And the coroner charged, and we all had a drink;

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Then we all shouted out, we could stand it no further,
'Faith, we find that the hospital's guilty of murther!

Pat McSherry rushed in—he'd come straight from the
wake —

And he stated somehow we had made a mistake;
It was n't McCallion—such was his tale—
But a fellow who'd lived forninst Raymond Street jail.

He had spoken the truth—faith, 't was speedily found,
When the corpse, walking in, called for glasses all
round.

But the docther could scarcely believe it was him,
For he only discovered a small wound on Jim.

Says the coroner: 'Still, faith, the verdict shall stand,
For we all know that Jim has a very sore hand.'
Then we all made our punch, each his special concother,
And we drank to the health of the corpse and the docther."

When Burns had concluded, Pretzel Schlieman
leaned over, and whispered to Pretzel Miller: "He's
a John Dandy, ain'd he? I heerd oof dot Boet Burns
pefore, but I never seed him. Isn't he der Bobby
Burns fellow what wrote Shakespoke's Vorks?"

"Naw," answered Miller, with a look of disgust;
"he's der man vhat owns der Greenpoint Burns Cloob.
Der Burns vhat wrote Shakespoke is dead a'ready.
You're oxcise commissioner, und yer do n'd know dot?
Vy do n'd yer study yer chography once in awhile?"

Pretzel Theodore Yost got permission from the

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

chair to occupy the floor for one minute. This is what he said in a melancholy voice:

“ ’T was der nightd pefore Christmas, a poor Pretzel sat,
As he looked at a nickel saved sooner,
Den said to hisself, as he threw oop his hat,
‘Tank Gott! I ’ve enough for a schooner!’ ”

“It ’s a schnowy tay vhen a Pretzel has n’t enough for a schooner,” remarked Hammer, as Yost sat down. “Led us hear vrom Pretzel Eberth, who, I see, has his moostache vaxed mit Limburger to-night.”

Pretzel Eberth stood as stiff as his mustache as he got this off:

“Der kicker vas von lively man
Who makes a fuss vhen’e’er he can,
Und raise der vind mid vordy fight
Vhen eferydings vas not youst right.

How people like to kick at him!
But who vould keep der vorld in trim
Of he discovered nod a flaw
Und kicked on eferyding he saw?

Und dere ’s dot krank who ’s always found,
Und helps ter make der vorld turn round;
His field of usefulness vas great,
Dhough oft he lifs in low estate.

Vhen’e’er der kicker has his say,
Der krank invents some petter vay;
Der kicker kicks ven dings ain’d right,
Der krank prings petter dings to light.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Und so der two go hand in hand,
Und raise a rumpus in der land—”

“How many more verses are there to that?” interrupted the presiding officer.

“Seventy-nine!” answered Eberth.

“I move we adjourn!” shouted Phil Brady.

“I second dot Irishman—I mean dot motion,” remarked Hammer. “Id is now between half-past eleven,” he continued, “und soomebody vill haf a Waterbury eye if he do n’d get home sooner as twelve, pecause der staying-oud lies are all run to der end a’ready. I second dot Irish motion.”

“Before der meeting adjourns, I vish to insult you personally,” said Pretzel Wieseemeier, addressing Larkin.

“If yer insult Chris, you’ll have to lick me,” shouted Farrel, jumping up and taking off his gloves.

Pretzel Delano explained that Wieseemeier wished to *consult* the chairman, not *insult* him; and the meeting then adjourned.



HOW MANY SECRET SOCIETIES

Attorney: “How many secret societies do you belong to?”

Witness: “Do I have to answer that question, your honor?”

The Court: “It can do no harm.”

Witness: “Well, I belong to three.”

Attorney: “What are they?”

Witness: “The Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, and a gas company.”

MARTHA AND WILLIAM JAY

BY MARY HAYNES RICHEY.

I am going to tell you a story,
 "If you 'll listen to what I say,"
Of a man and woman I used to know,
 Named Martha and William Jay.

William had heard folks talking
 Of a Lodge meeting over in town,
And he thought he would like to join it,
 So he promised to come around.

But Martha was full of objections,
 And said they could never pay
The debt on the farm and manage to live
 If he fooled his time away.

But William, like most men, determined,
 And Martha would conquer or die.
So they pulled in opposite directions,
 Each trying to win or know why.

At last came the night for admission:
 William saddled the old gray nag;
"I 'm going to town on business," ha! ha!
 He thought he 'd fool Martha, the wag.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Now Martha was never caught napping,
So she followed not far behind.
She rode on the trusty old donkey,
Like the tortoise, "I 'll get there," he 'll find.

At length she ascended the stairway
That led to the Lodge-room above;
Her breath came quick and she trembled,
So scared she could hardly move.

Her eyes in an instant were greeted
By a vision of beauty most rare;
For, blending in happy communion,
Were flowers and faces most fair.

And surely she was not mistaken,
For the odor of coffee was there,
And the tables groaning with good things
Spoke of plenty, and some to spare.

And O, such a chorus of voices!
At last she heard one say,
"Yes, this is the evening the Brothers
Will initiate William Jay;

And we want the first impression
To be one he will never forget;
And it may be his wife will come
And add to our number yet.

They say she is kind and loving;
Just prejudiced, so they say,
And we need her to help in our efforts
To make the world better each day."

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

But Martha stood still, all bewildered,
Till some one discovered here there.
Such a welcome and kind entreaty
Made Martha exclaim, "I declare!"

They initiated William most royally,
And Martha was happy outside,
And home in silence on the old nag
And the donkey these two did ride.

Now both are full-fledged members,
And the debt on the farm is paid,
And peace and plenty surround them,
And the worthy poor they aid.

But they will never forget this story,
And once every year, they say,
That they celebrate the eventful ride
Of Martha and William Jay.



SHE PAINTED THE STEP

"My wife caught me last night.
When I come home late from Lodge, I
usually sit down on the top step of my
porch and hunt for my latch-key. She
says I never get home until after mid-
night. I say it's before. She caught
me all right last night."

"How was that?"

"Just at midnight she sneaked out
and painted the top step."

NOT THE PARTY WANTED

Mr. Wm. Gote.—“ I understand our daughter Nannie has a new beau—that stump-tailed dude from the pound.”

Mrs. Gote.—“ Yes, he calls regularly, and brought her such a fine sack of cigar stumps and banana peels yesterday eve.”

Mr. Gote.—“ Well, she must horn him off.”

Mrs. Gote.—“ And why, William?”

Mr. Gote.—“ Because I caught him yesterday waxing his whiskers on an old tar barrel, and I am informed he is employed by the Lodge down the street at initiations, and I am afraid he is most too swift for our crowd.”

"A DREAM, A DREAM"

·PUCK.

It was dreamy and warm, and comparatively quiet in the office. The first faint dimming of the afternoon light had dropped down over all things. The goat munched lazily on the office-boy's rubber boats. The Assyrian pup yawned widely in his corner, and cast a hungry eye upon the wastepaper basket.

The chief, with a gentle, resigned expression upon his worn face, was reading through a forty-line epigram just sent in by an ex-contributor to the *Fraternity Siftings*. It was in heroic verse, and contained seven fragmentary quotations from various Latin authors, best known by the samples of their work displayed in the back of Webster's Dictionary.

No sound broke the sacred stillness save an occasional spat between the Lodge editor and the goat editor. The goat editor was reading Theocritus in the original, and wondering what the funny letters meant, anyway. This occupation grew monotonous, and from time to time he would let his fairylike feet patter on the inlaid floor in meek imitation of the late Grand Master. This would annoy the Lodge editor, who was laboriously constructing an essay on "Why am I a Knight?" and he would look up and tangle his alabaster brows and demand silence.

"I want to be quiet!" he would moan, piteously.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"Be quiet, then," the goat editor would reply, gently but firmly.

Then the chief would interfere, and chase away the lurid clouds of war, and all would be peace for a space, and the slumberous afternoon was sanctified with silence.

The door opened, and a mouth entered. The Assyrian pup saw that mouth, and turned pale. Behind the mouth was a man, or a ghastly and shadowy imitation of one. He was sallow, he was seedy, he was gaunt and lean, and he looked as though he had been starved in a first-class lunatic asylum for many moons.

"Do you know my errand?" he said, as he sat down by the chief's chair, and laid an inky forefinger on the chief's arm.

"No," replied the chief, letting his fascinated gaze rest upon the unearthly countenance of his ghastly visitor.

"I want you to publish a letter of mine," said the strange guest—"a letter in behalf of an outraged Order. I have written to you many times; but you have paid no attention to me."

"Are you the Man-who-wants-to-start-a-'Good-of-the-Order' department?" inquired the chief.

"No," said the stranger; "my letter was signed 'Fraternitas.'"

"Are you the man who writes the letters signed 'Fraternitas?'" the chief asked, with a look of new intelligence coming into his powerful face.

"All of them," responded the gaunt stranger. "You may also have seen other communications from me over the signatures of 'A Kicker,' 'Puritas,' and 'Mysticus.'"

The chief's face was lit up with a grisly joy.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"Tell me one thing," he cried; "one thing only!"

"What is that?"

"Are you—are you 'Veritas?'"

"I am!"

With one bound the chief had leaped from his seat and cleared the intervening space. To seize the miscreant by the throat was but the work of another second. The trap-door was wide open; a holy rage filled the muscles of the chief's brawny arms with a supernatural strength; he hurled the struggling monster toward the giddy brink, when—

"Copy," said the foreman, as he stood off in the doorway, adjusting his collar and looking with a doubtful eye on the chief. "Yes, I do want copy. I do n't say anything about editors who go to sleep when there ain't a take on the hook; but when it comes to editors waking up and tackling hard-working foremen in the neck, then I kick. Strangle this foreman, and there won't be any paper out at all."

"Mr. Goat," said the chief, severely, "I wish you'd give them a column immediately."

And then the chief sighed deeply.

"'T was but a dream," he said.



VISITOR OPENS THE LODGE

Here is a good story told by a Grand Lecturer: "In his rounds he visited a Lodge in a remote part of the State. When he got there he found no one knew him. He called for a committee, but none were competent to serve. Finally the Master said: 'Look here, if you'll go in and open up the Lodge we'll be satisfied you are a Mason.'" A fact, we assure you.

WE HAVE THEM ON THE LIST

There are men in every Lodge, and it really is a pity,
We have them in the country as well as in the city.
They seldom come to meeting, and they hate to pay
their dues,
And at every call for charity they grumble and refuse;
Yet we have them on the list,
But they never would be missed.

They can not give the password, it's never on their lip;
They can't give sign nor signal, they do not know the
grip;
In fact, in the Lodge-room they so seldom can be found
That we scarce know they are Brothers till we plant
them in the ground,
And so get them off the list,
And they nevermore are missed.

They come here twice a year, at the officers' election,
And have a deal to say that we make a good selection;
And give us good advice, these noble-hearted gentry,
And they want to choose the officers, from N. G. down
to "sentry;"
Yes, we have them on the list,
But they never would be missed.

They find fault with the Order, and growl at an assess-
ment,
And seem to think that they have made a mighty poor
investment,

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

And when they see the death-list it almost sets them
crying,
Till we feel like giving double if they would do the dying,
And so get them off the list,
For they never would be missed.

Now, Brothers, take advice, and try to go to meeting,
And we will give you all a true and hearty greeting;
And when you hear of Brothers who are sick and in
distress,
May your heart be full of sympathy, to aid and cheer
and bless!
Then you surely would be missed,
If we lost you from the list.

And when death's mighty angel at last shall smite you
down,
And you lay down the earthly cross and take the
heavenly crown,
We all will stand, a mighty band of Brothers, true and
kind,
To guard, protect, assist, defend the loved ones left
behind;
For you surely will be missed,
Yes, you surely will be missed.

THEY NEVER WOULD BE MISSED

There are men in our fraternity who never come to
Lodge,
And whose claims we can't resist, for they have them
on the list.
But if their names were stricken off, so far as we can
judge,
They never would be missed, they never would be
missed.
They can not give the password, and they do not know
the sign,
And of the Order's good or ill they never read a line;
They growl about assessments, and they grudge to pay
their dues,
And every call for charity they stubbornly refuse.
If all the Brothers were like these, the Lodge could
not exist,
And they never would be missed, they never would be
missed.

—*Sam Booth.*

And there's the accidentals, who now and then en
masse,
Crowd in to beat some motion that true men wish
to pass;
They're seen at each election, or when a feast is spread,
And at the loaded tables are always near the head;
They always have some hobby, and on it strong insist—
Should they stop their accidental calls, they never would
be missed.

—*W. H. B.*

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

There's the self-important member, who thinks he
knows it all,
Whose principal pastime is gyrating round the hall;
He makes himself obnoxious with his winks and know-
ing nods,
And affects to have the power and the wisdom of the
gods.
So we've got him on the list, and his neck we want
to twist,
For he never would be missed, he never would be
missed. —*K. of H. Reporter.*

But what about the kicker, the chap with chronic bile,
Who since his advent to the world was never known
to smile?
He kicks against the widow, and the orphan, and the
sick,
And the measly, fly-blown rascal should be pounded
with a brick.
If old Nick should run across him, and his ownership
insist,
Lots of folks would jump for gladness, for he never
would be missed. —*Foresters' Magazine.*

There's the "watch-dog of the treasury," who's always
there to see
That nothing is paid out, whate'er the cause may be:
Relief, distress, or charity—calls pass unheeded by,
The foggy member has his way—progress would be
to die;
The funds are his, he seems to think, and must be kept
intact
For his children by and by, when he is off the track.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

We love (?) to see him run the Lodge, and always shall
insist
That when he's called from off the earth the Lodge
will still exist,
And he never will be missed, he never will be missed.
—*Western Odd Fellow.*

And then there is the sorehead, who to office oft aspires,
A perfect pair of pincers when it comes to pulling wires.
He gets a nomination by many a turn and twist,
But when it comes to 'lection the Brothers all insist
That he's not the proper party, so he shakes an angry
fist,
And is granted a withdrawal card, but never, never
missed. —*N. W. J.*



A WIFE'S KINDNESS

When Jags got in at
one A. M., so
drunk he could
n't see,
A notion came into
his head he'd
have a drink of
tea.
"What are you do-
ing?" yelled his
wife. Jags
meekly told his
whim;
And, strange to
say, she got up
quick, and made
it hot for him.

AN "ANCIENT" LECTURE

The following is taken from the "Dumfries Kill-winning MS., No. 4 (1740 circa), printed in the proceedings of the *Ars Quatuor Coronatum*:

THE APPRENTICE CHARGE.

"Imprimis that he shall be true to God and to the holy catholick church and ye king and his master whom he shall serve, yt he shall not pick or steell his mrs goods nor absent himself from yt service nor gae from ym about his own pleasure by day or by night without licience." . .

Then follow the questions and answers. Here are a few:

Q. What are you?

A. I ame a man.

Q. How shall I know yt?

A. By all true signs ye first part of my entry I'll heall, and I'll heall and conceall.

Q. What are you no more to us?

A. Yes, but a man and have severall potentate kings and mighty princes to my brothers.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Q. What Lodge were you entered in?

A. In ye true Lodge of Sts. Johns.

Q. Where ought a Lodge to be kept?

A. On ye top of a mountain or in ye middle of a bogge without ye hearing of ye crowing of a cocke or ye bark of a dogge.

Q. How high is your Lodge?

A. Inches and spans innumerable.

Q. How innumerable?

A. The material heavens and starry firmament.

Q. How many pillars in your Lodge?

A. Three.

Q. What are these?

A. Ye square, ye compasse, and ye Bible.

Q. Where lies ye key of your Lodge?

A. In a bone box covered wt a rough moppe.

Q. Give ye distinction of your box.

A. My head is ye box, my teeth is the bons, my hair is the moppe, my tongue is ye key.

Q. How were you brought in?

A. Shamefully, wt a rope about my neck. . . .

Say, brethern, why do n't some of you who are so constantly harping on "ancient" things, and who want everybody to dot their "i's" according to "ancient" custom, take up this lecture and use it? Be consistent, and if you really want antiquities apply to us, we have quite a collection, and you may find some that smell particularly musty.

HE WAS A RAILROAD MAN

The superintendent of a Western railroad has the reputation of being very particular in the matter of employing trainmen, desiring only those that have had considerable experience in that branch of the service. The following is a conversation said to have been overheard in his office a short time since between that gentleman and an applicant for a position as passenger conductor:

"Where did you come from?"

"From General Manager St. John, of the X. Y. Z."

"What did you come here to do?"

"To learn to subdue my energies and improve the railway service."

"Then you are a railroad man, I infer?"

"I am so taken to be by all officials who know their business."

"How may I know you to be a railroad man?"

"By looking over my letters and examining me in the signals. Try me."

"How will you be tried?"

"By the punch."

"Why by the punch?"

"Because it is an emblem of honesty and the principal working tool of my profession."

"Where were you first prepared to be a railroad man?"

"In my mind."

"Where next?"

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"Upon a farm adjoining the right-of-way of a regular railroad."

"How were you prepared?"

"By breaking upon a threshing-machine for six months, after which I went to town and sought admission to the train-master's office."

"How gained you admission?"

"By three cigars placed in the open hand of the train-master's clerk."

"How were you received?"

"Upon the sharp gaze of the train-master applied to my physiognomy, which was thus explained: As it is always a source of great pleasure to the train-master to receive callers, I should drop in and chat with him a little while upon every occasion possible."

"How were you then disposed of?"

"I was seated in a chair near the train-master's desk, and asked if I put my trust in safety-coupling devices."

"Your answer?"

"Not if I know myself, I do n't."

"What was then done with you?"

"I was led up and down the yard three times to accustom me to the noise of the trains, then to the chief dispatcher."

"How were you then disposed of?"

"I was seated upon a brake-wheel before a train-box, and caused to take the following horrible and binding oath:

" 'I, Steve Sears, do hereby and hereon most everlastingly and diabolically swear, by the great Horn Spoon, that I will always remit and never conceal any of the cash collected by me as conductor, and that I will not cut, make, use, collect, or remit any cash fares less than those found in the regular tariff-book.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"I further promise and swear that I will not carry on my train, free, any railroad man's wife, mother, sister, daughter, or widow, or permit any other conductor to do so, if I can prevent it.

"I further promise and swear that I will freely contribute to all subscriptions circulated to buy my superior officer a "token of esteem," etc., as far as he may desire and my salary will permit; to all of which I solemnly swear, binding myself under no less penalty than that of having my salary cut from year to year, all my perquisites taken away and expended for sand ballast to put under the Dubtown Extension, where the trains come and go twice in twenty-four hours,—so help me Bob Ingersoll, and keep my backbone stiff.' "

"What did you then behold?"

"The train-master's clerk approached me and presented me with a Bowie Safety Coupling Knife, and instructed me to take it to the yard-master, who would teach me how to use it."

"How are Bowie Coupling Knives used?"

"By sticking them in the left hip-pocket, with the blade turned up."

Mr. Maxwell here informed the applicant that he was satisfied that he was a railroad man, and asked him if he would be off or from.

"I will be off from here, if you will give me a passenger train."

"Have you any cigars?"

"I have."

"Will you give them to me?"

"That is not the manner in which I got them, and can not so dispose of them."

"How can I get them, then?"

"I will match you heads or tails for them."

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"I'll go you; begin."

"You begin."

"No, begin yourself; you have the cigars."

"Board."

"A."

"All."

"All aboard. You are O.'K. Come around again in the morning, and I will arrange to send you down to the Bagdad & Calibash Division to take the mixed train there."

CREATING A MUSCOVITE IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

Amateur Photographer: "Stop the war-dance; how d' y' s'pose I can take your pictures and you all waltzin' 'round like that?"

A DRUMMER'S EXPERIENCE

One thing I like about these "Knights of the Road" is, that they are great fellows for secret societies. Most of the drummers belong to everything that is going, from the Grand Knights of the Diamond Garter down to the Sons of Temperance. I am quite a hand for all such mysterious things myself, so I get solid with all the boys. My old friend Crookston called on me the other day to see if I needed any drugs and have a visit. We had a jolly old time.

While we were sitting in the office a chap came in and wanted to borrow two dollars on account of a remittance not coming to him as he expected. I told him my two dollars I kept to lend was in now, being sent in the day before by Johnnie McIntire, but I never lent it except to drummers. He said, "That's me." I gave him the grand hailing sign of the Odd Fellows, which he tumbled to. Then came the great "hail in the sooth grip of a Pythonic." He tumbled. Then Crook gave him the G. B. of the Sons of Malta. He was on to it. Then I tipped him the hair-poker signal of a Good Tippler. He smiled and said "O. K." This is a chemical term meaning "water." Then Crook stuck out his hand and gave him the P. D. Q. sign of a Royal Arch Brick Mason. He "got thar" on that. Then Crookston examined him as follows, to make sure he was a drummer:

"From whence comest thou, pard?"

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"From the Lodge of the Holy St. John, Michigan."

"What seek ye here to do?"

"To take a few orders and collect a bill on Bilson."

"Then you are a drummer?"

"I am so taken and accepted by all the boys."

"How may I know you to be a drummer?"

"By my cheek and my fifty-pound sample-case. Try me."

"How will you be tried?"

"By the square."

"Why by the square?"

"Because the square is a magistrate, and an emblem of stupidity."

"Where were you first prepared to be a drummer?"

"In my mind."

"Where next?"

"In a printing-office, adjoining a regular post of drummers."

"How were you prepared?"

"By being divested of my last cent, my cheek rubbed down with a brick, a bunion plaster over each eye, and a heavy sample-case in each hand. In this fix I was conducted to the door of the post."

"How did you know it was a door, being blind?"

"By first stepping into a coal-scuttle, and afterwards bumping my head on the doorknob."

"How gained you admission?"

"By benefit of my cheek."

"Had you the required cheek?"

"I had not; but Bears had it in his pocket for me."

"How were you received?"

"On the sharp toe of a boot, applied to my natural trousers."

"What did this teach you?"

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"Not to fool around too much."

"What happened next?"

"I was set down on a cake of ice, and asked if I put my trust in mercantile reports."

"Your answer?"

"Not if I know myself, I do n't."

"How were you next handled?"

"I was put straddle of a goat, made 2 x 4, and trotted nine times around the room by four worthy Brothers, and then brought in front of the left bower for further instructions."

"How did he instruct you?"

"To approach a customer in three upright regular steps, with my business card extended at right angles, my arms forming a perfect square."

"How were you then disposed of?"

"I was again seated on a cake of ice in front of a drygoods box, and made to take the following horrible and binding oath:

" 'I, Charles S. Robinson, do hereon and herein most everlastingly and diabolically swear by the Great Bob-tail Flush that I will never reveal and always steal all the trade secrets I can for the use and benefit of this most august Order. And I further swear by the Bald-headed Jack of Clubs, that I will never give, carve, make, hold, take, or cut prices below the regular rates. And I further swear by the pipers that played before Moses, to never have any commercial dealings with any man or his wife, sister, grandmother, old maid, aunt, or uncle, unless they, he, she, or it is sound on the goose. Binding myself under no other penalty than to have my gripsack slit from top to bottom, my dirty shirt and socks taken out, and my reputation removed and buried in the river at Pearl Street bridge, where

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the Salvation Army ebbs and flows every two and one-half hours. So help me Bob Ingersoll, and keep me in backbone."

"I was then asked what I most needed."

"What was your reply?"

"Money."

"What did you then behold?"

"A copy of Dun & Co.'s report, opened at chapter 'Muskegon.' Upon the open book rested a pair of drug scales, in one of which reposed ten pounds of concentrated lye, and in the other sat a small silver jackass."

"What did this emblem signify?"

"The scales indicated the balance between debtor and creditor. The other emblems represented liabilities and assets of bankruptcy."

"Did this teach you any lesson?"

"You bet; it taught me the fact that the former are generally so almighty much better than the latter."

"Shake, Brother. . . . Will you be off or from?"

"Both, if I can borrow money enough to get out of town on."

"Have you any cigars?"

"I have."

"Give 'em to me."

"I did not so receive 'em; neither will I so impart 'em."

"How will you dispose of 'em?"

"On sixty days time, or two per cent cash, f. o. b."

"All right. Begin."

"No, begin you."

"No, you begin."

"'Up.' 'Em.' 'Set.' "

"Set 'em up."

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"The words and signs are right. Brother Crooks, he is a yard wide and all wool, and you can bet on him."

Brother Crookston and I each lent the chap five dollars, and he left with many thanks and kind wishes.

Now you can see by this what a help it is to a feller when he gets dead broke among strangers, to have these little things to fall back on.



AN IMPORTANT SOCIETY

"John, I would like to invite my friend Mrs. Smalley this evening. Will you be able to be in?"

"No, my dear. I must attend the meeting of the Ancient Order of Foresters to-night."

"Well, to-morrow evening?"

"I have the Woodmen of the World, and you know—"

"What about Wednesday evening?"

"O, the Odd Fellows meet that night; on Thursday evening I have a meeting of the Knights of Labor to attend; on Friday the Royal Templars of Temperance; on Saturday there's a special meeting of the Masonic Lodge, and I couldn't miss that; and then Sunday night—let me see, what is there on Sunday night, my dear?"

"The Grand and Ancient Order of Christian Fellowship."

"Why, I had forgotten. Am I a member of that? Let me see—"

"But you had forgotten another society, John, of which you were once a member."

"What's that?"

"Your wife's."

lowing:

I overheard part of a conversation between two comrades on the rear platform of a car the other day. They were evidently members of the Ancient Order of Independents, and their conversation was about as follows:

"From whence came you?"

"From my lodging-place in the country of holy St. Custer."

"Then you are a Populist. I suppose."

"I'm a Pop, you bet."

"How do you know yourself to be a Populist?"

"By having been called a calamity-howler; and I am ready to howl again."

"Where were you first prepared to be a Populist?"

"In the Republican party."

"Where next?"

"In the Demo-Republican party."

"How were you prepared?"

"By being robbed regularly every year for ten years in the interest of railroads, corporations, trusts, loan companies, and thieving public officials, until I was divested of all material substance, neither clothed nor fed, sheltered or shod, whereupon I was summoned to appear at the door of a certain lawyer's office and give a distinct knock."

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"What was said to you from within?"

"Who comes, Hero?"

"Your answer?"

"A poor, drouth-stricken farmer who desires more time on his obligations."

"What was the demand of you?"

"Cash."

"Had you the cash?"

"I had it not, but the other fellow had my notes and was ready to foreclose."

"What were you then told?"

"To wait until the Worshipful Mortgagee in the East could be informed of my request and his answer returned."

"What was his answer when returned?"

"Let him enter his pleadings in the court in due and ancient form."

"How were you received?"

"Upon the sharp point of a deficiency judgment to everything in sight, which was to teach me that as the law was an instrument of judgment it was also the weapon of moral highwaymen."

"How were you disposed of?"

"I was conducted to the Senior Warden of the jail, who told me how I might approach my wife's relation in the East for further assistance, and directed me to meet the Worshipful Majors at the soldiers' union."

"How did the Worshipful Master dispose of you?"

"He ordered me to return to the party from whence I came,, vote the ticket which I had formerly voted, and return to next year's reunion for further instructions."

Here the men got off the car and I did not hear any more, but I think they were the thirty-third degree 'A. C. of I's.

A PALEFACE'S OPINION OF RED- MANSHIP

BY MISS ALMA BURLINGAME.

In the moon when flowers are blooming, two great suns
ago this evening,
It was rumored through this hunting ground that
ere the close of day,
Had a neighboring tribe of Indians
boldly on the warpath
started,
And to forage our fair city even
then were on the way.

In the greatest consternation at the ri
side we gathered,
Tremblingly their coming waited, while
very blood ran cold,
And our startled fancy painted scene
massacre and bloodshed.

In imagination pictured we could see t
hostile warriors—
Stalwart, copper-colored giants, seven feet six inches
tall—
Wrapped in green and yellow blankets, decked with
floating eagle feathers,
While their cruel, painted faces might the stoutest heart
appall.

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From their ample belts of deerskin strings of scalps
they trailed behind them;
Butcher knives, all shapes and sizes, hung about
them everywhere;
Tomahawks immense they carried, clubs and quivers,
bows and arrows,
Vengeance from their black eyes flashing, streaming
from their golden hair.

With such images before
when the great c
had landed,

Silent, terrified, we waited till the
gang plank slowly fell.
All the Indians we had expected on the
lower deck had gathered,
And now crowding down the gang
plank bounded shoreward with
a yell.

Stricken speechless with amazement we stood wildly
staring at them;
And were these the boasted warriors we had waited
in dismay?
Neither tomahawks nor arrows, neither paint nor yellow
blankets—
Just the ordinary paleface that we meet with every
day.

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But the one redeeming feature was a tiny turkey feather
That protruded, neat and graceful, from each war-
rior's headgear;
Some one's chicken coop had suffered, or a wornout
feather duster,
That each dauntless, daring chieftain bold and war-
like might appear.



Still, though minus paint and weapons, these
conceited modern Red Men
Thought that they were "heap big Injuns,"
like Big Thunder and all that,
While the omnipresent small boy, from his
seat upon the curbstone,
Waved his little arms and shouted,
"They've got feathers in their hat!"

Then, in solemn, slow procession,
down the street their way
they wended,
Frequent curious sounds emitting, like
the squeaking of a rat,
Or the wail of some poor bovine, from its
mother strayed or stolen,
Or the dreary midnight solo of a lonely
pussy-cat.

Down the street they marched together, took some poor
palefaces prisoners,
Hurried them into a wigwam, kept them till the
morning light;
They alone can tell what happened, and, though Red
Men now, they shudder

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When recalling the experience of that strange,
eventful night.

Why they found it necessary to awaken the
whole city

With their savage yells and war-whoops, we
shall never, never know.

Those who listened heard strange noises, like the
roll of distant thunder,

Mixed with piercing screams of anguish,
cries for help and shrieks of woe.

When at last that sleep was over, and another sun
had risen,

Back again to their own wigwams all those noble
warriors went,

And the town seemed strangely quiet when their yells
were heard no longer,

And the atmosphere was placid in a silence eloquent.

When the morning sun had risen, to their homes came
those palefaces—

Told the most astounding stories. Then we
learned, and not till then,

That our fathers, brothers, husbands, hereto-
fore so staid and quiet,

Were transformed, as if by magic, into bold,
full-fledged Red Men.

Two great suns have passed forever, still this
mighty tribe has flourished,

And commands the admiration of palefaces
far and near;

Still, my woman's curiosity is very much ex-
cited,



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For their customs are peculiar and their ways exceeding queer.

May I venture on a question, which I fear no one answer,

But if there be one among you who should haply chance to know,

He would do me a great kindness if he truthfully would tell me

Where you keep that often-talked-of but mysterious buffalo?

I have heard these noble Red

Men rival even

Ananias,

With the most unlikely stories of that curious, fabled beast;

But they all tell different stories. If they want us to believe them

They must either show him to us, or the same yarn tell at least.

May I ask you, noble warriors, what you keep in those great closets?

Why the doors are never opened—always under lock and key?

Are there instruments of torture hidden in their depths mysterious,

Quite too dreadful and appalling for a paleface's eyes to see?

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Further, will you kindly tell me why, in all your boasted
glory,
You select such tiny specimens to torture and
abuse—
Simple, innocent palefaces, like poor little Mead and
Shadle—
Frighten them almost to madness and their intel-
lects confuse.

I was told one recent evening, when the Red Men went
a-hunting,
'Mid the howling and "Ha! ha!
ing," those who listened
down below
Could distinctly hear two voices,
pitiful and so appealing—
E'en the boatmen on the river
heard their cries of "Oh!
oh! oh!"

Far into the night it lasted. Sud-
denly the noise abated,
And the cries grew faint and fainter, and at length
dead silence fell.
They alone know what became of those poor one-foot
advanced fellows.
If these walls with speech were gifted, what a story
they could tell!

Would you call this Order "noble," when these braves
of boasted prowess
Act so heartless toward a paleface just because he's
small and weak?

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**Let us lay that question over till another council fire,
When we 'll listen to a long talk from whoever wants
to speak.**

**Though their customs are peculiar, a more loyal race of
people,
More devoted to each other, never trod this hunting
ground;
For they never wrong a brother, never cross another's
pathway,
For fraternity and unity are known for miles around.**

**Then all honor to these Red Men, fitted with the late
improvements;
They may make unearthly noises, dance and yell,
but what of that!
Toward the paleface and the stranger they are always
kind and friendly,
Even these, our neighboring brethren, who wear
feathers in their hats."**

THE END IS NEAR

We have for some time been rather doubtful of the longevity of the Masonic institution, and the final prop has been knocked out by the Grand Master of an Eastern Grand Lodge. He decided, and his decision was approved, "that a candidate with one perfect eye is physically qualified to be made a Mason." This decision sounds like a death-knell, and we are led to exclaim, in agonizing tone, "What is Freemasonry?" If the decision had been, that a man with beautiful legs, plump arms, Trilby heels, and light tapering fingers, with two lovely thumbs and a pumpkin head, is physically qualified, there would be no cause for grief; but to think of a one-eyed man being a Mason! It is just simply awful to contemplate. In the name of the Ancient Landmarks, how can a candidate with but one perfect eye understand our sublime tenets? It requires two eyes to see two perpendicular lines; and if his nose is protuberant, how can he see the "perfect square" at his pedal parts? How can a man believe in immortality with a leather patch over one optic? How can he conceive of the brotherhood of man while gazing into space with a glass eye? How can he deal justly with his Brethren upon whom he looks with his perfect eye, while the glass eye goes wobbling off in another direction? It is absurd even to think of making a Mason out of a man who has a painted iris, a daub of paint for a pupil, with the ciliary muscles made of glass, whose

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motor oculi can't wiggle, and whose superior oblique is comatose. Think of King Solomon's Temple, perfect in every part, each stone fitted with exact nicety, if it had any eyes, there were no glass or a vacuum under the "canopy." There were no one-eyed men at the building of King Solomon's Temple. No Masonic tradition says that one Jurisdiction did soon thereafter violate the Ancient Landmark and initiate a whole bunch of candidates with but one perfect eye. What was the result? Why, these one-eyed men were set at work building a tower, and that tower stands to-day as a monument of such a violation. The leaning tower of Pisa was built by them. Of course a few cross-eyed men may have been among them; but that which was to have been a magnificent, straight tower leaned, and still leans. The leaning tower of Pisa would long ago have fallen, but is held by some miraculous power to teach us what is Freemasonry, and that one eye does not make a Mason; it requires two. If this disregard of the fundamental principles of Masonry continues, some grand officer will decide that it is the internal and not the external shape that makes a Mason.

HANGING ON THE ROPES

C. E. BAKER.

a noble be,
o the Shrine,
re the dark degree
ig on the ropes.

CHORUS.

eeep a-hanging on the rope,
a member of the Shrine.

e unfold,
ll stand on end:
h to freeze your blood,
our back to bend.

The novice who with anx-
ious care
Walks on the desert sand,
Will need a friendly arm
made bare
Before he joins the band.

But when your eyes on Lulu
rest,
And she to you does smile,
Do n't fear the worst, but
think 't is best,
For she is free from guile.

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And if upon this road you travel,
You won't forget your ride,
For you will sit upon the camel,
And show off all your pride.

But time would fail to tell it all,
And you would give up hope:
So when you fear, and hear the call,
Why, do n't let go the rope.



THOUGHT HE WAS BEING INITIATED

The members of the Independent Order of Enthusiastic Good Fellows were operating on Mr. Timberwheel a few weeks ago, putting him through the operations supposed to be necessary to convert the ordinary citizen into an Enthusiastic Good Fellow. They were almost through with the initiation when some kind of an explosion in the store, over which the hall was situated, blew the building into the middle of the street and interfered with the ceremonies.

Ready hands set to work and extricated the people from the debris. Fortunately no one was hurt very much, but after a census had been taken Mr. Timberwheel was found to be missing. A search was instituted, and before long he was found in an adjoining yard, where the force of the explosion had landed him. He sat in a Lodge-room chair and his eyes were still blindfolded.

"Why on earth did n't you take that thing off your eyes and get out of the chair when the explosion occurred?" asked one of the Enthusiastic Good Fellows.

"Explosion!" echoed Mr. Timberwheel. "Why, I thought that was part of the initiation."

AN EDITOR'S EXPERIENCE WITH THE GOAT

The fraternal goat is a prime favorite with the people of Jackson. He can be found on the corner of almost any prominent street in the city. He makes his home in the third story of the finest buildings in the town. In fact, he is a general favorite with all classes of the good people, and the especial favorite of that great army of patriotic men who aspire to run the Government and hold the most paying offices. Our most dignified preachers will relax enough to describe his comely proportions and great power. They will tell you "that in his neck abideth strength, and terror dances before him. The sinews of his thighs are knit together; his bones are tubes of brass, and his limbs are like bars of iron. Out of his nostrils a smoke goeth forth as a seething pot and burning rushes, and only the brave can put a rope on his nose." This last sentence is thrown out in the way of a dare, and if you be a young man and hear it, you go forth in the heyday of your youth and make application for a ride. After weeks of waiting, you are notified that your character has been investigated; and that your neighbors have spoken of you as a man of iron nerve who will make an effort to ride the untamed beast, and if you fail, and every bone in your body is broken, you will not "peach." You feel complimented, and a kind of sorrowful gladness comes over you, and you inquire the

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date when you will be allowed to prove that your courage has not been overestimated. But when the eventful night is at hand, you approach the place of rendezvous with the feeling of a shying horse; eyes strained at every object, and a lurking predisposition to "bolt." You are met and searched by a man dressed as an ancient soldier or wild Indian, and relieved of watch, pocket-knife, or other weapons or valuables that you may have, which he promises, in the strictest confidence, to return to your wife or children in case of any accident which should befall you during the ride. He also divests you of coat and vest, and surreptitiously slips a pair of handcuffs on your wrists, and securely blindfolds you. Thus equipped, he takes you by the arm and leads you through a door. By this time the hair on your head is quite ready to rise; so ready, indeed, you can feel it stretching itself at every slight noise, and you find yourself wishing that you were at home in the bosom of your family, or had worn your football clothes. You find that you are being hustled down a hall, that, in your blinded condition, seems to be about one hundred yards long. Next you are halted in front of a man who exacts your pledged word that, in case of your escape with your life, you will not reveal anything that you may now or may hereafter find out. Having given this pledge, he instructs you how to act in the world to come, and bids you keep a stiff upper lip, as there is now no chance to crawfish. You hear the clank of a chain, and some one shouts, "Whoa!" Then your guide lifts you into a saddle and turns you loose, and the goat also, and for the next few minutes you can not tell whether your steed is running or flying, and you imagine that perhaps he has jumped from the earth, and will probably

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light in that world where the "worm dieth not" and the wicked are at home. You quickly think of repenting; but you can not have any faith in that favorite song of yours, which says that, "while the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return," for you have lost all hope of ever getting home again. Your steed stops all of a sudden, but you seem to go on half a mile further; then you stop. The air seems sulphurous; over you stands an ugly monster, and you hear a voice saying, "Behold, my belly is as wine that hath no vent; like new bottles, it is ready to burst; I am full of laughter, but we may need a doctor. Apply the electric button, and we will soon see if we should laugh or cry." When they find, to your satisfaction, that neither your neck or back is broken, you are helped to your feet, and asked, "Are you willing to set 'em up?" and you, if you have any credit, answer, "Yes," and then the crowd roars and you are congratulated. The next day you pronounce it a good thing, and advise all good young men to push it along.

RIDING THE GOAT

BY MONT. HOWARD.

I've experienced the ups and downs of life,
And often went through calm and strife;
But the greatest event was that one when,
Well known to secret society men,
And which I now proceed to note,
Was the time I tackled the Odd Fellow goat.

My petition went through without a kick,
For I didn't ask them to take me on tick,
And they soon assured me I was O. K.
And surely would never regret the day;
So, not caring to ask how stood the vote,
I nerved myself for riding the goat.

Two men as escorts, smiling and bland,
Selected to show me the hall of their band;
Met me on time, as they had agreed,
And I was to follow where they should lead;

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But what they said I dare not quote,
For since that time I have ridden the goat.

Up two flights of stairs they piloted me,
While I was wondering what I should see,
And stored me away in an anteroom,
To await their pleasure, if not my doom;
But I had no intention, the least remote,
Of backing out from riding the goat.

In due course of time a committee came in,
And said they were ready the work to begin;
They searched me for weapons, and captured my
gun,
And then I knew "the work" had begun;
They bandaged my eyes, and took off my coat,
Then said I was ready for riding the goat.

Being blind as a bat, I had to be led;
But I kept my ears open to all that was said,
And the way they waltzed me around that room
Was like going through a rag-carpet loom.
And all the surroundings seemed to denote
That I was sure enough riding the goat.

Forward, backward, upward and down,
Wild man from Borneo just came to town;
Saltpeter and parsnips, pickled pig's-feet,
Shall I hang to the goat, or beat a retreat?
I imagined I heard them snicker and gloat
Over the antics of a simpleton riding a goat.

Whoa, Billy! Do n't shake me to death;
Go, get a mandamus to save my breath!
Gee-whiz! put on the brake! Gosh!

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Who threw that brick? When shall I light?
Must have went higher than Gilroy's kite!
Log-chains, limberger, dead men's bones,
Bituminous hades and petrified groans!

Let me down easy—throw me a rope—
A soft place to light—my only hope!—
Catch me!—save me!—bring me a boat!—
Shoot the driver and head off the goat!—

Whiz! Buzz!! Bang!!!

Have I lit? No, thank you. Where am I at?
It's all right, boys; you've got her down pat!

But say, is life real? Are things what they seem?
Was there just one goat, or twelve in the team?
Yes, I do feel queer, disjointed, and mellow,
But I suppose I am now a good Odd Fellow?
"Do n't you believe it," replied two or three,
"You have only taken the Initial Degree!"

I wended my way to my virtuous house,
Chewing a cud of Bloch's Mail Pouch,
While in my mind revolved, "Can it be
That I have only taken the Initial Degree?"
"Well, I do n't care; I'll have a bond that will float,
When I get through riding the Odd Fellow goat."

In a week I went back, light-hearted and free,
To ride the goat in the first degree;
They were ready the mysteries to unfold,
The half of which have never been told;
And I was ready my time to devote
To another round with that billy-goat.

Rigged up and toggled out for the affray,
Pull open the throttle and clear the way:

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Hold him down, boys; give me a chance;
Now let him buck and kick and prance;
He will find I am a hard load to tote,
And I'll never give up till I ride that goat.

Woap, now! Hold the tricky beast still
Till I get a good holt, for ride him I will; ;
I know the crittur is on to his job—
Almost equal to an organized mob,
And I myself am a howling coyote,
When it comes to riding an Odd Fellow goat.

Whoa! I'm shaking—got the "buck ager;"
But cut him loose—let him go, Gallagher.
Whoa! whoa! he's fiercer than ever,
But to take the degree it's now or never!
Barbed wire, baled hay, and bumble-bees,
Hell up to date and two more degrees!

Head him off!—pull him in!—enough!
I'll never make another bluff;
I'm willing to quit with what I know
If somebody will only help me let go.
Jonathan—Jericho—Je-ru-sa-lem!
Help me now the storm to stem!

Save me!—David, son of Jesse!
Get a priest to come and bless me!
Whoop!—What?—Where?—When?—
Only—think—what—might have—been!
Go—tell—my mother—awful—fate!
Would—like—to—back—out—
Too—late!!—too—late!!!

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Wha' 's matter with me? 've you found all the pieces?

Stick my limbs back on ere pulsation ceases.
No; do n't want any water. Bring me a gun!
If that dern goat ain't dead I'll show you some fun!
No; need n't mind; do n't take another vote;
I've got all I want of this riding the goat.

What? Let me off easy? What do you mean?
The easiest comedown you have ever seen?
Well, let me say here, if that be true,
I do n't care to see any more that is new;
I have a dear wife, on whom I dote,
And do n't propose to make her a widow by riding
a goat.

"O, you 're all right, Brother," came the reply.
"To be an Odd Fellow is to do or to die;
You'll be brave as a lion ere another week,
While Billy grows tame, gentle, and meek;
Brace up, be brave, you 're half way through,
And to back out now would never do."

I departed again for a week's respite,
And to ponder over the work of the night;
And the more I determined the case to rue,
The more I repeated, "I'm half way through."
And as I slept at my Hotel de Hote,
My dreams all related to riding the goat.

But, sure enough, on the next meeting night,
I was promptly on hand, early and bright,
Eager to see what the future would bring,
With little thought of my bruises and sting,

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Anxious to see the rock that Aaron smote,
And finish the job of riding the goat.

No time was lost in getting to work,
And away we went with a jump and a jerk;
I had made no brags, but had vowed anew
To stay with 'em just as all Odd Fellows do;
And swore I would never squeal like a shoat
If I got my neck broke a-riding the goat.

Now Billy goes as if I 'm no burden,
Sailing as a boat on the river Jordan;
Sailing, I said, he goes easy to-night,
Think I have tamed 'm down about right.
Whoa! no kicking; better give up,
This whirl and one more before we sup.

Placid highway, the clustering pine,
Playful Levite and winding vine;
Good Samaritan, soothing balm,
The way before peaceful and calm;
Woap! hold on now; do n't get too fast,
Need n't repeat the tricks of the past;

Rip, slap! put on the brake!
The beast again is making a break!
Choctaws and chiggers! am I a chump?
He's worse than ever on the jump!
Thieves, robbers! thunder and thorns!
Dern a goat with crumpled horns!

Whoop! Scoop! Will I freeze to death?
Get a corkscrew to help draw my breath!
Blazes, brick-bats, Boston baked beans,
Daring dashes, devils, and deans!

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Cyclones, calamity centipedes!
Combustion collapses, and ancient creeds!

Dynamite, dogdays, and doodle bugs!
Hobgoblins, handsaws, and ugly mugs!
Ouch, O! ossified man!
Stop the dern goat—if you can.
Brimstone, Beelzebub, blank-e-te-blank!
Horrible—sorrowful—outrageous—rank!
Bz-z-z-z! my name? mud!
Zz-z-z! dull—sickening thud!

Another sniff of that camphor, please;
I'm all right now; only weak in the knees.
Save your sympathy, I'm not hurt,
Nor as a goat-rider am I an expert;
But from my eye is now gone the moat,
One of the good results of riding the goat.

The week passed by, and again I appeared
At the place to which I am now endeared;
And the welcome that was on me bestowed,
Even made me love the goat I had rode;
More anxious than ever to be set afloat
In the very last round of riding the goat.

Booted and spurred, with a snow-white gown,
I mounted the goat of fame and renown;
But O, the difference! how gentle and kind!
How steady my nerves and easy my mind!
No fear, no trembling, no heart in my throat;
What blissful pleasure, this riding the goat!

No kicking, no rearing, no perilous leaps,
The reward the brave invariably reaps;

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Beautiful colors my eyes have met,
White, pink, blue, and scarlet;
Nor can I forget the all-seeing Eye,
And the lessons learned, till the day I die:

The triple link, the bundle of sticks,
The antics of Billy, including the kicks;
The bow and arrow, quiver and casket,
But I can't explain further—do not ask it;
I have passed from Jerusalem to Jericho,
And am now a superfine Odd Fellow.

So ends my story. I have told it in verse;
If not well done, it might have been worse;
If not true to life and sound to the core,
You will understand I dare not tell more;
But no Brother will kick on what I have wrote,
For every one of them has ridden the goat.

BRING IN A MULE

"Is this the man we are to initiate to-night?" asked the Illustrious Conductor. "It is," replied the Outside Guard. The Illustrious Conductor walked round the 350-pound candidate, inspected him carefully, and turned to his assistant. "Put the goat back," he said, "and bring me a mule."

THERE IS MORE TO FOLLOW

Says the candidate after the first section in the third degree, and while occupying an official position, addressing a Brother who was to be J——m, "I do n't exactly catch on." "O! that's all right; you'll soon take a tumble."

DISRUPTED THE SOCIETY

The Boomville Society of Scientific Research is no more. Being interested in learning the cause of its demise, I asked Sam Ricketts to tell me the whole story.

"Well, sir, when we organized that society we was plum shore it was goin' to be an educatin' infloence in th' social life o' Boomville. Our young folks tuk right hold on it, an' we ol' folks was not fur behin'. Mighty interestin' sessions was held. Fust we had a magic-lantern fellow come down frum Boston to show us what kind o' bugs an' things we was takin' into our stummicks every time we et or drunk. Some o' his picters was horrifyin', but as we was there t' learn, we managed to stand it.

"Next we had a feller come down from New York an' feel all th' bumps on our heads. After he left, we was convinced that Boomville contained more future presidents, senators, congressmen, and justices o' th' peace than ary other similar arear o' territory in th' Republic.

"By this time th' society was doin' amazin' fine, an' we was gittin' applications fur membership frum all over th' township. Then we had lectures on astronomy, sociology, and several other 'ologies, an' we was shorely gittin' headachy with our sooperabundance o' scientific knowledge.

"Then we had a feller come down frum Washington

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

to give us a lecture on chemistry. He brought a lot a' tools along, an' said he wus goin' t' give some demonstrashuns. That wus th' last meetin' o' th' Society fur Scientific Research. Th' feller done some purty tricks with different kinds o' powders an' sich, which stunk up th' hall considerable, but we did n't mind that. Then he said somethin' about chemical affinity, whatever that may be, an' said he would illustrate it by showing what affinity wus. Said oxygin an' hydergin had a chemical affinity, an' when combined made water. Some things had no chemical affinity, he said. F'r instance, he said, oil an' water won't mix.

"Jus' then Bill Swiggers begin t' laff, an' he laffed so hard we started t' put him out. Bill's friends came to his assistance, an' the meetin' ended in a fight. We ain't had no meetin's since."

"Who is Bill Swiggers?" I asked.

"Do n't you know Bill Swiggers? Why, to be shore you do n't. He come here after you went away. Bill is th' local agent o' th' Oil Company."



NOT HIS NAME

A candidate in an Iowa Lodge who had been much impressed with the initiatory degree and began his first degree in dead earnest, heard an announcement made of his desire by one of the staff, and misunderstood the name used; and, not desiring to enter the Lodge under a false name, earnestly said: "My name is not 'Davis,' it is ——" Well, it does not make any difference what his name is, all the staff in that anteroom smiled out loud. The story went the rounds of the room inside, and the serious work that staff did the remainder of the night was punctuated with laughter.

E. H. RYDALL.

One brother joined our Order from a sense of truth
and right;

He is a regular standby now, and lingers every night.
Another joined the Order with the same unselfish aim,
But he lacked in patience, and he's now for other game.
Another joined our Order—'t was the proper thing,
he thought,

But his interest and his money have later gone for
naught.

Yet another, and the vilest, has united for the cash;
When he joins a secret order he joins it with a dash.
He's entered seven in our town, and two or three else-
where;

And his chronic ailments are the Lodge's general care.
His regular illness costs the till of every Lodge

A solid fifteen dollars, which they can't escape or dodge.
Yet the men and boys all know him; the knowledge
makes them ache

To kick the pants and vest off this great fraternal fake.

A V-A-L-I-A-N-T KNIGHT

A V-A-L-I-A-N-T KNIGHT

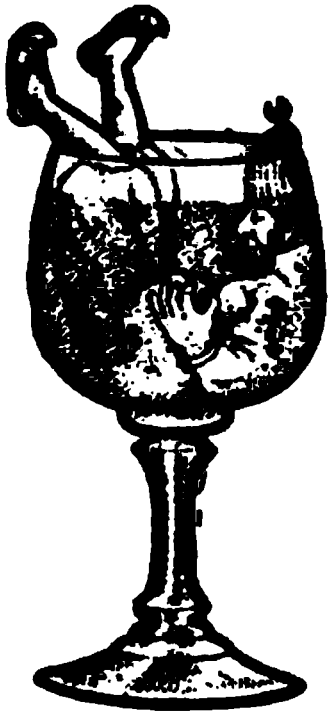
BY HARRY HYAMS.

"T was summer bright, a valiant Knight
Bestrode a g-a-l-i-a-n-t steed, with
B-e-a-v-e-r hat and fancy cravat, and
In his mouth a weed; a lady fair, with
Golden hair, did call this valiant
Knight, whence from his steed with
Grace and speed he quickly did alight.
The lady came, she called his name,
The Knight he stood quite still, while
She a scroll did unroll, it was his
Washing bill; it was just then the
Clock struck ten, and rage his breast
Did swell, he scratched his head and
Then he said that she might go to
Newport. Then loud she swore that
Nevermore she'd wash a single sh—
Garment, and left the Knight in sorry
Plight, in raggedness and dirt.
Thence to the steed his steps he led,
And down the street he steered, and
Since that night this valiant Knight has
Forever disappeared.



A HOT TIME IN TOWN

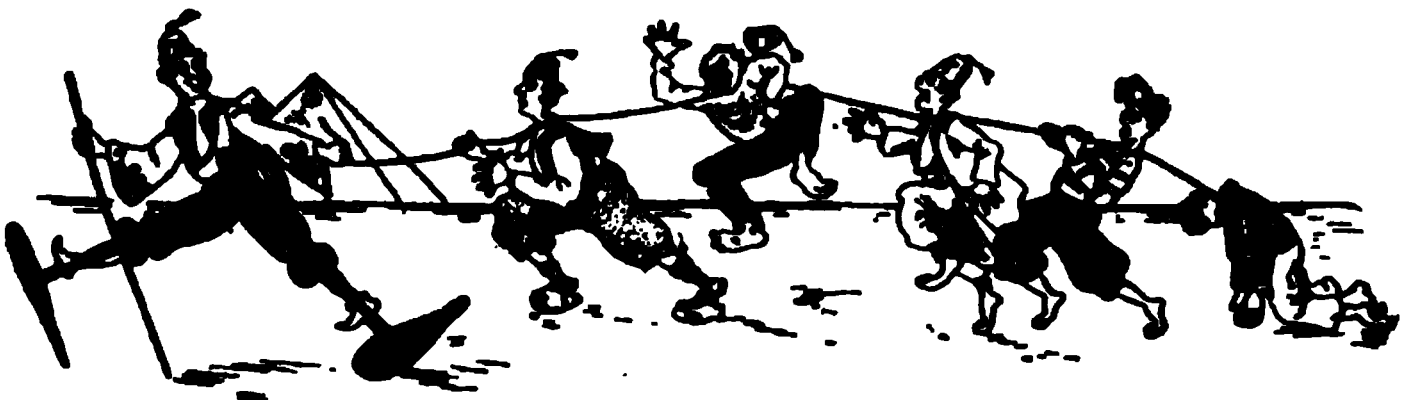
Whenever the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine propose to gather in festive concourse their preparations would indicate to the ordinary observer that there will be no lack of caloric in the atmosphere at that time. A Recorder warns the Nobles of his Temple thusly:



“Every Noble will bring his brush with him to assist in that most noble and glorious work of painting things a brilliant carmine hue on that auspicious occasion:

“Let the band play,
Let the birds sing,
Pound the tom-toms,
Bang the cymbals,

Beat the drums,
Light the fires,
Grease the slides,
Oil the stairway.”



To visitors this timely notice was given:
“And thus ‘across the desert route,’ in sorrow-stricken rows,

The string of weary pilgrims to awful torture goes;
But when the tests are over they’ll be welcomed into line

By this Most Illustrious Potentate and the Nobles of the Shrine.

THE KICKER

The animated, the spirited, always with an overgrowth of brain, constant objectors of the Lodge-room, are not entirely dead and buried. They are nearly always in attendance. They must look after the

entire membership; they must put little red noses in the public business of the Lodge and in the private business of the individuals.

The two, objecting and spying, nearly always go together; they are the two faithful and swift white chargers that draw the chariot in which Headmaster Trouble is the driver.

At weather, when the Lodge de-journ early, they are recognized and go into a long harangue of glib words, dealing with petty and disappointed personal aims. They do not think; theirs is a hasty, extemporaneous judgment.

Without deliberation, no forethought to guide them in the right path. Experience they

have none. O, would to gracious the day may come when these non-sensible, non-thinking, wholly self-conscious Brothers may ask for their withdrawal from the Lodge! There are not many of them; but where they are—they are well known. No genealogy is necessary to ascertain their kind and breeding. Farewell; farewell!—Good-bye; good-bye!

THE KICKER

BY E. H. B.

It is said that the Creator
Had some useful end in view
When he fashioned the mosquito,
That so pesters me and you ;
And also that the little flea
Makes lazy men move quicker,
But what is wonderful to me,
Is why he made the kicker.

The kicker never finds the time
To promote a scheme or measure ;
But in tearing down what others build
He finds his greatest pleasure.
He talks of unworthy motives,
Selfishness, and false pretense,
And always sees a nigger
In the woodpile or the fence.

He waits until a plan is made ;
Then, like a child at play,
Declares he 'll surely quit the game
Unless it 's played his way.
He forgets that a true American
Should yield with due respect
To the will of the majority
And the measures they elect.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"T is not for me to question Nature,
But what justice can you see
In letting the pesky kicker live
While you crack the little flea?
And if there is a hereafter
Provided for the human race,
And the kicker goes to heaven,
I would prefer the other place.

WARNING TO KICKERS

St. Peter sits at the heavenly gates, his hands on the strings of the lyre, and sings a low song as he patiently waits for the souls of those who expire. He hears in the distance a chorus of song swell from the foot of the heavenly throne, and he smiles as the music is wafted along, and he warbles a lay of his own: "There is room in this region for millions of souls, who by sorrow and woe were bereft; 't is for those who have suffered the melody rolls, but the kickers must turn to the left. There is room for the people who, when they were young, persisted in sowing wild oats, yet boomed up their town with sinew and tongue; but the kickers must go with the goats. There is room for the people who pointed with pride to the beauty and growth of their town, who kept singing their praises aloud till they died, but the kickers will please amble down. They'd say the music was all out of tune, and the angelic gown 'hand me down,' and they'd send for a jeweler to the moon to sample the gold in their crown. So while there is room for a million of souls, who by sorrow and woe were bereft, we want no complaint of the music that rolls, so the kicker must turn to the left."

THE LODGE KICKER

Hallwards the Lodge kicker wends his way,
With countenance gloomy and sad;
But now let us follow; 't is good as a play,
And the finest amusement we've had.

Back in the corner he sits himself down,
As though he had not long to stay;
While over his visage there settles a frown,
As if nerving himself for the fray.

The order of business, the master calls
Till the good of the Order is reached;
When out steps the kicker, away from the wall,
And slowly commences to preach.

The secretary pauses, the master sighs,
The wardens look like they would fall;
The goat whisks his tail and rolls up his eyes,
And quickly lies down in his stall.

The old member places his head in his hands—
He has tackled the kicker before;
The new member says that he can't understand
How a Brother can be such a bore.

Yet we who know him acknowledge his worth;
His heart, it is truer than steel;

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

**He believes he is filling his mission on earth
In forcing all others to yield.**

**We're lonesome without him, he keeps us in line;
Our duty's made plain all the quicker;
Then, Brother, do n't let us worry your mind,
For every Lodge must have its kicker.**



A KICKER

**A kicker went down to his Lodge one time,
With blood in his rolling eye;
For come what might, he would kick that night,
Or know the reason why.**

**But peace and harmony prevailed.
The business went on with a vim,
So the kicker with pain, awaited in vain
For the kick that was coming to him.**

**At last he arose from his seat and addressed
The chief of high degree,
And said, "I desire your permission to retire,
This is no place for me."**

**And as he passed out into the dark
And gloom of the cheerless street,
He stopped on the stair and kicked himself there,
And kicked with both his feet.**

**What Lodge he belonged to I can not tell,
For to every Lodge there is sticking
A kicker who kicks, and kicks, and kicks,
And kicks for the sake of kicking.**

SHE IS A D. OF A.

K Young lady would like to meet a gentleman who has money to burn. He will find her a good match.

D. A. R.

"Maggie says she's a Daughter of the Revolution."

"Can she prove it?"

"Sure; her father runs a merry-go-round."

EASTERN STAR

Somebody asked an Eastern Star young lady what she would do if she had a mustache on her upper lip.

^ "If I liked the man I'd let him keep it there," she said.

SHE WAS A STAR

^ Will the young lady at Long Branch who wore a smile as she entered the water please send her address to the gentleman who asked her whether she didn't feel very chilly?

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

JUVENILE CONSTRUCTION

"My father's an Odd Fellow!" boasted a little boy.

"My father's a Freemason!" replied the other, "and that's higher, for the Hod Fellows wait on the Masons."

IN WHAT ORDER?

The newspaper paragraphers have a sound basis in fact for the threadbare joke about the man who can not find his latch-key hole when he reaches home after the Lodge banquet.

HE IS A RED MAN

"Yes, my dear, whenever we have words, he behaves like a perfect savage."

"How so?"

"He makes for his club!"

WORTHY ENDEAVOR

"Perkins has resigned from the Improved Order of Red Men?"

"Yes, he is getting up an organization called the Improved Order of White Men."

ANOTHER CAUDLE

After the Lodge.—"Brace up, old man. I'll have to be off, or my wife won't speak to me when I get home."

"Lucky dog! Mine—hic—'ll talk to me all night."

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

A THIRTY-SECOND

"Has Maude's head been turned by that fortune she inherited?"

"No; only her nose. It has turned up about thirty-two degrees."

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NANNETTE

Since Lasker Lodge has taken in so many candidates they are putting on all kinds of style. "Why, they have even changed the name of their goat to Nannette," said a Brother.

✻ ✻ ✻

ALWAYS

Charity: "Can't you help us, Mr. Sinnick? We are getting up a calico ball for the benefit of our Temple."

Sinnick: "It seems to me you women are bound to get into print one way or another."

✻ ✻ ✻

WILL TELL LATER

Bella: "We girls are getting up a secret society of our own."

George: "Indeed; what's the object?"

Bella: "I don't exactly know yet; but will tell you all about it after I am initiated."

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LO(D)GIC

"How did you get around your wife's objections to your joining the K. of P. Lodge?" asked Walter Rowland of Sam Creasey.

"Well, I actually convinced her that her arguments were not lo(d)gical," replied Sam.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

A CURTAIN LECTURE

"Did your wife listen to your excuse for staying so late at Lodge last night?"

"O, yes, she listened to me, then——"

"Then what?"

"I listened to her."

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ANOTHER KIND OF BONES

"Did you have a good time at the Lodge last night?" she asked him the next morning.

"O, I had a rattling time," he replied.

She (reproachfully): "I hope you don't mean to say that you were shaking dice?"

❖ ❖ ❖

THE WORK IS FATIGUING

Babe: "Mamma, what makes papa stay out so late at night?"

Mamma: "The Lodge, my dear."

Babe: "Mamma, I don't like the Lodge; it makes papa stumble so when he comes in."

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WANTED A VISIBLE SIGN

Mr. Joyner (member of six secret societies, who had just been received into the church): "I'm a full member now, am I?"

The minister: "You are, my brother."

Mr. Joyner: "Do I get any button?"

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

EXOTERIC

Hoax: "My wife and some of her friends are going to organize a secret society."

Joax: "Nonsense! The idea of women in a secret society."

Hoax: "You misunderstand. They are to meet to tell secrets."

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FOUND THEM USEFUL

Watts: "Do you think it does any good to belong to so many Lodges?"

Potts: "Well, when I went over to Europe I used to add the initials of all of them to my name when I registered at a hotel, and got all sorts of deference from the clerks and waiters."

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WHAT HE SAW

Wixon: "And have you really given up drinking, Higby?"

Higby: "You bet I have. When I went home from the Elks the other night and looked at the twins in their crib, I thought they were a quartet. Yes, I've sworn off for good this time, Wixon."

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A PASSIVE MEMBER

"I don't see how you could do it, maw," said Bobby Brown, as he took hold of his mother's hand and turned it over and over.

"Do what, Bobby?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Why, Mr. Parker said this morning that you had paw right under your thumb," replied Bobby.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

NOT ACQUAINTED

"Your husband," said the caller, sympathizingly, "was a man of many excellent qualities." "Yes," sighed the widow, "he was a good man. Everybody says so. I was n't much acquainted with him myself. He belonged to seven Lodges."



WHAT DID THEY DO TO HIM?

An exchange relates how the joke was turned on a Lodge in Virginia. They recently conferred a side degree on a Swede. The Grand Assistant Mogul asks the question, "Have you ever been an inmate of an insane asylum?" The candidate, shaking his head, innocently replied, "Not until I came in here."



WANTED WITNESSES

When Ben Althaus got home from his Lodge the other night, Mrs. Althaus said: "I insist upon knowing where you have been till this time of night."

"Gee wiz," said Brother Ben, starting for the door.

"Where are you going now?"

"Going to find some of the boys to ask them," replied Ben.



TRUTHFUL GEORGE

Bloomfield: "George Washington's reputation for truthfulness must have been a source of great satisfaction to his wife."

Bellefield: "Certainly, but what have you in mind?"

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Bloomfield: "When he told Martha that he had been to the Lodge, or that he had been sitting up with a sick brother, she believed him."



JUST FRESH ENOUGH

A young member with a gall like a beef tried to be smart with a demure volunteer waitress who was assisting at a Lodge social. She brought with his coffee a small pitcher of cream. "Is this all the milk you give?" he asked. "Yes, that's all the milk I give," was the answer, "but if I were as fresh as you are, I'd give a gallon!"



SAME OLD BILLY

O, that goat, that Fraternal goat,
That lives in No. 3's hall;
He looks so trim in his new coat,
And he's ready when you call.
His eyes are keen, his horns are long,
He'll greet you with a smile;
Yet if, perchance, you take a ride,
You'll sing a different song.



HIS RECOLLECTIONS INDISTINCT

Duxon: "Say! You have been drinking!"

Draix: "Why—yes, a little. Been having a time at the Lodge to-night. New member joined. He set up the champagne, you know. That's the custom."

"All that fuss over one new member?"

"Y-yes. That's right. But my rec'lection is that when I came away I could see five or six of him."

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

NOT HIGH ENOUGH

"I confess that the building is not what I expected to find it," said the visiting Southerner, who was taking a look at the Masonic Temple for the first time. "Wherein does it come short?" asked his Northern brother. "It comes about eleven stories short of my expectation," rejoined the visitor. "That is all. I supposed the highest degree members met on the thirty-third floor."



POINT FOR THE GOO-GOOS

"Do you think the new secret society will be a success?"

"O, it is sure to be!"

"What makes you so certain about it?"

"Why, practically every member will be supreme or exalted something or other, and besides that, we have four or five entirely new adjectives to hang to some of the biggest titles."



AMONG THE "AND OTHERS"

Little Girl.—"Did the newspaper reporter notice your pa was at the Lodge banquet last night?"

Little Boy.—"Yes."

Little Girl.—"Mamma said she could n't find your papa's name in the list."

Little Boy.—"No; but the list ends up with 'and others.' That means papa. They always mention him that way."

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

GOOD DEFINITIONS

"Why are the ante-rooms of the Lodge called ante-rooms?" asked a young lady of her brother. "Because all the anti-workers of the Lodge can be found there," was the prompt reply; and is also called the *ante*-room because there is where the candidate must *ante* the requisite sum for the ranks before he can advance further to receive them.



ANOTHER KIND OF BIRD

Office Boy.—"Mr. Gayman sent me to tell you not to keep dinner waiting for 'im this evening. He's got to go to the Lodge on important business."

Mrs. Gayman.—"To the Lodge? O yes. He is going to 'ride the goat,' I suppose?"

Office Boy.—"No, I do n't think it's a goat. I heard 'im tell Mr. Quickstep he was going out on a little lark."



FOUND OUT

Mrs. De Gree.—"How did you manage to get home so early to-night? You said there were to be a number of initiations."

Mr. De Gree (prominent Mason).—"The initiations had to be postponed. All the regalia, draperies, etc., had mysteriously disappeared."

Mrs. De Gree.—"Aha! Now I've found out all about you Masons. So it's true, after all, and you said it was n't."

Mr. De Gree.—"What's true?"

Mrs. De Gree.—"You keep a goat."

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WANTED—A GOAT

A dealer in stuffed animals, who also kept a few live creatures for sale, gave his shop boy, who was permitted to sell the stuffed specimens, orders to call him when any one asked for any of the living animals. One day a gentleman called and demanded a goat. "Any of these?" asked the boy, who was in charge, pointing to the stuffed specimens. "No, I want a live goat," answered the customer. The boy stepped to the door of the back shop, and called to his master, "You're wanted, sir."

COMING

O, the good time is a-comin', when every meeting
night
The Lodge-room will be crowded, it will be a glorious
sight,
An' candidates will be so thick you won't know what
to do,
An' the goat will wear his whiskers off a-puttin' of 'em
through.

O, the good time is a-comin', we wish it now was
here,
When fifty thousand members will be added in a
year;
When assessments will be paid without the customary
kick,
An' the man who says it costs too much will be smitten
with a brick.

O, the good time is a-comin', don't you hear us
screech,
When the men that talk fraternity will practice what
they preach,
An' we all will shout with joy, and be contented then,
For salaried offices with lanterns will go looking for
the men.

It will be with us some day,
For we kinder hear it hummin',
But it's mighty far away
An' mighty long a-comin'.

THE ANTI-SECRET SOCIETY

(NOTE.—The following poem is dedicated to the idle man who spends his time trying to wreck fraternal societies.)

A little dog barked at the big, round moon
That smiled in the evening sky,
And the neighbors smote him with rocks and shoon;
But still he continued his rageful tune.
And he barked till his throat was dry.

The little dog bounced like a rubber ball,
For his anger quite drove him wild;
And he said: "I 'm a terror, although I am small,
And I dare you, you impudent fellow, to fall."
But the moon only smiled and smiled.

Then the little dog barked at a terrible rate,
But he challenged the moon in vain;
For as calm and slow as the working of fate
The moon moved along in a manner sedate,
And smiled on the dog in disdain.

But soon 'neath a hill that obstructed the west
The moon sank out of sight,
And it smiled as it slowly dropped under the crest,
But the little dog said, as he lay down to rest,
"Well, I scared it away, all right!"

AFTER THE LODGE SECRETS

"Good evening, sir," said a woman whose face looked like a boiled salmon, with a pick-axe nose and a voice that sounded like a far-away echo from the house-tops, as she addressed the janitor of the Second Street

Odd Fellows' Hall one evening last week, who trembled as he viewed her red hair and stern visage.

"What I want to see you for is to ask you if you are an Odd Fellow; that is, do you belong up yonder?" and she nodded her head toward the building from which he had just emerged.

He meekly replied, "I do, madam."

"Well, my husband says he is one of you, and I want you to tell me if he is an inside watchman and has been

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appointed for three hundred nights to watch jewels? And do you have six meetings a week? and does he have to crawl through some of them in the day time and lose a day's work trying to be a Noodle Grand or a Past Grand Bugler, or some such names he tells me of!"

The janitor said she must have been misinformed, that there was something wrong; but she interrupted him with: "There, you need n't try to fool me, I understand all about this grip business and silent secrecy and mum password, and you can't hoodwink me. I do n't suppose you will tell me when my husband comes home with a hair pin in his boot and a lady's collar on instead of his own whether he has been taking a Rebekah degree or been at a surprise party? O, no, you're innocent, you are!"

The janitor ventured to remark that he did not really understand the drift of the inquiry. "O, no, I see it is no use, you all stick up for each other, and are sworn to secrecy, and you'd say the broken ear-ring I found in his pocket belongs to you, would n't you? And if I was to ask you who Araminty is that I caught him talking in his sleep about, you'd say it was the 'goat' you pretended to ride." The janitor meekly replied, as he tried to move away, that he was in a hurry; that perhaps Brother Hohner could give her all the information; that he could not really understand—but she caught him up before he could finish his sentence with, "No, you do n't understand, O, no! You would n't tell me for ever so much what kind of laws you make that says I shan't be a Daughter of Becky merely because I've got a wart on her nose. That's what he tells me, and then he says I should have to have a medical examination, and that the last woman in has to wash the dishes when they have those stuffing jubilees and socials. O,

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yes, it is all very fine to leave your poor wife at home on account of a wart or a sore heel; but I am going to know whether one man can hold all the offices through the year and sit up seven nights in the week, and then tell his wife she can't be a Rebekah, and 'inside' sentiment,' or whatever you may call, just on account of a little thing like that. I won't trouble you any longer, as probably you want to get that 'bumper degree' conferred. But I'll watch that chap of mine, and if I find there's too much 'goat' in it, I'll forget that I'm a woman if I don't make his head look like a double-humped bunion, and he'll have to wear my washtub over it for the next three months."



THOUGHT THEY WERE SIGNS OF DISTRESS

"Bub," said a stranger who lived across the street, "is your father a Mason?"

"No, sir," replied the boy.

"Does he belong to the Knights of Malta?"

"No, sir."

"Ah! Perhaps he is an Odd Fellow?"

"No, sir."

"Is it possible! Then he must be an Elk?"

"No, sir."

"Is he a Grand Army man?"

"No, sir."

⌞ "That's strange. Er—can you tell me what in the thunder your father means, then, when he gets out on the sidewalk every morning and makes all kinds of signs, and swings his arms and shoulders?"

"O, you must n't mind that."

"Why not?"

"Pa has had St. Vitus's dance for thirteen years."

A WAR CLOUD ON THE HORIZON

BY G. H. HEBARD.

The Convention of the Federated Feminines was in full swing. The morning of the second day had come, and the reading of reports was heard in the land. For two long hours a succession of delegates had droned through their papers, and the end was not yet. Mrs. Van Klevver had been fidgeting for an hour and a half. Finally she turned to Miss De Korn, who sat beside her.

"Nancy," she whispered, emphatically, "I'm going back to the hotel and write to Jack. Stay here, if you like. If I had to sit still another minute I'd scream. Good-bye."

Mrs. Van Klevver walked blithely along the hall, her eyes on the twinkling tips of her patent-leather shoes as they flashed from under the hem of her silk-lined skirt. She had studied the feet of the Federated Feminines, and she knew almost to a certainty that there was n't one of them which could compare with her own. She fluttered her blue badge gayly in the air and softly hummed, "Just tell them that you saw me." Suddenly she heard a voice through an open doorway.

"O!—if you please. I beg your pardon," it said.

Mrs. Van Klevver turned and went back to the door. A stout, middle-aged woman, with a strong, intelligent face and plainly brushed gray hair, sat in a low chair, her left foot resting on a pillow in another chair, a knitted red and gray afghan thrown over the back of

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the chair and falling to her knee, making a sort of tent over the injured member.

"Did you speak to me?" asked Mrs. Van Klevver.

"O, yes, thank you," half raising herself eagerly.

"You—you are a delegate, are you not?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Van Klevver, with a smile. "Are you?"

The woman hesitated a moment before replying, and looked rather curiously at Mrs. Van Klevver.

"Yes," she said, "I am a delegate."

"You have met with an accident?" asked her visitor, kindly.

"Yes. I twisted my ankle in getting off the train yesterday, and I have n't been able to leave my room since then."

"How unfortunate!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Klevver, and again the woman eyed her curiously.

"Well," said Mrs. Van Kleeve, confidentially, "you have n't missed much. I ran away this morning because I could not stand it any longer."

"Won't you sit down and tell me what they are doing?" asked the injured lady, eagerly.

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Mrs. Van Klevver had been still for so long that to give her such an invitation was like throwing a lighted match into a lot of fireworks.

"Doing?" she repeated, as she drew up a chair and abandoned herself to the joy of a free tongue. "Doing? They are reading a report."

"Which one?" asked her hostess, with evident keen enjoyment.

"The same one. Sixteen women had read it when I came away, and the seventeenth had got as far as: 'This club, as a factor in woman's existence, has come to stay. Looking back, as we do, on the work of the past year, we are filled with both hope and regret; hope that the future will lead us on to still greater progress in our chosen lines of duty; and regret, that we have not better improved' (you turn the leaf there) 'the wonderful opportunities which have fallen to our lot in the past. We have come to realize the truth of the poet's lines, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and we mean to press boldly on in the race until we shall be able to point to our garnered sheaves and say, "Behold the child of our labors!"' Metaphors are slightly mixed, you see," said Mrs. Van Klevver, "but the sentiment is good and always draws applause."

The lady of the sprained ankle listened with a half-puzzled air.

"Of course," resumed Mrs. Van Klevver, "there were slight variations in the papers. The name of the club was different and the number of members and a few things like that, but the general effect was the same."

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"Are you enjoying the Convention?" asked the lady.

"O, hugely," responded Mrs. Van Klevver, with enthusiasm. The lady's countenance brightened.

"I'm very glad," she said. "Maybe I should have remarked before—"



"It would be a terrific bore if one took it seriously," said Mrs. Van Klevver, unconscious that she was interrupting, "but I don't, you know."

The lady's expression had changed again.

"Were you ever a delegate before this year?" she inquired.

Mrs. Van Klevver laughed gayly. "O, dear me, no," she said, "I never even belonged to a club until a few weeks ago. I went to a meeting just for fun, was elected president by mistake, accepted out of pique, and—am now a sadder and wiser woman, as well as a delegate," she concluded.

"I thought I hadn't seen you at any of our meetings," said the lady.

"O, no. This is my first—and last—appearance. You are generally a delegate?" inquiringly.

"Why—well—no, not exactly."

"But you come to the meetings?" said Mrs. Van Klevver, benevolently.

"Yes, I come."

"Well, I don't wonder. They certainly are amusing, if this one is a sample. Only a little goes such a long way, in more senses than one. It seems to me they might introduce into their Federation a league for the prevention of cruelty to ideas. They make a few do all the work."



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"It must be about time to adjourn."

"Time," echoed Mrs. Van Klevver. "Why I should say it was. Hours and hours ago. But, bless you, they were n't half through the program when I came away."

If the session began at ten o'clock, you see there would be plenty of time for the opening prayer"—she paused to smile at some memory which this mention called up—"the reports of a scrap or two before time to adjourn for luncheon."

"A scrap or two?" asked the lady, inquiringly.

"Yes; squabbles, you know. They have two or three every session."

The other lady blushed slightly. "Well, my dear," she said, apologetically, "you know it is quite impossible to bring so many people together without some differences of opinion."

"O, I do n't mind them!" protested Mrs. Van Klevver. "I love them. When I scent a scrap in the atmosphere I brighten up. I do n't know what I should do if it were not for the scraps!"

"What were the—scraps about this morning?" asked the other lady with an effort.

"Well, I could n't make out exactly," said Mrs. Van Klevver, puckering up her forehead. "It was something left over from a previous session, so I did n't know the whole history of it; but it was something about whether the Federated Feminines should go into another organization."

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"Yes," interrupted the lady, eagerly.

"It came up right after the opening paper. Before the Amen was fairly out of Rev. Dorothea's mouth a woman in the front row jumped up—"

"Who?" demanded the lady.

"I do n't remember her name either; but her back was—was out of sight; at least at the edges. Or I think it would be on a foggy day when you can't see more than six feet in any direction."

"Mrs. Biggs," muttered the lady, under her breath. "What did this woman want?" she asked, feverishly.

"O, I do n't know exactly. She wanted to bring up that matter about joining the other organization. She must be a member of it."

"She is."

"She claimed it had been made a special order of business, but the chairman crushed her beautifully."

"Ah-a!" the lady gave a sigh of relief.

"It took time, though. It was the prettiest fight yet. They got so mad that their politeness was oppressive. It seems to work that way. The madder they get the oftener they say, 'Mrs. Chairman,' and 'this honorable society,' and 'this notable gathering of women,' and things of that sort. You can't compete with the chairman, because you can never meet them on their own ground. That platform gives them too long a reach, as Jack would say. O, dear me! That reminds me! I was going to write to him. I hope I

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have n't bored you," and Mrs. Van Klevver rose hurriedly.

"O, no, you have n't bored me," said the other woman, slowly, but with emphasis. "On the contrary, you have entertained me very highly indeed."

"Do nt' mention it," protested Mrs. Van Klevver. "I hope you'll be able to get out to the Convention to-morrow. It's a pity for you to miss it all. You ought to see the chairman sitting up there with as much importance as if she were the Queen of England and the Empress of India. And the directors, too; they're so funny. They sit in a semi-circle behind the chairman, and they wear the funniest lot of shoes. I'm going to move that all candidates for platform offices shall be required to give bond as to the quality and style of their shoes. But there, I really must go," said Mrs. Van Klevver, laughing, and she started out of the room. "O, by the way," she exclaimed, turning round, "have you tried laudanum and white of egg for your ankle? No? Why, it is wonderful. Try it this afternoon."

The next day a new chairman presided over the Convention of the Federated Feminines. She was a short, middle-aged woman, with a strong, intelligent face, and plainly-brushed gray hair. She walked with two canes and the assistance of several directors. It appeared that she was the president of the Federated Feminines, and had sprained her ankle in getting off the train. The first vice-president had served in her stead. Mrs. Van Klevver gave a jump when she saw the stout woman helped across the stage to the chairman's desk. Then she was seized with apparent convulsions, which, however, proved to be simply inward mirth. At the close of the morning session she lin-

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gered, contrary to her custom. As the chairman came slowly along the aisle Mrs. Van Klevver approached. The two looked at each other with inscrutable faces.

"You are better?" said Mrs. Van Klevver.

"Yes. I tried the laudanum and egg."

"I am so glad."

"Really?"

"Yes, indeed."

"You spoke of a certain feature of the meetings which has afforded you particular pleasure. I believe you called them—scraps."

Mrs. Van Klevver's eyes twinkled.

"And there has n't been one this morning," said the chairman, with an answering twinkle.

"Wait," said Mrs. Van Klevver, in a whisper, "wait until I make my motion about the directors' feet."



MIXED PARTY

"I understand that was rather a mixed crowd that attended your installation ball, Rastus?"

"Yassir, dey mixed once or twice, but we got 'em scaterated befo' any one had time to call fer de wagon."

WHY SHE JOINED THE REBEKAHS

BY REV. JOHN F. KELLOGG.

He was a jolly young fellow,
One of a common kind;
And his wife, in fellowship with him,
Had never a contrary mind.
Wherever he went and whatever he knew,
Good, bad, or indifferent, false or true,
No secret he kept from the ears of his wife,
The light of his home, and the joy of his life.

No matter where he journeyed,
Nor what he chanced to see,
When home he came, his wife would say,
"Now tell it all to me."
And he would tell her just where he had been,
And all the scrapes he had tumbled in,
Then she would laugh, or cry, or chide,
Just as the occasion might betide.

If in a political meeting
An evening he chanced to be,
Or off on a toot with the other boys,
It was, "Now tell it all to me."
And she was as good as he was to her,
And, like a dear pussy cat, ne'er failed to purr
In his ears the full story of what she had done,
What warfare accomplished, what victories won.

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And so it went on in that household;
The years rolled on apace.
And ever to his wife the man
Had kept an open face,
Until one fell night there came to that town
A Lodge full of "odd" things of great renown,
And rumors of mysteries came to his ears,
That filled him with longings, suspicions, and fears.

There were stories of funeral processions,
And trips to Jericho,
And marching around with banners,
And shooting with a bow.
And, worse than all, they told him that in that Lodge
abode
A monstrous, shaggy billy-goat that everybody rode;
And dreadful rumors whispered soft were in that town
afloat
Of things that happened unto those who dared to ride
the goat.

Of course, the woman heard it,
And forthwith she began,
After the manner of her sex,
To urge upon the man
To join the Lodge and forthwith see
If all those dreadful things could be,
And then come home and tell her, so
That all about it she might know.

Alas! when he came home that night,
The clock was striking three,
But, waking up, she turned and said,
"Now tell it all to me."

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While he, aghast, confounded, first thought what he
 had done,
Of vows he had taken, promises made, and steps he
 had begun.
Of course, he could n't tell, his mouth was tightly
 closed,
And gone was all the confidence his wife in him reposed.

How could he tell her of the goat
 Which he that night had ridden?
She'd die of horror if she knew
 The things so deeply hidden.
For women must be guarded close and shielded round
 with care,
Their tender minds could never stand a Lodge-room's
 nervous wear.
And so he argued, as that night upon his couch he lay.
She also argued, "T 'is a game that two can play."

One night he came home early,
 Tired as he could be,
Saying, "My home and wife this night
 Shall minister unto me."
But after supper, in hat and wrap, and street dress all
 attired,
That woman all her household tasks immediately fired.
"Good-bye, my dear; do n't sit up long, nor for me
 think to wait,
I join the Rebekah Lodge to-night, and may be out
 quite late."

Poor fellow! 'T was a dreadful dose,
 But he took it like a man;
And in that home an era new
 Immediately began.

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"T was right and proper, if he chose to go to any Lodge,
The right of his wife to do the same he might n't justly
dodge.

And this old proverb in that home they promptly put
to use,

"What is sauce for a gander is likewise sauce for a
goose."



A SLIGHT COOLNESS

Shivver.—This is one of those Masonic rooms,
is n't it?

Mrs. Defrees.—What do you mean, sir?

Shivver.—It never gets above thirty-three degrees.

WAS OF A HIGH DEGREE

HOW A SECRET-SOCIETY MAN FOOLED HIS WIFE

**But the Day of Retribution Came at Last and a New Side Degree
Without Ritual was Indulged In**

A middle-aged woman, with a black alpaca dress worn shiny at the elbows, and a cheap shawl, a cheap bonnet and her hands puckered up and blue, as though she had just got her washing out, went into the office of the Masonic building a few mornings since and took a chair.

She wiped her nose and the perspiration from her face on a blue checked apron, and when the secretary looked at her with an interested, brotherly look, as though she was in trouble, she said:

"Are you the boss Mason?"

He blushed and told her he was a Mason, but not the highest in the land.

She hesitated a moment, fingered the corners of her apron and curled it up like a boy speaking a piece in school, and asked:

"Have you taken the whole two hundred and thirty-three degrees of Masonry?"

The man laughed and told her there were thirty-three degrees, and that he had taken thirty-two. The other degree could only be taken by a very few, who were recommended by the Grand Lodge, and they had to go to New York to get the thirty-third degree.

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The lady studied a minute, unpinned a safety pin that pinned her shawl together and put it in her mouth, took a long breath and said:

"Where does my husband get the other two hundred degrees, then?"

The prominent Mason said he guessed her husband never got two hundred degrees, unless he had a degree factory. He said he didn't understand the lady.

"Does my husband have to sit up with a corpse three nights a week?" she asked, her eyes flashing fire. "Do you keep a lot of sick Masons on tap for my husband to sit up with?"

The prominent Mason said he was thankful that but few Masons died, and occasionally one was sick enough to call for Masonic assistance. When a Mason was sick and away from home, or when his family desired it, the brethren were only too glad to sit up with him, but there were so many Masons and so few sick that it was only once in two or three months that a brother was called upon to sit up with anybody.

"But why do you ask these questions, madam?" said the prominent Mason.

"Well, my husband began to join the Masons about two years ago, and he has been taking degrees or sitting up with people every night since, and he comes home at all times of the night smelling of beer and cheese. I thought at first the cheese was the result of his going to the morgue to help carry brother Masons home after they had been found in the river.

"I have kept a little track of it, and I have figured that he has taken two hundred and thirty-three degrees, including the Grand Skyfugle degree, which he took the night he came home with his lip cut and his ear hanging by a piece of skin.

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"Oh, madam," said the prominent Mason, "there is no Skyfugle degree in Masonry. Your husband has lied to you."

"That 's what I think," she said, as a baleful light appeared in her eye. "He said he was taking the Skyfugle degree and fell through a skylight. I had him sewed up and he was ready for more degrees."

"After he had taken, I think, about one hundred and fifty degrees, I told him I should think he would let up on it and put some potatoes in the cellar for the winter, but he said when a man once got started on the degrees he had to take them all or he did n't amount to anything."

"One time I wanted a hat to wear to church with a feather on it and he said it was all nonsense, and the next day he brought home a leather case with a felt coal scuttle in it and a feather on it that could n't have cost less than ten dollars the way I figure millinery. And when he put it on and I laughed at his ridiculous appearance he began to throw his arms around, and I asked him what was the matter, and he said it was the grand hailing sign of distress, and if I did n't look out an avenger would appear from a dark closet and run a toad sticker through me for a scoffer."

"He must have spent a fortune on the last one hundred and fifty degrees. One morning he came home with his coat-tail split right up the back and his pants torn as though a dog had chewed him, and one eye closed up and a wad of hair pulled right out of his head, and said he had been taking the two-hundredth degree, but he would n't tell me how it happened, because it was a dead secret."

"Sometimes a brother Mason comes home with him along in the morning and they gab about a 'full flush,' and they both act full as they stand on the steps

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and gab about their 'pat hands' and 'raising 'em out' and 'calling' and 'bobtail flush.' One night when he was asleep I heard him whisper, 'I'll raise you ten dollars,' and when I wanted to be told what it meant he said they had been raising a purse for a poor widow. Another time he raised up in bed after he had been asleep and shouted, 'I stand pat,' and when I wanted to know what that meant he said he would be ruined if he told of it. He said he had mentioned the pass word and if the brethren heard of it they would put him out of the way. Mister, is I 'stand pat' your pass word?"

The Mason told her it was not; that the words she had spoken were an expression used by men when playing draw poker, and he added that he did not believe her husband was a Mason at all, but that he had been lying to her all these years.

She sighed and said: "That's what I thought when he came home with a lot of ivory chips in his pocket.

"He said he used them at the lodge to vote on candidates, and that a white chip elects and a blue chip rejects a candidate.

"If you will look the matter up and see if he has joined the Masons I will be obliged to you. He says he has taken all the two hundred and thirty-three degrees, and now the boys want him to join the Odd Fellows. I want to get out an injunction to prevent him from joining anything else until we get some underclothes for the winter.

"I'll tell you what I will do. The next time he says anything about Skyfugle degrees and Consistory nonsense I will use a washboard and cause him to believe there is one degree in Masonry he has missed. And now, good-bye. You have comforted me greatly,

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and I will be awake to-night till my husband comes from the Lodge with his 'pat hand' and I will make him think he has forgotten his 'ante.'"

The lady went out to a grocery to buy some bar soap, and the prominent Mason resumed his business with a feeling that we are not all truly good, and there is cheating going on all around.

THE ARABIAN WAY

Mrs. Harlem: "So the Arabians go to Lodges, and come home as late as you do?"

Mr. Harlem: "I do n't know anything about it."

Mrs. Harlem: "Well, there is an item in this paper to the effect that when an Arab enters his home, he removes his shoes and keeps on his hat. That is the way you come home late from the Lodge."

NO NAME

BY NICK G. DAVIDSON.

Once, upon a Friday night,
The "Beckies" had a candidate in sight;
When, o'er the rocky road,
They hustles him till he was pigeon-toed.
Then, at the side of the room
They stood him, as if he were but a broom,
When lo! and behold, to him
Came a sight of beauty. Was it a dream?

A dream! Well, I should say, No!
Should you but ask him, he will tell you so.
And yet the Brotherhood will flinch,
Because he knows the "Beckies" have the clinch
On all the Lodge work degrees,
And this, by quietly sitting, he sees.
For, as the work moves along,
The Rebekahs sing their beautiful song.

"Father Abraham," says he,
"Bring a wife, for my son Isaac, unto me;
From the peoples of my own
Bring me a maiden with hair that 's brown."
Then forth goes a servant, and
His guards, afar into a distant land,
There secure a maiden fair,
And, returning, bring with every care.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Before they reached her new home,
A fine-looking man through the field had come.
"Who 's that man?" the maiden cried.
"Isaac, for whom thou art to be a bride."
Quietly they march apace,
When Isaac and Rebekah come face to face.
They stand with admiration,—
Gaze on each other in consternation.

"Master Ike," the servant cried,
"I have brought you of your people a bride.
This is a Rebekah, daughter
Of the Bethuel, near well of water
Beside which lived her people;
In a country where there is no steeple,
Church, schoolhouse, nor meeting-place;
So we brought her here, to meet you face to face."

"Uplift the veil that hides
Her face from every expectant gaze; besides,
The escorts you will remove,
For now I will myself a gallant prove.
Flower of the verdant lea,
Like some beautiful dream thou comest to me;
Your eyes like the sun do shine,
I twig you come to be my Valentine."

Then to father "Abe" they went,
His blessings received, and were content.
And then, as two lovers should,
Built them a nice home as soon as they could.
And there many years they dwelled;
To be sure "Becky" the reins always held,
O'er their troubles they did float,
And their "kid" grew to be a large-sized goat.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

And thus the finest degree
Of Odd Fellowship the Brother did see.
He no credit had given,
But many is the nail he had driven
Into the "Beckies' " casket,
As he supposed, for he could not grasp it,
That the women-folks had brains
Enough to run the Lodge "and hold the reins."

But now let me tell you,
He straightway for your petition will sue;
He was more than satisfied,
And now his conscience will not rest inside;
He hops on the new victim
Of the Subordinate, until to him
Has his petition given
To join the Rebekahs and be driven.

Driven! Moses and Aaron!
They 'll drive you till your head has n't a hair on,
And then they will holler and yell
Till you will think you have gone —— well,
The fact is, you do not know,
They have hustled and "bustled" you so!
Good Brother, try this degree,
And if not satisfied, lay it to me.



IT PLAYED ONE TUNE

Two men were at a table overlooking the avenue. They were unmistakably from some place in the West. They had the good-old-time manners which are becoming scarce in every section. They were sixty or may be seventy years of age, each. One of them was reading the news to the other one.

The one who was reading stopped and said: "I 'll be doggoned if Sam Stone ain't dead. It says here that he died in Topeky, Kan. You remember Sam Stone? He wrote that old song, 'Wait for the wagon, and we 'll all take a ride.'"

"Hain't thought of it for thirty year, Cy," replied the old man opposite him. "Let 's see, how did it go?—something like this." The old man puckered his lips, and tried to whistle the air, but the sound from his mouth resembled that of a hungry wind through a keyhole.

"Jim, you 're getting wind-wasted. Getting old. Fellows like you and me can't whistle. Better hum it, Jim." (

And Jim hummed it while Cy beat time with his fingers on the table.

"I had forgot, Cy, who it was that wrote it."

"Yes, it was Sam Stone. I 'd 'bout forgot it myself till I see it in that morning paper."

"Sam Stone was eighty-four, so the paper says. He

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

died in Topeky, where he'd lived about twenty-eight years. That was a great old song in its day."

"That and 'Pop goes the weasel.' "

"But 'Wait for the wagon' was the most catching. I remember it was the first piece that the old St. Joe cornet band learned to play. And just then there was a man died in St. Joe who was a high roller in the Masonic Lodge in the town, and a mighty popular man he was. Of course he was buried with Masonic rites, and the Lodge committee called on the leader of the band to engage the band's service. It was the first job the band had, and as it was in debt for the snare-drum and the big horn, here was a chance to get even.

"So the leader got a retainer, and then he told the committee that the band could n't play only one piece, and that was 'Wait for the wagon.'

"The leader said it was not built on dead-march time, but by playing it low, and muffling the big drum, he could make it sound solemn. So the band turned out at the funeral, and it played 'Wait for the wagon' all the way out to Mount Moriah Cemetery. Some of the boys about town had a hard time looking sad, especially Ben Ullman, the big butcher, who was one of the pallbearers. Ben was the funny man of the town, anyhow."

"I remember Ben, Cy."

"I knowed you did. As I was saying, it was hard to keep straight faces, the band playing that tune going out to the grave. Coming back there was nearly a row. The high muck-a-muck of the Lodge told the leader of the band he had better change the music, and then the leader said the band could n't play anything else, and that he had told him so. The procession marched down Frederick Avenue coming back, and it commenced to rain, so that the Lodge—it was the Zere-

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

dathah Chapter, as I remember—had to quicken their steps, and that put the band out.”

“Of course, Cy. You can’t march double quick on slow music. But go on.”

“Well, the only thing for the band to do was to liven up the tune, and that was what raised Old Ned. The newspaper came out next week with a piece in it as long as your arm, saying it was a disgrace, and that, if the band expected the citizens to help pay its debts, it had better learn some music that would be appropriate at funerals, as people were liable to die any time. Of course that made the band mad.”

“Of course, Cy. But what did they do?”

“Stopped their papers. Then, when Neely’s academy gave the school exhibition in the Presbyterian church on the hill, the band was engaged and put in the gallery, which was in one end of the church. The band opened the exercises with ‘Wait for the wagon.’ Then the pastor of the Church prayed, and the band played ‘Wait for the wagon’ again. The program consisted of essays—compositions they called them—declamations, and some dialogues, and scattered along through the program was ‘Music by the Band,’ and every time it played ‘Wait for the wagon.’ It got to be as good as a circus. I remember the leader of the band died a good many years ago, and the piece in the paper about him said he wrote ‘Wait for the wagon,’ but the paper was wrong. It was Sam Stone who wrote it, him that just died in Topeky.”

“It all comes back to me now, Cy. But all I can remember is the tune and the first two lines:

‘Wait for the wagon,
And we ’ll all take a ride.’ ”

SOLILOQUY OF CYRUS CUTE; OR, THE COUNTRY NOBLE GRAND

BY W. B. GWATHMEY.

Once I thought that I was cunnin'
 (Not because my name 's Cute),
But I thought I 'd try the runnin'
 Of our three-linked institute;
So at the meetin' in the quarter,
 When some Brother had ter stand,
I explained I thought they oughter
 Put me up for Noble Grand.

And by way of 'commidation,
 From my Brothers (just for fun),
I was put in nomination
 'Gin a Brother fer to run.
At the meetin' fer election,
 All the Brothers come that night,
And, accordin' to expectation,
 I was 'lected out of sight.

How I swelled up with emotion
 When the 'ritin' Brother 'rote
That the Lodge had passed a motion
 Fer a You-Nan-I-Mus-Vote;
Yet I 'm feered I sorter stumbled
 Bein' 'scorted to the chair,
And I know I meekly mumbled
 Through the charges given there.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

And I took the chair, uncertain
Just what next I orter do,
So I quickly yanked the curtain,
Shuttin' out the Lodge from view.
Then I writ the names selected
Fer ter fill the term in chairs,
But with feelin's most dejected
I heerd footsteps on the stairs,

Follered by the signal tappin,'
An' the I. G. shouted out,
"Noble Gran', there 's some one rappin',"
Answers I, "Beyond a doubt."
"Noble Gran', shall I admit him?"
I could see the guard was hot,
So I thought I best permit him,
But I goodeel ruther not.

So he opened wide the portal,
While the visitor walked in,
And you never saw a mortal
Filled as I was, with chagrin.
Fer he gave the sign and motion,
But through meekness, I confess,
I had sorter got the notion
I must answer with distress.

Then the stranger paused in wonder;
When he turned ag'in to me,
Fer, I swear to you, by thunder,
I answered in the fust degree,
And he stood there, sorter starin',
Waitin' fer the answer right,
And I spoke up overbarin',
"Won't you take a chair ter-night?"

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Then I banged my wooden mallet
On the table with a bust,
Thinkin' I would close the meetin',
And reopened in the fust.
There was not a Brother standin'
On their feet, exceptin' me,
As I spoke up (quite commandin'),
"Warden, close the third degree."

But the warden (lookin' foolish),
Never budged nor said a word;
I sot down and madly whispered,
"Right supporter! close the third."
So he grabbed my little mallet,
And he fetched 'em, do n't yer see?
All the Brothers rize a-standin',
Every one, exceptin' me.

Then I asked the outside gurdeon,
If a Brother was in wait;
He said, Yes. I sent a Brother
Ter receive the kandydate.
But of all the mixed-up messes
That e'er fell to mortal man,
I was in it from the minut
That the Secret Work began.

Fer I had forgot the makin'
Of the signals, signs, and sich,
While my brain I kept a-rakin'
To tell th' other from the which.
So they led the Brother from me,
And the Vice Gran' tuck my place;
Deep disgust, I also noticed
Writ upon each Brother's face.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

And the Vice Gran' closed the bizness,
Jest as easy as could be,
Called exkuse of absent officers—
All the Brothers looked at me;
But I quickly caught his meanin',
And my anger held confined,
Addressed myself as "Noble Gran',"
And made myself say, "I 've resigned."

Then they had to 'lect another
To the chair of Noble Grand,
But this time they got a Brother
With more fraternal sense than sand;
And, as I sung the closin' hymn,
I was full of joy, "you bet,"
Fer my head had lost its swim,
But I was ringin' wet with sweat.



FIN-DE-SIECLE NON-SUPPORT

Mrs. Peck: "What Mrs. Strongmind sued for divorce for I can't understand—and for non-support, of all things in the world! As if woman were dependent on man for support!"

Mrs. Manhate:
"Don't be so hasty.
The ground was that
Mr. S., who trains with
the Whistling Girls, declined to support the
Crowing Hens' ticket, on which his wife was a candidate!"

HE WAS ON HIS DIGNITY

"I guess I am not in want of anybody to tell me how to sit down with dignity and grace. You are not the whole thing, if you are the Noble Grand of your old Lodge. There are others in this world. As for me, I can give you points on the questions of ease and grace, and then beat you, and not half try at that."

Brother Jones settled himself back into his chair, and, burying his face in the evening paper, seemed to say to his better half that the question of dignity and grace, so far as it concerned him, was tabled forever. Mrs. Jones, without looking up from the letter she was reading, answered, in that quiet, matter-of-fact sort of fashion that always left her spouse but a frail plank to stand on: "Well, Mr. Jones, it is possible that you do know all about the subject. If so, you ought not to enter the Lodge in that careless, do n't-care fashion that you usually adopt. It is all very well for you to do that way in Lodges that we ladies are debarred from—although, for that matter, we ought not to be kept out of any of your Lodges, so long as you come to ours—but it is not the way for you to enter the ladies' Lodge, and as long as I am in the chair I shall insist on it, that you not only enter in the proper manner, but that you sit down in an elegant and graceful style."

"When does the Lodge meet?" asked Mr. Jones.

"It meets this evening, and we are to have a visit

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

from some of the prominent officials of the Order, and we are very anxious that the thing should be a success."

"Very well; open the Lodge, and when the time comes I'll show you an exhibition of grace that will put in the shade anything that you have ever thought of upon that question."

Jones was not only a gallant sort of a fellow, but also thought that he was by nature a comedian, and to have his wife take him to task, as she had done, made him hot, and he started to the Lodge that evening determined that he would make her sorry that she had said anything to him on the subject of dignity.

Mrs. Jones went to the hall early, so that she might supervise the arrangements that were necessary for the reception of the visitors that were expected to be there. The members and visitors soon began to congregate, and it was necessary to provide more chairs, and the committee brought into requisition some camp-stools that were kept in reserve for such purposes.

In order that the visitors might have the benefit of a lesson in the art of entering a Lodge and seating themselves in a graceful manner, Jones did not go to the hall until after the Lodge had been called to order and the opening exercises gone through with. As he entered the anteroom and was informed that standing-room would soon be at a premium his face lighted up in exultant joy as he contemplated the sensation he would create as he walked in with his ponderous load of dignity that he had taken for the occasion. With a boldness born of desperation, he made the proper announcement that he was desirous of being admitted, and a flush of pride lighted his face as the chair greeted him with, "Brother Jones, we are very glad to see you, I am sure, even if you are late."

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"Better late than never, you know," then, turning, he made for one of the only unoccupied camp-stools, which, unfortunately for his peace of mind, stood between two ladies, strangers to him, and, with a bow indicating that he wished to be pardoned for sitting between them, he planked himself down upon the stool, which, giving way under his weight, left him sprawling upon the floor.

Every one, save the Noble Grand and the discomfited Jones, laughed, while he, to square himself, offered a wager that there was not another person in the Order that could do a better job.



TOO MUCH FOR HIM

In the days of the Morgan excitement, one of those specimens who was giving a public exhibition of the pretended Masonic secrets, was holding forth in a quiet country village to a gaping assemblage, at which a venerable old Mason happened to be present. After concluding the exposure, opportunity was given for any one to ask questions, whereupon the following dialogue took place:

Old Mason (rising in his seat): "Did I understand you to say that you had passed through the ceremonies of the Masonic Lodge and taken the obligations as you have exhibited them here to-night?"

Exposing Specimen (with great confidence): "Yes, sir."

Old Mason: "Then will you be kind enough to tell those here assembled whether you lied then, or have lied here to-night?"

Exposing Specimen failed to come to time, and the meeting dissolved.

THE UNIFORMED RANKS

O, the gen'rul raised the devil with the kernel, so 't is
said,
About a little hitch in the formashun at parade;
An' the kernel told the major that his
handlin' the battalion
Resimbled Ward McAllister a-leadin' a
cotillion;
An' the major hauled the cap'en up about
some oversight,
Manooverin' the company while breakin'
from the right;
An' the cap'en gravely caushioned the loo-
tenant, bar in mind,
An' keep the rear rank well closed up and
properly ali'ned.

O, them big bugs hev bigger bugs
Thet jump on 'em an' bite 'em;
An' the bigger bugs hev other bugs,
An' so—ad infinitum.

The sargent med a break, an' the lootenant collared
him,
Politely intimatin' thet he did n't know a dem;
An' the sargent soon an error in preservin' distance
spied,
An' got a shot at Darringer, the corp'ril, who wuz
guide;

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

But Darringer said nuthin'—he jest waited fur his chance,

An' promptly gev some scorchin' views, on tactics, to the lance,

Who opened fire on Private Dean for spilin' all the wheels,

An' Dean cussed Smith, his rear-rank man, fer walkin' on his heels.

O, them big bugs hev bigger bugs

Thet jump on 'em an' bite 'em;

An' the bigger bugs hev other bugs,

An' so—ad infinitum.

'T was all wound up in barricks when the reg'ment wuz dismissed,

An' Dean's eyes rayther funnily ran foul o' Smithy's fist,

An' we stud on chairs an tables, an' we backed 'em for the beer,

While the clamor o' the battle woke the echoes far and near.

It wuz jest a rough-an'-tumble, but a most instructin' fight,

Till the sargent an' a detail o' the gyard hove into sight,

An' they tuk 'em, blown an' bloody, an' they locked 'em in the mill,

An' thet 's all I remember o' the big review an' drill.

'Cept thet big bugs hev bigger bugs,

Thet jump on 'em an' bite 'em;

An' the bigger bugs hev other bugs,

An' so—ad infinitum.

THE MAN WITH A CAMEL THAT HE COULD NOT RIDE

BY W. D. ALLEN.

(Parody on "Man with an Elephant on His Hands."—
"Wang.")

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THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

For the camel he bucked all night,
And the camel he bucked all day,
While he vainly tried that beast to ride,
He still kept bucking away.

Till he tore his hair in wild
despair,
While he lashed his pesky
hide,
And cursed his lot that ever
he got
A camel that he could not
ride.

The beast would jump in
the air,
Like a billy goat on a
tear;
He piped like mad be-
cause he had
A camel that he could not
ride.

He had hoped to ride in
pomp and pride
On that camel every
day;

While the boys would cheer as he drew near,
And the band play "Boom-der-ay."
But to his disgust it was hang on or bust,
For the camel he would not stand;
And he somehow got a tip if he lost his grip,
He must walk on the burning sand.
And the camel he bucked all night,

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

And the camel he bucked all day.
He got a bump at every jump,
As the beast sped on its way,
Till he longed to repeat a most daring feat,
(A slide that he once had tried,)
And he cursed the whim that had saddled him
With a camel that he could not ride.

So great that camel's humps,
And his limps and his jumps,
He felt very sad to think that he had
A camel that he could not ride.

In the box he had prayed, and a "rye" face made,
As he kissed the blarney stone;
He had given up hope, as he hung to the rope;
He had crossed the bridge alone;
He had felt the shoe (got a good crack, too),
But all this was but a fake,
Compared with the beast that came from the East,
Who for bucking "took the cake."
For the camel he bucked all night,
And the camel he bucked all day.
He was black and blue from hat to shoe,
His courage was giving away.
He thought of his "shoot" on the "Mecca route,"
And the Shriners' toboggan slide;
While he cursed the day that he'd had to pay
For a camel that he could not ride.

And though he got very pale,
He still hung to the tail;
But felt very blue to think that he drew
A camel that he could not ride.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

From day to day he was growing gray,
And he never smiled, as of yore;
When he struck an idea, and it seemed very queer
That it had not struck him before.
He gave the beast a nectar feast,
A barrel of "Zem Zem" he got,
And when he had drank the fill of his tank
He could scarcely go on a trot.
Then the camel he bucked no more,
But he calmly walked on the floor;
No longer like a ram, but meek as a lamb,
His rider he safely bore;
And the Shriner smiled like a happy child,
And rode with a friend by his side.
He felt very glad, for you see he now had
A camel that he could ride.

Then the Shriners all took a drink
(Only one, so I think),
They all felt so glad to know that he had
A camel that he now could ride.



THE HAS-BEEN

When you think the world 's your oyster, and felicitate
yourself

On your standing and your honors high in rank,
Just remember there are others as respectable as you—
You are not the only turtle in the tank.

The colonel of militia is a very mighty man,
His epaulets will tell you of his rank;
But there 's captains, and there 's sergeants, and corporals besides—
He 's not the only turtle in the tank.

The self-made man's a wonder, he will tell you so
himself,
And there's no one but himself to really thank;
But when he dies there is some one who can fill the gap
he leaves—
He 's not the only turtle in the tank.

So take your honors easy and be just like the rest,
For, whether you're a prize or are a blank,
The world can do without you, can forget you in a day—
For you 're not the only turtle in the tank.

HER HUSBAND WAS A JINER

AND THAT IS WHY SHE INSISTED UPON HAVING A DIVORCE

She was about forty-five years old, well-dressed, had black hair, rather thin and tinged with gray, and eyes in which gleamed the fires of a determination not easily balked. She walked into a lawyer's office, and requested a private interview, and, having obtained it, and satisfied herself that no one was listening at the keyhole, said, slowly, solemnly, and impressively:

"I want a divorce."

"What for? I supposed you had one of the best of husbands," said the lawyer.

"I s'pose that's what everybody thinks; but if they knew what I've suffered in ten years, they'd wonder

"I believe you are a jiner yourself"

why I had n't scalded him long ago. I ought to, but for the sake of the young ones I've borne it and said nothing. I've told him, though, what he might de-

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

pend on, and now the time's come; I won't stand it any longer, young ones or no young ones. I'll have a divorce, and if the neighbors want to blab themselves hoarse about it, they can; for I won't stand it another day."

"But what's the matter? Don't your husband provide for you? Don't he treat you kindly?" pursued the mayor.

"We get victuals enough, and I don't know but he's as true and kind as men in general, and he's never knocked any of us down. I wish he had; then I'd get him into jail, and know where he was of nights," replied the woman.

"Then what is your complaint against him?"

"Well, if you must know, he's one of them plaguey jiners."

"A what?"

"A jiner—one of them pesky fools that's always jining something. There can't nothing come along that's dark and sly and hidden but he jines it. If anybody should get up a society to burn his house down, he'd jine it just as soon as he could get in; and if he had to pay for it he'd go all the suddener. We hadn't been married more'n two months before he jined the Know Nothin's. We lived on a farm then, and every Saturday night he'd come tearing in before supper, grab a fistful of nut-cakes, and go off gnawing them, and that's the last I'd see of him till morning. And every other night he'd roll and tumble in his bed and holler in his sleep, 'Put none but Americans on guard—George Washington!' And rainy days he would go in the corn-barn and jab at a picture of King George with an old bay'net that was there. I ought to have put my foot down then, but he fooled me so

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

with his lies about the pope's going to make all the Yankee girls marry Irishmen, and to eat up all the babies that were not born with crosses on their foreheads, that I let him go on, and encouraged him in it.

"Then he jined the Masons. P'raps you know what them be, but I do n't, 'cept they think they are the same kind of critters that built Solomon's temple; and of all the nonsense and gab about worshipful master, and square and compasses, and sich like, that we had in the house for the next six months, you never see the beat. And he's never outgrewed it, nuther. What do you think of a man, squire, that'll dress himself in a white apron, 'bout big enough for a monkey's bib, and go marchin' up and down, and makin' motions, and talkin' foolish lingo at a picture of George Washington in a green jacket and an apron covered over with eyes and columns and other queer pictures? Ain't he a loony-tick? Well, that's my Sam, and I've stood it as long as I'm goin' to.

"The next lunge the old fool made was into the Odd Fellows. I made it warm for him when he came home and told me he'd jined them; but he kinder pacified me by telling me they have a sort of branch show that took in women, and he'd get me in as soon as he found how to do it. Well, one night he come home and said I'd been proposed, and somebody had blackballed me. Did it himself, of course. Did n't want me around knowing about his goings on. Of course he did n't, and I told him so.

"Then he jined the Knights of Pityus. Did n't say nothin' to me about it, but sneaked off one night, pretendin' he'd got to sit up with a sick Odd Fellow, and I'd never found it out, only he come home lookin' like a man who'd been through a thrashin'-machine, and

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

I would n't do a thing for him until he owned up. And so it's gone from bad to wus, jinin' this and that and t'other, till he's worship minister of the Masons, and goodness of hope of the Odd Fellows, and sword-swallower of the Finnegans, and virgin cerus of the Grange, and grand mogul of the Sons of Indolence, and two-edged tomahawk of the United Order of Red Men, and tale-bearer of the Merciful Manikins, and skipper of the Guild-Carataine Columbus, and big wizard of the Arabian Nights, and pledge passer of the Reform Club, and chief bugler of the Irish Mechanics, and purse-keeper of the Order of Canadian Conscience, and double-barreled dictator of the Knights of the Brass Circle, and standard-bearer of the Royal Archangels, and sublime porte of the Onion League, and chief butler of the Celestial Cherubs, and puissant potentate of the Petrified Pollywogs, and goodness only knows what else. I've borne it and borne it, hopin' he'd get 'em all jined after while, but 't ain't no use, and when he'd got into a new one, and been made grand guide of the Nights of Honor, I told him I'd quit—and I will."

"Well, your husband is pretty well initiated, that's a fact; but the court will hardly call that a good cause for divorce. The most of the societies you mention are composed of honorable men, with excellent reputations. Many of them, though called Lodges, are relief associations and mutual insurance companies, which, if your husband should die, would take care of you and would not see you suffer if you were sick."

"See me suffer when I'm sick! Take care of me when he's dead! Well, I guess not. I can take care of myself when he's dead, and if I can't, I can get another! There's plenty of 'em! And they need n't bother themselves when I am sick, either. If I want

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

to be sick and suffer, it's none of their business, especially after all the suffering I've had when I ain't sick, because of their carryin's on. And you need n't try to make me believe it's all right, either. I know what it is to live with a man that jines so many Lodges that he do n't never lodge at home."

"O, that's harmless amusement!" quietly remarked the lawyer.

She looked him square in the eyes, and said, "I believe you are a jiner yourself."

He admitted that he was to a certain extent, and she arose and said: "I would not have thought it. A man like you, teacher in a Sabbath-school—it's enough to make a woman take pisen! But I do n't want anything of you. I want a lawyer that do n't belong to nobody or nuthin'." And she bolted out of the office to hunt up a man that was n't a jiner.



NO CAUSE FOR WORRY

Proud father to his daughter: "Anna, has that young man declared his intentions to marry you yet?"

Daughter: "No, papa, dear; but there is no cause for worry, however."

Father: "How do you know there is not?"

Daughter: "Well, you know he is an Odd Fellow."

Father: "Well, I do n't think that has anything to do with his paying attention to you, has it?"

Daughter: "O yes, papa. Odd Fellows do not court young ladies like other young men."

Father: "O! Do n't they?"

Daughter: No. Odd Fellows are courting young ladies by degrees."

his life ;
So to terminate this unhallowed strife,
He consented at last to admit her.

The candidate begged them to let him go home,
'And the devil himself stood up in the east
As proud as an alderman at a feast,
When in came Mrs. Byrde.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

O, horrible sounds—O, horrible sight!—
Can it be that Pythians take such delight
In spending thus the hours of night?
Ah! could their wives and daughters know
The unutterable things they say and do
Their feminine hearts would burst with woe.

But this is not all my story;
For those Pythians joined in a hideous ring,
The candidate howling like everything,
And then in tones of death did sing

(The candidate's name was Morey):

"Blood to drink and bones to crack,
Skulls to smash and lives to take,
Hearts to crush and souls to burn,
Give old Morey another turn,

And make him all grim and gory."

Trembling with horror stood Mrs. Byrde,
Unable to speak a single word;
She staggered and fell in the nearest chair,
On the left of the old gray Prelate there,
And scarcely noticed, so loud the groans,
That the chair was made of human bones;
Of human bones! on grinning skulls
That ghastly throne of honor rolls;
Those skulls, the skulls that Pythians bore;
Those bones, the bones that Pythians wore;
The scalp across the top was flung,
Their teeth around the arms were strung;
Never in all romance was known
Such uses made of human bone.
The brimstone gleamed in lurid flame
Just like a place we will not name;
Good angels that inquiring came
From blissful courts looked on in shame,
And tearful melancholy.

The lost and ruined Morey's fate?
She saw him sink in fiery hole,
She heard him scream, "My soul! my soul!"

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

While roars of fiendish laughter roll
 To drown the yells of mercy.
The ridiculous woman could stand no more,
She fainted and fell on the checkered floor
 'Midst all the diabolical roar.
What then, you ask me, did befall
Mrs. Mehitable Byrde? Why, nothing at all,
She had dreamed she had been in a Pythian Hall.



ONE ON THE ELKS

"An Episcopal clergyman, who belongs to the Order of Elks," says a member of that Order, "attended a meeting the other evening. The chairman noticing his presence, said: 'I see our Rev. Brother — among us this evening. As this is such an unusual occurrence, I think he will have to be assessed five dollars.' The rector put his hand into his waistcoat pocket, and marching up to the desk, put down his little V and made a nice little speech, in which he told how glad he was to be with his Brother Elks, and ended by inviting them to come and hear him preach the next Sunday evening. Some one moved that the Elks accept the invitation and go in a body to their brother's church, which was unanimously carried. The next Sunday evening the front pews of the church were filled with Elks, and when Rev. Mr. — ascended the pulpit, he said: 'I am delighted to see so many of my Brother Elks here this evening, but as it is such an unusual occurrence with the most of them, I think they should be assessed one dollar. Let your light so shine,' etc. The plate was a caution. The contribution was much heavier than usual, and the Elks voted their reverend brother all right."

GOT HOME EARLY THAT NIGHT

There is one married man living who was badly frightened the other night. He sent a note to his wife about nine o'clock to say that his Lodge would hold a long session, and that he would not be at home until late. The messenger-boy, when he delivered the note to his wife, happened to mention that he had gone

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

to the wrong house and had been very wrathfully treated by a man for disturbing him. The wife read the note, which was on a scrap of paper. She thought a minute. Then she said to the messenger-boy:

"I'll give you a shilling if you will take the note back to my husband, and tell him that story, without saying that you came here at all."

The boy pocketed the money, and went back to the husband with the note. "Well, why do you bring this back?" he asked.

"Because they would n't take it. A man came to the door and told me if I didn't go away he would break my neck for me."

The husband did not stay out late that evening. On the contrary, he got home as fast as the underground train could take him. He looked suspiciously at his wife, and said:

"I sent a note; but the boy must have taken it to the wrong house." "I suppose so," said the wife, innocently. "I have n't got it."

The man was dying to find out if anybody had called, but he was afraid to ask.



THE SHRINER'S WIFE

"'T is Shrine night, dearest, do n't sit up,
I may be late, you see;
I hardly know what friends I'll meet,
And then I'll have my key."

"All right," she answered, with a smile;
Her words are always few.
But she suggested, ere I went,
That I take the keyhole too.

A GERMAN'S EXPERIENCE

WHILE BEING INITIATED IN THE WOODMEN OF THE WORLD

Vat it is I been against,
Dot makes me feel like dirty cents,
Or like I been troo barb vire fence?—
Why, Dot Voodmans.

Head Consul Fraser, he come along,
He saidt it vas, Ach! lodts auf fun,
Und I must come und make der run,
By Dot Voodmans.

Ten dollars I gif to see dot show,
I tinks I been a tam hobo,
But now I knows vat you do n't know,
By Dot Voodmans.

Dey dakes me in der hall von night,
Und by der "bull-pen" I goes insidt,
Ach, Himmel! I vas been a sight,
By Dot Voodmans.

Der room vas dark, mein heart it beat,
Some jay he steal mein trouser's seat,
Dey makes me go by mein barefeedt,
By Dot Voodmans.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

I feel afraid, I tremble mooch,
Und some von yell, "Rous mit der Dootch,"
Und den der band played "Ootchee Kootch,"
By Dot Voodmans.

Dey lead me up, dey lead me down,
Dey yank me by dot blace aroundt,
Until der Joseph vell vas found,
By Dot Voodmans.

Joseph vell is vot dey calls it dere,
Ach! It ain't so good like lager beer—
It makes mein eyes come full mit tears,
At Dot Voodmans.

Und den dey puts me on der hump
Auf one big goat, what goes bumpty bump,
Und makes me vish dot I vas drunk,
At Dot Voodmans.

Dey makes me ridet ten tousand miles—
And Hinkley led him over stiles,
Does hoboos laff, but I do n't smiles
At Dot Voodmans.

To ride von goat dot is nicht good,
I much brefer a load auf vood;
Dey heated me mein Yerman blood,
At Dot Voodmans.

Dot goat. Ach! He sure "vas it,"
He "size me oop," und had a fit,
I ride some more, I dink me nit,
At Dot Voodmans.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Head Consul Fraser, he yells oudt "Fire!"
I yumps ten feets, Hink says 'twas higher,
I dinks, Mein Gott! I vill oxbire,
At Dot Voodmans.

Und some "swine-aesel" mit ein hose,
Soaks me hardt, und vet mein clothes,
Und midt the vetness fills me nose,
At Dot Voodmans.

Und den I crossed der burning sands,
Vile "Hot Time" blays dot dinky bands,
It scorch mein feedt and burns mein hands,
At Dot Voodmans.

I vish I had mein vooden shoes,
It makes me tance der "Pass mah Loos,"
Und stagger like I vas full auf booze,
At Dot Voodmans.

Den by der baint-shop does hopoes dakes me,
Midt goats auf varnish does jayses baints me,
I dinks, Mein Gott! my frau vill shake me,
By Dot Voodmans.

Some udder dings dey do, also,
But dey vas segrets of der show,
If fun you vant, den Otto go,
By Dot Voodmans.

Now, Otto, I dinks you better "got next,"—
You're good for efery card in der decks,
Dey do n't bull your leg, dey fills your neck,
At Dot Voodmans.

A NEW ORDER

After mature deliberation and much thought (?), I have formulated a plan for a new Order—which seems to be demanded by a large number of society members—and I have decided to call it “The Order of the Royal Flush.” The principal feature will be *cheek*. That alone should be able to *face* any knotty problems. I have “set my heart” (and watch) on the movement, because of “the go” to all movements.

A few of the blessings which I intend (?) to bestow may be enumerated under the head of *Chances*, and are as follows:

The charter member in lieu of fee for joining, will be donated the amount, with compound interest added. (The expense of the institution of the Lodge to be paid by the organizers.) No officer is eligible unless he is a “man of means.” (The meaner the better.) The necessity of officers being in attendance is an antiquated idea which is enforced in all successful Orders, but will be entirely useless in “The Royal Flush.”

Meetings may be held at any time except when it rains, due notice of which shall be given at least one month in advance, and may be postponed at the request of any member.

The officers are self-appointed, and should any officer be able to answer correctly a single question, he or she will be immediately expelled, without the bother of a trial.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Any member who fails to find fault with the Order at each meeting will be considered insane, and should he forget to expatiate upon the merits of some other society to the disparagement of this, will be hung on reaching home.

No member will ever be called upon to pay one cent into the Order, but will speedily become rich. This is the secret, and is known only to the projector. (Patent applied for.)

Loud talking on the street, in open cars, and in all public places—if derogatory to the Order—will be sufficient cause for promotion. Should any officer, or member, be caught speaking well of the Order, he or she will be immediately committed to an insane asylum.

The ritual is all that could be desired, and each member is entitled to take from, add to, and change the phraseology to suit himself.

Special meetings may be called if anybody is willing to attend. The latest bits of scandal will be provided by the charitable committee, and innuendoes plentifully supplied.

Lodge-rooms will be fitted up with plenty of corners, so that each member may be sociable all by himself.

Benefits will be paid on receipt of physician's certificate affirming that the member is likely to die in the near future.

Any Subordinate, Grand, or Supreme Treasurer who shall hesitate to advance funds for payment of any and all claims will be considered "too mean to live."

"The Royal Flush" will be provided with a "kitty," which may be opened with two deuces.

I am only waiting until I "sell my dog," when the institution of the first Lodge will be announced. No

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

one applying for membership will be refused, provided "cold feet" may be cause for rejection by a two-thirds vote.

No member will hesitate to "stay in" unless he or she can get

A. WAY.



HE WAS IN IT

They built a fine temple at his very door—

He was n't in it;

They brought a scheme for relieving the poor—

He was n't in it.

Let them work for themselves as he had done.

They would n't ask help of any one

If they had n't wasted each golden minute—

He was n't in it.

So he passed the poor with a haughty tread—

He was n't in it;

And he scorned the good with averted head—

He was n't in it.

When men in the halls of Lodges met,

He saw their goodness without regret;

Too high the mark for him to win it—

He was n't in it.

A carriage crept down the street one day—

He was in it;

The funeral trappings made display—

He was in it.

St. Peter received him with book and bell:

"My friend, you have purchased a ticket to—well—

Your elevator goes down in a minute!"

He was in it.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Great men had entered at this door,
And never kicked or whined,
And took no notice of the fact,
When struck at from behind.

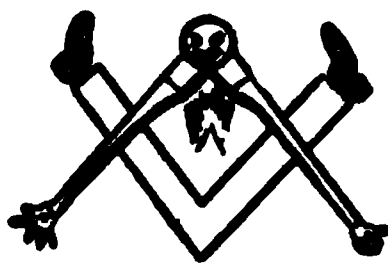
When he was hit, he drew up straight,
Tore from his face the blind,
And with a tragic yell inquired:
"Who hit me from behind?"

Said he: "Have you so far forgot
My mighty race and kind,
That you would touch a high-born N——,
And hit him from behind?"

'And straightway from the hall he strode,
And Elkdom then consigned
To where the imps of darkness dwell,
And prod one from behind.

'And so the Elks all o'er the land
Are of the self-same mind;
Regretful that N—— failed to get
Where all could whack behind.

But years will come and years will go,
And N—— will never find
'Another chance for Elks to hit
Him with a club behind.



THE CANDIDATE'S END OF IT

I was walking down street the other day, when I met an old friend of mine. The first thing he said to me was: "Now, my boy, I'm going to do you a favor. Have you got forty in your clothes?" Of course, not being a bank president, I always carry a hundred or so in my vest pocket; but I like to look over the collateral, so I said: "Well, I have n't just got it with me, but if you've got to have it, why, I guess I can dig it up." He looked sort of patronizingly at me, and said: "My boy, you're entirely too young to be touched. What I want to do is to put you up against the Nobility—they're running a straight game, and it only costs you forty to call." Here's where I got next to myself, and said I would take a hand, and we settled the preliminaries right there.

Well, the evening came around, and my old friend called me on the 'phone, and told me the game would commence in twenty minutes, and that, as the supply of coal at the Mosque had been a trifle shy, I could get in it. As I like to get a run for my money, and had forty in the pot, I made it a nickel more, and was there in ten-thirty-three.

I hardly got inside before a rug-seller came out and said things were n't coming his way. He looked like a fellow who didn't care whether "trouble's mighty easy found" or not; so the rest of the rug-sellers smoothed him down, and he went inside again. Finally

SETTLING THE PRELIMINARIES

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THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

one of the main guys came out and said the Grand Shayk was ready to look us over. We got inside, and everything seemed to be all right till the oldest inhabitant got the floor. He went along for awhile, saying a lot of pretty things I could n't remember, till all at once he slipped a bevel gear, and the place that knew us knew us no more. When I got awake I was bowing to the old gentleman, and everything seemed to be all off with him. I began to think about this time that I had got next to their play, when the rug-seller who tried to make a "rough house" when we first got there held fours against another rug-seller's straight flush. Talk about trouble! That's where I quit the game. I did n't want to count my chips, or cash 'em in, or anything; all I wanted was to get away, and I was in a hurry. But the Khedive did n't take it that way. He said they would look over the rules awhile, and we could think it over outside. Here's where my dear old friend hunted me up and wanted to know whether or not we had been playing straights, but I could not get interested. I guess the G. S. has played the game before—anyhow he had us brought in again, and said the two rug-sellers had agreed to divide the coin and say no more about it. I finally tumbled that it was up to me; so I did n't make a kick. Do I want my money back? Not in a thousand. Say! I've got two or three friends in the next class—they'll need a monument when I get through with them.

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE NILE

BY NOBLE NELSON WILLIAMS.

In the days of ancient Egypt, when Isis' praise was
sung,
When the Sphinx was in his cradle, and the Pyramids
were young,
When Moses was an infant, and inside his bark canoe
Was hiding in the bulrushes, and playing peek-a-boo;
When Joseph, who had laid aside his many colored
blouse,
Was raising corn in Egypt for some distilling house;
When Pharaoh was running things, and hoarding up
his pile,—
Then all the sons paid homage to the
Daughters of the Nile.

When Arab Sheiks in olden time traversed the barren
sands,
And Nubian deserts furnished no supply for their de-
mands;
When the little green oases were few and far between,
And a better drink than camel's milk was very seldom
seen;
When there was great tranquillity within the harem
walls,
And people never saw nor heard their neighbor's family
brawls;

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

When the swarthy sons of Egypt were free from lust
and guile,—

Then men paid some attention to the
Daughters of the Nile.

But finally there came a change in that far distant land,
The Arab folded up his tent, and left the burning sand;
He came to North America, across the rolling brine,
And founded here an order which he named the Mystic
Shrine.

He did the very best he could to give us something nice,
And thought he'd show the natives the "biggest thing
on ice;"

But he made an awful blunder, which he can't reconcile,
For he did n't make provision for the
Daughters of the Nile.

And now the Sphinx in sadness is weeping all alone,
And the Pyramids and Temples are crumbling stone
by stone;

Old Karnak is in ruins, and Thebes has passed away,
And dreary desolation has unrestricted sway.

The women sit in sackcloth and in ashes all the time,
While the men have skipped the country to enjoy some
other clime.

All Egypt is in mourning, and the Sphinx will never
smile,

Until we make provision for the
Daughters of the Nile.

How glorious and pleasing would the innovation be,
If the ladies could be "in it," to receive the Shrine
degree;

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

And how much jolly sport we 'd have, each Noble understands,
When the High Priest called us to assist in "laying on
of hands."
And how our Potentate would like to use his battery,
To give the girls a little shock of electricity!
In fact, we 'd *all* enjoy it, and every one would smile,
If we could but initiate the
Daughters of the Nile.

The nobles would be willing to admit the ladies free,
And pay their yearly dues besides, to have their company,
The Chief Rabban would limber up, again be young and spry,
The High Priest comb his ancient beard, and cock the other eye.
The Alchemist who never yet could either dance or sing,
Would lay aside his spectacles, and dance a highland fling.
The Inner Guard, with cheek so hard, would widen out that smile,
When he admitted to our tent the
Daughters of the Nile.

The Guide called Oriental, whom every one should know,
Would lead the girls a merry gait in the way that they should go.
He 'd swing them round the circle, and then up and down the middle,
While some one made the green fire fly, another played the fiddle.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

We 'd have to put some Nobles out, and keep them off
the roll;
For the girls would not be safe at all, if left in their
control;
And we would have to see to it that no one did beguile
From straightest paths of rectitude the
Daughters of the Nile.

With some one to manipulate the dreadful canvas chute,
And with our wise Astrologer to make the girls astute;
With fighting Arabs full of booze in specialistic rôles,
They ought to raise sufficient hell to test the timid souls.
And then the pious Allah, of course he will be there,
He will put some extra ruffles on the fairest of the fair;
And every one will join him, and we 'll go and take a
smile,
While they 're picking up the pieces of the
Daughters of the Nile.

And while the chanters chanteth, and of the Koran sing,
The Potentate will teach them how to wear his signet
ring;
And while they bow in silence upon their hands and face,
A Noble will be hunting for the best impression place;
And if he chance to find it, it will his soul inspire,
And his deuced old torpedo will never more miss fire.
All this will surely happen in the most approved style,
Whenever we initiate
The Daughters of the Nile.

McKICKEN SWEARS AT THE GOAT AND NEARLY LOSES HIS LIFE IN CONSEQUENCE

Special by Mimeograph to THE LODGE GOAT.

CORK, IRELAND, June 31, 1902.

The Shillalah Council of Princes of the Orient, or, as it is called in this country, Irish Arabs, meet this evening at the rise of the moon. Patrick Kilkenny, Michael Muldoon, and Jerry McKicken were in waiting to join the Order. I will only detail the imitation of Jerry McKicken, who nearly lost his life by swearing at the goat:

Promptly at the appointed hour the Grand Pa Di Shah called the meeting to order, and the first two of the gentlemen were introduced and placed upon the goat in quick succession. Jerry was then introduced, and placed on the goat in the manner proscribed by the faithful.

Grand Pa Di Shah, O'Cluberty, then arose, and addressed him as follows:

"Misther McKicken, I hev many toimes in me loife seen dom fools, but it is yerself roight now that I do be thinken, looks loike the biggest dom fool that I iver clapped me optics onter, you—"

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"'T is not the loikes of yer that kin call me mother's son a dom fool and live another hour," said McKicken.

And with that he started to get off the goat. The goat began to show signs of uneasiness, and Jerry began to upbraid the creature. The G. A. P. had

JERRY WAS THEN INTRODUCED

Jerry fast by a rope around his neck, and he commanded Mr. McKicken to shut his face and say no more. Here Jerry made an awful effort to dismount, and the goat started to run for McCluberty. He struck Mr. Clubberty squarely between the umbericus and the watch pocket, upsetting that gentleman, and while the poor man was coming down, the goat got in another three-bagger on the bosom of his pants.

All the while the G. A. P., who was knocked down and disarmed in the excitement, held fast to the rope around McKicken's neck, which was jerked three joints

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

longer in the action. Mr. McClubberty arose and looked like he regretted something which it was too late to recall. He went to his throne, and sitting down



THE GOAT GOT IN ANOTHER THREE-BAGGER

cautiously and wincing like pins were on the seat, he declared the meeting over, and McKicken was elected.

Yours,

O'Donovan Murphy,
Grand Scribe.



MUSKOVITE

I want to be a Muskovite
And with the Musk'vites stand,
A fez upon my forehead
And a bazoo in my hand.
But when I am a Muskovite,
It makes my eyes grow dim,
To think of the fellow who'll come after me
And the fun I'll have with him.

Abraham being old and having had some peculiar matrimonial trials and tribulations, sendeth his old servant to hunt a proper wife for Isaac.

Do you mind when good El'ezar,
At the bidding of his master,
Mounted on a hump-backed camel,
Started forth to find a maiden
Who was anxious to be married
And was willing to be carried
On a shuffling dromedary,
Far away?
How he jolted o'er the desert,
Up and down the rugged hillside,
Clinging to the reeling saddle
Of the brute that onward bore him!
There were lots of maids unmarried,
Who were willing to be carried
On a camel, or to hoof it
Any day.

The old servant soliloquizeth, and layeth his plans as he journeyeth on.

Thus thought faithful El'ezar,
And his toothless jaws did chatter
As the big beast sprawled and stumbled,

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

And the sun grew hotter and hotter:

“How in time am I to know who
Of the maids I meet will best do
For the mother of the nations
Yet unborn?

I will linger by the well-side,
Where the damsels come for water
And of future hopes to chatter;
There I ’ll listen to their gabble;
Sure I ’ll easy pick some daisy,
Who for wedded life is crazy,
That in single blessedness is
Still forlorn.”

He proposeth an extreme test, which only the most
amiable of women would accede to.

“I will beg a drink of water,
Which I wish I had this minute,
For the wine is hot as Tophet,
And the sacks begin to sizzle.
If she says to me, ‘Drink hearty,
Camels, dogs, and all your party,’
I will know she has been chosen
Bride for Ike.”

Then they jogged along to Nahor,
In the land of Mes’potamia,
As the sun was getting weary
With the hard work it had done.
There they helped him down from humpy,
For he felt all sore and dumpy,
And so would any man that
Rode the like.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

The radiant Rebekah came forth to draw water.
Her appearance pleaseth the venerable ambassador.

Soon a blithesome maid came singing,
With a churn upon her shoulder,
'And her bare feet wet and rosy,
As she wellward took her way.
Then El'ezar cleared his throat out,
Straightened arms and legs and gown out,
And proceedeth to interrogate
The maid.

"Prythee, damsel, will you please to
Give me just a sip of water,
For my throat is full of mud?"
"Surely, stranger, I will fill you,
If you think the stuff won't kill you,
And the hump-backed things that bore you."
'T was a trade.

The old Envoy Extraordinary practiceth his arts of
diplomacy upon her with some success.

Then the old man tapped his gripsack,
Brought forth divers golden gewgaws,
And the maiden richly earned them,
Filling up the hollow brutes;
For a camel drinks forever,
And in all the earth there never
Was a jolly maiden cursed with
Such a task.

Then El'ezar talked of supper,
Talked of fodder for his camels,
'And a place wherein to lodge them,
For the night was coming on.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Then the maiden wet and trembling,
But her inmost thoughts dissembling,
Said, "You 'd better come to our house,
Since you ask."

Rebekah and El'ezar put up a surprise party on
Bethuel. The street parade was formed.

Then the old men and the young men
And the water-laden camels—
Camels to the muzzle loaded
With the water from the well—
Started quick to find the stable,
And the supper-laden table,
While Rebekah, with her churn,
Led the van.

Then came forth the maiden's brother,
Seeking tidings of Rebekah,
Knowing not that she had taken
Such a contract at the well.
On the way he chanced to meet them
Flew with eager joy to greet them,
Then, to get all things in order,
Homeward ran.

Bethuel, in excellent good humor, receives them, and
listens to the old man's story, while the servants are
preparing the veal and goat-flesh.

Now came forth the aged Bethuel,
Came to look upon the circus,
On the waterlogged and bloated
Dromedaries that they rode.
Then down clambered old El'ezar,—

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Not too quick; for, gracious Cæsar!
It's a ticklish thing to do this
Climbing down.
At the supper-table seated
The old servant told his errand;
Told them he was out a gunning
Under orders from his master;
That he found Rebekah very
Handy round a dromedary,
And at housework he'd no doubt she'd
Do it brown.

Rebekah is not consulted, but the match is made
just the same.

"Take the damsel," said the mother;
Said the father, "Take the maiden;"
And her brother Laban shouted,
"You are welcome to the maid."
So they ate and drank and gabbled;
Of great wealth El'ezar babbled,
And, when full as ticks, they wabbled
To their bunks.

On the morrow ten huge camels,
Like a range of barren mountains,
Stood and chewed their cuds in silence
At Bethuel's open door.
While within, with rush and bustle,
Things were packed, and with a hustle,
'Bekah galloped down her fodder
In great hunks.

Having secured the prize, the caravan journeyeth
homeward. Isaac and Rebekah meet.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Through the doorway then they led her,
Forth forever from her childhood home,
From her father and her mother,
And the scenes of her sweet girlhood;
Flown forever happy childhood,
Free from care as birds in
wildwood;
Life's stern duties lay before her
Aught but merry.
Happy was the faithful
servant
As he led them back from
Canaan;
Back across the plains and
hilltops
To the land of his kind master.
Isaac in the field was roaming;
In the early evening gloaming
Comes El'ezar with Rebekah,—
Whoa, Dromedary!



AFTER THE FESTIVITES

Rebekah.—“What do you think of Isaac, Rachel?”
Rachel.—“He seems to be a very agreeable young man.”
Rebekah.—“Well, I did n't like him a little bit.”
Rachel.—“Why not?”
Rebekah.—“Why, we stood under the mistletoe together for full five minutes this evening, and he did n't—well, he did n't, that's all.”

A "GENIUS" IS HE

BY GEORGE H. HEBARD.

A Man who Turns Out "Secret" Society Rituals by the
Ton—Doubtless to this Source may be traced
the Numerous Mushroom Orders that
are springing up so rapidly.

As we were going down Main Street the other day
our attention was caught by a little tin sign, which gave
the following announcement:

AMOS PATTERSON,
DEALER IN SECRET FRATERNITIES.
RITUALS MADE TO ORDER.
LODGES INSTRUCTED.

My companion and I involuntarily looked at each
other.

"Here, at last, is something new under the sun,"
I said.

"More likely it is the habitation of some escaped
lunatic," replied my friend.

"At all events, let us go in and see what manner
of man he is, and whether perchance there is any
method in his madness."

We clambered to the fifth story of the building as
advised by constantly-recurring pieces of cardboard
nailed to the stairs, and found the door of his room.
In response to our rap, an old gentleman appeared.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

He looked at us over the top of a pair of gold-bowed spectacles with an expression of interrogation.

"Mr. Patterson?" we queried.

"Yes, sir; will you walk in?" and without more ado he ushered us into a cozy little room fitted up as an office, and gave us seats. He had evidently been writing when we interrupted his occupation, and the ink was not dry on the last sheet on his desk.

"Is it true, sir, that you deal in secret fraternities?" I asked; "and is n't it a new kind of business?"

"Well, sir, to speak more correctly, I do not deal exactly in fraternities, inasmuch as a fraternity consists more particularly of its members. But I do sell the prospectuses of new Orders, with plans of secret work, together with all the minutia of nomenclature, symbols, signs, grips, and so on. As to the last part of your question, I suppose I am the pioneer in this new line of work."

"Do you mean to say that you keep on hand written descriptions of new organizations, with detailed accounts of the various ceremonies, to put on the market?"

Mr. Patterson smiled as he nodded assent. "I keep a few, all written out, ready for instant use; but the main part of my work is done to order."

We glanced at a row of pigeon-holes in the upper part of his desk, which were filled with papers. They were labeled with phrases like these: "Independent Order Knights of the Pestle," "Ancient Guild of Mariners," "The Cycler's Circle," "The Favored Few," "Chinese Chapter of Hung Hi."

"Might we look at one of your fraternity rituals?" we asked.

"O dear, no! If you think for a moment, you will

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

see that it will never do. If I were to sell the fraternity afterwards which I allowed you to look at, the secrets would be given away at the very start. In fact, whenever I expose one to the view of a prospective buyer, if by any means the trade should fall through, the entire work has to be thrown away."

"But how, then, can we judge what you can do? We would like to know a little more about it, so that we might write it up for our paper. If you could give us a little light as to your methods, it would help us to fill a little space in our paper, and give you the benefit of the advertisement."

"Perhaps we might arrive at such a result in another way. We will suppose you two gentlemen to be in search of a plan of organization for use in a high school or college. The first thing we do is to select something for the groundwork upon which the society is to be built. Suppose, for instance, we take an idea from some study pursued by the students, say arithmetic. We then decide on a name. We call it the Arithmetical Association of Intimate Integers. At first blush there seems very little to work up in the way of initiation and few symbols for suggesting lessons of mortality, but we shall find plenty of chances as we go along. We give the officers names derived from general terms used in the science. The Lodge is called a Multiplicand, and the chief officer 'Most Munificent Multiplier.' The secretary becomes the 'Enumerator,' and the treasurer the 'Dividend,' and so on down the scale. Having once decided on the name, it becomes an easy thing to write the ritual up to them. Let us begin with the presence of the candidate at the door of the Lodge-room. One rap is given, followed by a dialogue something like this:

" 'Brother Common Denominator, why this alarm?'

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

“ ‘An insignificant Cipher who, feeling his uselessness by himself, seeks potentiality by joining this Most Ancient Association of Intimate Integers.’

“ ‘The Most Munificent Multiplier wishes to know what good a mere Cipher can be to the other integers of his Multiplicand, since he is of no value to himself.’

“ ‘By association with them he is sure he can add tenfold to their power.’

“ ‘It is well. By order of the Most Munificent Multiplier, you will allow him to enter this Multiplicand and receive the Degree of Addition.’

“ ‘The candidate is led into the hall and placed between two parallel rows of members.

“ ‘You are received into this Multiplicand between two horizontal parallel lines, which is the sign of equity, and should ever remind you that whatever the value of an integer may be elsewhere, they will always meet here on the plan of equity. This therefore [holding his arms parallel before him] is the sign of membership in our Order.’

“ ‘The candidate is then duly sworn to secrecy by nine integers, after which he is duly pronounced a member and invested with a badge on which is printed a large figure 1.

“ ‘You will hereafter wear the badge “number one,” which, being the lowest in value of all Integers, is to denote your position in this Multiplicand as the least of its members, and will teach you true humility and appropriate dependence. The sign of this degree is made by holding the index fingers at right angles across each other, forming the cross with equal sides, which is the sign of addition, and signifies that there is much knowledge yet to be added to the little we have already imparted. As a true Brother of this de-

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gree you will always welcome such additions whenever and wherever there occurs an opportunity to make them.'

"The newly-made integer is then conducted to the chair of the Most Munificent Multiplier, who gives him a short lecture. This deals with the ancient origin of the Order, which he proceeds to prove by dates when integers were known to be in use in Persia and Arabia, centuries before the time of any known cult or fraternity, clearly demonstrating that the Order of Intimate Integers is the oldest in the world. He also informs him that, although the figure 1 is the lowest of all integers, it is still vested with glories of its own.

" 'It is a symbol of unity, and, therefore, of perfection. It is also the only figure which the truly loyal mind associates with his highest social, political, or religious thoughts; for we acknowledge allegiance to but one wife, one country, and one God.'

"He then instructs the Brother how to enter a Multiplicand:

" 'Standing erect as a figure 1, saluting the Most Munificent Multiplier with the sign of the Degree of Addition, which is responded to on the part of the presiding officer with the sign of equity.

" 'Should you desire to test a person whom you have an idea belongs to this Order, you will hold the forefinger of your right hand over the ridge of the nose, to which the person tested, if he be a Brother, will respond by placing the first and second fingers of the left hand on each side of the nose. He will then advance, and holding out his right hand, exclaim, 'Are you an integer?' You will reply, 'I am one,' as you shake hands, and he will say, 'I am two.'

"The Brother is then taken to the Enumerator, who

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

makes a record of the initiation, and causes the Brother to sign the roll of membership.

"Of course this is only a rough sketch or outline of an initiation," said Mr. Patterson, "and would be greatly modified after I had time to give the matter the reflection it should have. And it refers to only the Degree of Addition, which, of course, would be followed by those of Subtraction, Multiplication, and Division. The jewels worn by the officers would be made from a combination of the degree signs and Roman numerals."

We were exceedingly interested in the draft made thus extemporaneously, which showed the method of Mr. Patterson's work.

"And do you have many orders?" we asked.

"I get them as fast as I can figure out the details, which require some time to perfect, so that I can only turn out about two good rituals per month. And you have no idea how Orders are increasing in this country. During the time of societies gotten up for financial gain, in which you could invest a hundred dollars and pull out two, they sprung up like mushrooms in a night—I set afloat several of these myself. Even now, while the growth is normal and healthy, they are increasing fast.

"Besides furnishing rituals for many of these, I am also revising some of the work in the old societies. Some of this was written by men not well educated, and abounds in redundancies and bad grammar. Besides, they did not lay hold of the many opportunities afforded, and overlooked the grandest chances for dramatic situations in their floor work. Some of these I can improve. So between rituals for new societies

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and revisions of old ones, I have on hand already orders enough to last me six months."

Mr. Patterson here rose from his chair, and, taking the movement as a slight hint that we were dismissed, we thanked him for his courtesies, and departed.



THE CANDIDATE'S HYMN

I want to be a Shriner,
And with the Shriners stand,
A fez upon my forehead,
And a bazoo in my hand.

But what is worrying me the most
Is that, before I join that band,
I'll have to meet the festive javelin,
And cross the burning sand.

But when I am a Shriner,
It makes my eyes grow dim
To think of the fellow who'll come after me,
And the fun I'll have with him.

And when he wants to be a Shriner,
I'll certainly encourage the whim,
I'll buckle on my battle-ax and carving-knife,
Sa-a-ay! I won't do a thing to him!

AFTER THE LODGE

By J. A. McHENRY.

A humbled Brother crawled off to his home,
Riled with his temper, sore ev'ry bone.
Why was he aching? Why so forlorn?

Where had he tarried? What had he done?
He was a "joiner" long years ago;
Thought that he knew, son, all that we know.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

List to my telling, I'll not dodge,
We broke his pride down—up at
the Lodge.

CHORUS.

After the Lodge is over,
After the goat is rid,
After the Brother's greeted,
After the thing is did;
Many a bone is aching,
If you do n't like to dodge,
Many a pride has vanished,
After the Lodge.

No lights were burning, dark was
the Lodge-room,
Squeaky was the music playing no
tune;
Then came a sucker, fresh from
the tide,
Seeking to enter portals so wide,
When he had advanced, son, there
stood a fiend
Hissing forth venom, mortals
ne'er dreamed,
Seized was the man, son, he could
not dodge,
Hot was it for him till after the
Lodge.

Long years may come, son, I have
no doubt;
True to his pledge, though, he will
hold out.

"After the Lodge is over"

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

He will heal up, son, just good as new,
Lay for some other, bring him in, too.
And Lodges thus, son, grow and wax strong;
Catching each good one out of the throng.
That 's why there 's soreness we ne'er would dodge,
And ne'er go home after the Lodge.



AN IRISHMAN'S VIEW OF IT

An Irishman, having become favorably impressed with the Knights of Pythias from learning of the manner in which a Lodge had taken care of a sick member, thus expresses his opinion of the Order:

"Gintlemin, ye who are not afther bein' Knights of Pythias know not what ye miss. I could n't begin to tell yees half the privileges appurtainin' to a membership in this society, but Oi 'll thry and tell yees a few. First, when yees are sick, it 'll not be pertaters and tay yees 'll be gettin', but foine cuts of roast bafe and lashins of best whisky. Next, yees are dead, and yees 'll have such a foine funeral that the folks on the sidewalk 'll be afther askin', wid their eyes stickin' out loike lobster's, 'Sure, who 's in the coffin?' An' whin yees are buried, we 'll take such exceedin' good care of your woives an' children that they 'll all be rejoicin' greatly because they 're widdies and orphans. Thin, again, they say it 's a divil of a long walk between drinks over yonder, but if ye ain't a Knight, and ye happen to have a little o' that brown taste in the upper crest of yoir mouth, an' mate a Knight, ye gives him the hot hand, an' the thing is done. The throuble is, yees do n't know just what 's yoir missin'. Join the Knights, and let 's take another on the memory of our 'Sainted Patrick."

THE CANDIDATE PROVIDES THE GOAT

A rather laughable incident occurred at one of the suburban Lodges. A gentleman asked the W. M. of said Lodge to propose him as a candidate, and wished to know if they required a goat at the ceremony, the reply being, "Of course we do." The gentleman kindly offered to send one, so as to save the Lodge the expense. Nothing more seems to have been thought of the occurrence; but, sure enough, when the Brethren were assembling, the present came in the shape of a splendid specimen of a billy-goat, requiring two stalwart individuals to bring the stubborn animal, who was possessed of a fine pair of horns, and was evidently of good bucking capacity. The question now arises, what to do with the goat? The presentation was gracefully conceived, well carried out, duly appreciated, and its appropriateness can only be understood by those who have been properly initiated.

WE 'LL MEET THEM

A LADY'S IDEA OF THE K. P.'S.

A K. P.'s life is one that 's free—
(Not a life of boards and sticks)—
But out at night, enjoying a spree,
And playing astonishing tricks,
While the shes at home are waiting,
Ne'er dreaming it all a dodge,
But thinking the sad belating
Is caused by "work at Lodge."

They say they're all on a level,
The Knights of Pythias fair,
But they raise the very —
While congregated there.

If a married man is tired of home,
If he at night would dodge,
And from his life companion roam,
The wretch will join a Lodge,
His easiest way to escape awhile
From the tongue of the darling she,
Is to seek the aid of a K. P. friend
And join the Knights of P.

Some women do n't like the Pythians,
Do n't believe in them at all, at all,
From the outer guard at the entrance
To the chancellor near the wall.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Lodge meetings are but covers
To hide some sinful call;
Look out when mates and lovers,
Have "business at Castle Hall."

Now, whatever the K. P.'s secret,
Be it a fetich, goat, or ram;
Be their Order good or evil,
Worth a blessing or a —— psalm,
Let them keep it snug and cozy;
Let them worship (in a horn);
Let them be sedate and prosy;
But, as sure as they are born—

We'll yet meet them on their level,
Those Knights of Pythias fair;
For at some Lodge held in revel,
The women will be there.

Then woe betide the sinner
Who spreads it in the east!
The west—he will be thinner,
Though he may be fat—the beast;
And all their grand regalia—
Red collar, shields, and jewels—
We'll seize upon as plunder,
For women all ain't fools.

Though they are n't upon the level
With the Knights of Pythias fair,
Still they all can raise the ——
If they get a chance that's fair.

NEW EXPLANATION OF THE LETTER "G"

Some years ago a flashily-dressed individual made his appearance in the anteroom at the Masonic Temple in Boston, and intimated his desire to visit the Lodge then in session. It so happened that a well-known

Brother was sitting near the door chatting with the Tyler and keeping his weather eye open for impostors. He greeted the newcomer cordially, and invited him to a seat until a committee should come out and examine him.

"O, it's no matter about that; I'm all right," said the applicant, making sundry strange passes with his hands and curious contortions of his visage.

"O, yes," said the Brother, "I've no doubt of that, but I think they always examine strangers who desire to visit the Lodge. It's a mere matter of form, you know."

"Well, I'm ready for 'em," said the visitor, confidently.

"Certainly," said the watchful Brother, "you're all right. I should know that at a glance. By the way, that's a very handsome breastpin you have on," examining with interest a huge gilt letter "G," which the visitor had conspicuously displayed on his shirt bosom.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"Ya-as. That's a Masonic pin," replied the wearer.

"Indeed? Letter G? Well, now, what does that mean?"

"Letter G! Why, that stands for Gerusalem—a sorter headquarters for us Masons, you know."

Needless to add that the committee, which presently made its appearance, soon advised the visitor "to get up and git."

✻ ✻ ✻

MULCAHY'S GOAT ASSESSED

Among our real-estate assessors a year or two ago was one named Dennis McElhenny. On his rounds he came to the habitation of his friend, Michael Mulcahy.

"Good mornin', Michael," said McElhenny.

"Good mornin', Dennis," returned Mulcahy.

"It's assessin' this mornin' I am, Mike," said the official.

"Then be aisy wid me, Dennis."

"I'll be aisy, Mike. I'll put yez down fer tin dollars a fut! That will be—t'irty times tin is t'ree hundred for the lot, and twinty for the goat."

"Phwat!" cried Mulcahy.

"T'ree hundred for the lot, and twinty for the goat."

"The goat's not real estate."

"It is under the new law."

"Go way wid yez."

"I can prove it to yez," said the assessor, drawing out his instructions. "Rade that, will yez? 'Assiss at its proper valuation all property aboundin' and abuttin' on both sides of the strate.' Many's the time I've seen your goat a-boundin' and a-buttin' on both sides of the strate. Twinty dollars for the goat, Mike."

RUTH AND BOAZ

Boaz: "Reckon 't won't be long, Ruth, 'fo' you'll be a-lookin' round' for a husban'?"

Ruth: "Yes, de barley am 'bout gittin' ripe, Boaz."

THAT GOAT

BY P. C. YOUNG.

"Dear wife, I join the Lodge to-night,
I've made my will, no debts to pay.
Alas! you startle, pale with fright!
Have hope and for my safety pray."

What dire forebodings wring her heart!
She checks the tears which strive to flow.
In dread she sees her lord depart,
Will he come back? Ah! who can know?

Far past the midnight hour and vain,
In grief she waits for his return;
With careworn face against the pane,
To guide him home her lamp does burn.

(In the Lodge-room.)

With nervous tension pacing round,
The trembling candidate does wait.
Athirst for blood the goat does bound,
To prove his valor or his fate.

To weird enchantment now he yields,
Midst scenes he never saw before.
Are these eternities' sweet fields?
And wife and child I'll meet no more?

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

From both great nostrils of the goat
Two living flames of fire arise,
Like famous Ætna, far remote,
Her blazes hurling to the skies.

And all the light this world has seen
Is but as darkness to his eyes;
With tail like comet's trail serene,
His cloven foot with Satan's vies.

And, thick as quills of porcupine,
Rise from his body spikes of steel;
Far more than Carthage did design,
The captive Regulus to feel.

The curtain falls; I dare not tell
The doings woven with these hours,
The vows, the signs, the groans, the knell,
Have sealed my speech, surpass my powers.

(His Return.)

The night is blending with the day,
And watches still his patient wife,
As home he's borne in sad array.
He moves! She hails returning life.

He speaks! "The joys that now I know,
Are worth ten thousand times their cost;
For this sweet hour I'd undergo
The goat's assault, though life were lost."

HE HAD THE PASSWORD

Speaking of "passwords," the *New York Herald* tells a good one on a Farmers' Alliance man in the following words:

"This happened in a little town in Southern Illinois not many weeks ago. It is a section where the Farmers' Alliance is strong, and a Lodge of that organization exists in the town. There is only one Lodge-room in the town, and Tuesday night it is occupied by the Knights of Pythias. The president of the Sub-alliance came to town on Tuesday night. He had visited the town Alliance, and, when he saw the lights in the Lodge-room, concluded that he would go over and see the Brethren. He gave the proper knock at the door. The wicket was raised, and an ear was placed at it to hear the password. 'I plow, I rake,' whispered the Alliance man. The ear was replaced by an eye, and in turn gave place to a mouth, which whispered in reply, 'The h—ll you do!' and the wicket closed with a bang. The farmer shortly afterward met a Brother, to whom he told his tale of woe. 'Why, dad blame it,' was the sharp comment of the Brother, 'them's Knights of Pythias, and you've given 'em our password.' 'Dogged if I hain't,' was the response, but—brightening up—'durn 'em, I've got theirs,'"

A notice was sent out by Aleppo to the faithful for a meeting recently. It was a handsomely-illustrated edition, and the Recorder gave the following points for novices :

Whatever happens, have no fear for those you leave behind. They shall not want.

It is customary for novices to wear red woolen socks; the redder and woolier the better. This prevents chilblains and colic.

Novices will remember that Nobles of the Mystic Shrine are bound by oath to always speak the truth. Therefore, begin to practice the virtue beforehand, that you may not be caught napping.

Any man who has a good strong grip, that will bear his weight, will have no trouble in holding on to the rope. A little practice beforehand is useful.

If you feel like getting even with some one, remember that you can bring in a victim at our next ceremonial session, and he won't know how you felt until afterwards.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Do n't stir up the director too hard. Remember Balaam.

Do n't ask a Shriner for an affidavit. If he tells you anything, it goes.

Do n't get mad, else we may be compelled to cool off your ardor by the ice-water-plunge route, which is against our wishes and better judgment at this season.

Do n't wear a lugubrious countenance. Time is precious, and we may have to lose some in taking it away from you.

Do n't think that because we celebrate the memory of a dead hero of a deader past we are unmindful of the living. You 'll see!

And, above all, do n't forget there may be trouble. Fortify yourself by leaving at home your gun and bad temper. Then, if you are looking for amusement, you will surely get it! Remember that the Koran says in six different Soorahs: "He that looketh for trouble will get it in the neck before the sun

All of our implements of torture have been repaired, renovated, and silver-plated, and are guaranteed to work smooth. A word of advice. Do not believe what evil-minded designing people may tell you about Shriners, because every great movement for the moral elevation of mankind has always had its traducers. The greatest and best of men who have been elevated far above their fellows have often been assailed and assailed with unpleasant things said about them. Even the devout pilgrim who traverses the hot sands of the desert, and endures the burning rays of the vertical sun, is sometimes set upon and maltreated. Hence that noble

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

and self-sacrificing band who compose the Nobility of the Mystic Shrine can not hope to escape the forked tongue of malice and envy; but be of good cheer, for a great many men have traversed the hot sands before you, and a great many more will come after you; and while you may not know how those who preceded you took it, yet you will have the satisfaction of getting in your work on those who follow you. Anything you want to know that is not mentioned herein, write the Recorder; he is supposed to know everything you do n't know.

Ere you face trouble in the
Shrine,
And try to tempt the fates,
Remember to look down in
time,
To see that your socks are
mates.

If you wish to slide with ease,
Place your elbows under your knees;
Grasp the rope both firm and tight,
And, presto! Change! You're out of sight.

Say to your wife:

"'T is Shrine night, dearest, do n't sit up.
I may be late, you see;
I hardly know what friends I'll meet,
And, then, I have my key."

"All right," she will answer, with a smile,
Her words are always few;
But she will suggest, ere you go,
That you "take the keyhole, too."

TIMMY JOINS THE LODGE

Well, Katy, at last I 'm a mimber
Of the Lodge I wanted to jine;
I know iv'ry one of their saycrets—
The nasheashun, I tell ye, was foine.
The first time I wint, ye remember,
I came home in a terrible plight,
Vowing vingeance 'gainst iv'ry Lodge member
Who used me so badly that night.

But the boys came round an' they tould me
Them tricks was only for jokes,
An' I 'd have a chance to get aven,
Helping play them on some other folks.
So I went to another mating,
An' they met me so kind at the door,
An' did n't misuse me an' fool me
In the manner they used me before.

They marched me around to the altar,
Where all of the mimbers could see,
'An' a man with a foine robe said loudly,
"Give your name and repate after me."
I spoke up very plain an' distinctly,
"Give your name and repate after me."
Though I noticed the mimbers all schmilng,
Divil a bit of fun could I see.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"Give your name and repate after me, sir,"
Said the man, and he shtamped on the floor,
An' quickly I answered as loudly,
"Bejabbers, I said that before."
Then he read me the rist of the pledges,
Which I niver will dare to repate;
For they told me the one who proved traitor
Would meet with a terrible fate.

'An' they give me the signs an' the passwords,
I do n't remimber what some were about;
But one was "Distress"—if in trouble
The mimbers will soon bail me out.
An' now that I'm made a full mimber,
Ye naid n't stay up after ten,
For when I'm out till the morning
Ye may know to the matin' I've been.



WRONG FLAVOR

'After the goat had been ridden and all the paces gone through by the aspirants for a standing in the society, refreshments were served. The affair was informal—so informal, in fact, that one of the men who acted as a waiter was smoking a pipe while he served. While this waiter was bringing a dish of ice-cream to a member with "Jim" for a handle, some of the ashes from his pipe fell into the ice-cream. Jim called the waiter back.

"Didn't you get the right flavor?" asked the waiter.

"Well," said Jim, "I asked for vanilla, but this tastes more like Old Honesty."

THREE MONTHS—THE PARTING SIGN

He was a bearded man, and his breath was redolent with cloves and gin. Once upon a time he had endeavored to train his hair into a pompadour, and partially succeeded; but only partially, for one-half stood up like undying Truth, while the rest pointed in all directions of the marine compass. He wore a winning smile, and evidently intended to captivate His Honor with a glance. But His Honor wasn't to be captivated, and the prisoner soon found it out.

Then he started off on a new tack. Laying down his hat softly, he slowly elevated his right hand to his ear and bowed three times, solemnly. Then he laid his left hand on his stomach and his right hand on his head, and began working them circularly.

His Honor put on his glasses, and looked down solemnly at the prisoner. That individual stepped back-

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ward three paces, three more to the left, and back again, describing a triangle. In a low voice he whispered:

"Brother, do you recognize the hailing sign?"

His Honor nodded, and turned over a leaf on the docket. The man at the bar then tapped his forehead three times, and elevated his arm over his head, saying:

"The signal of distress, Brother?"

The court merely bowed.

"It will be all right, then?" cheerily asked the prisoner. "I suppose I can go. And say, Brother, can't you advance a Brother fifty cents to relieve his immediate necessities?"

His Honor took off his glasses, and said: "I recognize your signals, but I can not for the life of me recollect the Order. So many, you know."

"I am surprised, Brother, greatly surprised," remarked the prisoner. "I never knew a candidate who forgot his initiation into the United Order of Benevolent Sons of Good Fellowship of the Temple of Solomon," and he gave the hailing sign with embellishment.

"Ah, yes; I had it mixed up with the Ancient Order of Old Billygoats," exclaimed His Honor. "Do you recognize this sign, Brother?" and he dipped his pen in the red ink and held it up.

"It is n't in the ritual, is it?" asked the prisoner, as he rubbed his head.

"It means that the court has dropped on your little racket," sternly replied His Honor. Then picking up a blotter, he waved it in a circle, and said, "Does this sign seem familiar to you?"

"Do n't recollect it," meekly responded the accused.

"Well, as I interpret it, it means that you get three months. Now give the parting sign to the Most Worthy Tyler and Master of the Guard at the door, and pass

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

down," and His Honor waved his pen and blotter together, and the belated society man was hustled downstairs.

There he told the officer that the villain upstairs would be assassinated by the avenging angel of the U. O. of B. S. of G. F. of the T. of S., assisted by the gory-handed destroyer of the Brotherhood of the Sons of F



REFLECTIONS

Tune: "The Old Oaken Bucket."

How dear to my heart are the thoughts of that quarrel;

What fond recollections come now to my view!

How, standing, I ate for weeks after feeling

The hump of the camel so nice and so new.

The hump of that camel, that broken-backed camel;

It hurts every time that I sit, even now;

Never mind, I'll wait, with others I'll get even,

They'll know how it feels when they make the grand
bow.

They pasted him and basted him,
He would not yield an inch ;
They roasted him and toasted him,
And still he did not flinch.
They rode him on a camel's hump
For many a weary mile ;
On red-hot plates they made him jump ;
He did it with a smile.

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Within a molten sea of lead
They made this tyro swim;
Upon a bed of nettles spread,
They slowly tortured him.
They brought him face to face with death
Upon a chasm's brink;
Yet tho' he felt that icy breath,
He did n't even shrink.

But lo! Behold! Mokanna old,
And wiser than the rest,
Spoke out in accents strong and bold:
"We'll try the crucial test."
He told the novice then to rise,
With visage stern and grim,
And as the latter raised his eyes,
He thus accosted him:

"By Allah's beard! thou hast stood well
The trials imposed on thee;
But one remains, the last of all—
True answer give to me:
When thou goest back to home and wife,
What will her mother say?"
The tyro gave one gasp for life,
Then fainted dead away.

BILLY THE GOAT DISCOURSES FRATERNITY

The king had descended from his throne and divested himself of his crown and robes, laid aside his scepter and orb, shook himself into his coat, and had become plain, every-day Bill Smith, the milkman. The high priest was searching through a pile of hats of different styles, colors, and shapes for his own, to take the place of the gorgeous miter he had just doffed; which, with the breastplate, engraved "with the insignia of the "twelve tribes," was lovingly mixed up with the rest of the paraphernalia, awaiting removal by the chamberlain.

Everybody had just vaulted from the time of King Solomon clear down through the years that went so slowly along, while passing, to the time of Theodore Roosevelt. The change was a mighty one, and the listener through the keyhole would have been astonished to note that the Yankee twang was just as prominent in one age as in the other. Then, too, if one had seen the self-deposed king while on his throne; seen him uneasily changing from side to side, trying to act "at home;" seen him loll back in a studied, careless manner, and then suddenly perch on the front rail, and noted how, when the deep, soft cushion sank down a little more than usual, King William Smith would catch himself up and

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

hold on by the arms, one would have thought that practice on the jolting, bumping seat of a milk-wagon did not seem to be the most successful method to fit one for sitting on a throne. Most likely, if the thing had been reversed, a similar state of affairs would have been disclosed; for probably King Solomon might not have cut a better figure as a milkman than Bill Smith did as a king.

The several actors in the drama that had just closed in the Lodge-room, slowly filtered through the door, and streamed away down the stairs, leaving a sort of comet's tail of talk behind, louder near the head, gradually thinning out as it passed to the rear, and becoming fainter and fainter until it melted away beyond earshot.

When the last murmur had died away, and everything was still, Billy, the Lodge-goat, appeared, intent upon his customary investigation, and, incidentally, forage. He was in a philosophical mood, and began meditating aloud:

"I wonder how it is that humans seems to be so mighty inconsistent, especially the men. I do n't know anything about women's societies, for they do n't have us in them; but the men do beat anything I ever heard of for inconsistency. Only the other night I heard some of the fellows that come here blowing away about the women's big hats, big sleeves, and the nonsense of their gear in general; and to-night I have seen some of the same chaps togged out in the most outrageous rigs ever seen on anybody.

"Bill Smith with a crown on! And a big robe, all trimmed up with rabbit-skin! The night hot enough to roast eggs! Tom Jones all dressed up, with his head topped off with a heavy miter, and a breastplate hung onto him with a trace-chain; and the rest of them rigged

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out in such an outlandish way, and all a-sweating like a pitcher of icewater on a rainy day!

"It might do if they would each try to be in keeping with the other; but when I see a lot of the fellows got up gorgeous, and about half of the rest with their coats and vests off, and some of them with one suspender, and that hitched on with a shingle-nail, it gives me a shock. There must be something wrong in history, or else King Solomon had about the bummiest court of any king that ever lived; that is, if this gang is giving it to us straight.

"Then, again, they pretend that they are doing it for the advancement of fraternity. I believe that is all bosh. I believe they like to see themselves, and, if it was not for the guying they would get, they would wear their togs outside, notwithstanding the fun they make of the women and their clothes.

"Another reason they give is, that they want to make an impression on the candidate! I should just like to know what I am here for; that is all. When you come to talk about impressions, all the old clothes and tin armor ain't in it with me.

"I tell you what, fraternity don't depend on gorgeous outfits, and the fellow that has to have fraternity injected into his mind by such traps will find that he has spoiled a fairly good mind, and got a mighty shabby kind of a fraternity to show for it. I heard tell of a 'Knight' of something or other that got sick, and fourteen Brother 'Knights' turned out to help, and to look after his wife and children until he got well. What do you think they did? Why, every blessed one of those fourteen great, strapping 'Knights' led the sick Brother's old horse out to drink in one day, and left the poor woman to chop the firewood. They all had their fra-

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ternity plated on the outside, and inside they were the sneakingest kind of pinchbeck.

"You take a man who has not got the pure article of fraternity in his heart to build on, and all the kings in a pack of cards can not impress him with his duty to his brother man. I might be of some use; but I am afraid that, when I got through with him, he would not be of much account except as a horrible example.

"It is no use to talk about artificial fraternity. It ain't genuine, and you can't fool anybody into thinking that it is. I heard that a man was making eggs out of chemical trash, but people ain't going to kill off their laying-hens just yet; neither are they going to put their faith in a machine-made Brother—not to the extent of kicking out an old tried friend that has nursed them when sick, given them food when hungry, or lent them money when needy—even if he had never heard of a king in his life.

"We have a whole lot of the genuine kind in our Lodge, and a few plated pinchbecks. If I hear a claim for more sick benefits than the Relief Committee says is due, especially from a fellow that gets sick every year, so as to draw two or three times as much as he pays in, I know that he is a 'pinchbeck,' and that his 'fraternity' is artificial. He is sure to be one of the 'BIG ME' kind, and has no more business in a Fraternal Order than a Methodist minister has driving army mules.

"There is another kind—some of them genuine—who like to have high-sounding handles attached to their names. If they are 'Master,' they want to be 'Most Puissant,' 'Excellent,' 'Exalted Masters,' and so on. It is a harmless thing, does some of them lots of good to hear themselves addressed by a title that 'most twists

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your tongue off to get out; no doubt it may be a source of pleasure to meditate upon while pursuing their regular business during the day, providing the title is not so long as to prevent the meditating upon the whole of it at one meditate; but it is awfully inconsistent—especially when you remember that the chief ruler of one of the greatest nations on earth is simply ‘Mr. President.’ It does no particular harm, and may be comfort and pleasure to some that have too few comforts and pleasures in life any way, but it doesn’t create the genuine article of fraternity. As a matter of fact, it may be said that no ceremony that ever was invented can change the nature of a man all at once. If he grows in fraternal feelings, it is simply because the ceremony has awakened the slumbering spark that was there all the time, not that the ceremony planted any new seed.

“I hear Skelly grating his teeth. Poor Skeleton, he must be lonesome, and I will go.”

Billy vanished, and I awoke.

THE FIRST INITIATION

WHAT SAM JONES SAID

The story is told on the Rev. Sam Jones, the celebrated Georgia evangelist, that when he had finished his initiation he was called upon for a speech.

He arose very deliberately, straightened himself, cast a reproachful glance over the assemblage, and setting his jaws firmly, began to address them. After a few general remarks on the beautiful tenets of the great Order of which he had been made a member, he proceeded to tell a story, suggested by his recent experiences. He said:

"When old Daniel refused to comply with the demands of his enemies, they began to threaten him with dire punishment. 'Look a-here, old feller, if you do n't obey the orders of the king we'll fling you into the lions' den,' they said; but they could n't scare old Daniel. He realized that he had to choose between going to hell, if he did n't do right, and being flung into a lions' den if he did. He was in a pretty bad predicament, I can tell you, but he did n't hesitate long. He told them that he was going to do just as he had been doing, and he did n't care a cent whether their old king liked it or not. So they yanked old Daniel up, and they took him to the lions' den, and they pitched him into it heels over head, and they said, 'Now, old feller, we've settled with you.'

"But Daniel was not dismayed, and soon made himself at home among the lions. He gave them to under-

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stand that he was some lion himself. The lions finished gnawing their bones, and began to stretch themselves out for a nap. The old he-lion lay down in a nice, clean

DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN

place, and looked at Daniel as much as to say, 'Here, Daniel, you come lie down here, and put your head on my shaggy mane for a pillow.' Daniel did so, and the

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lions soon fell asleep, and all was quiet and peaceable as Daniel lay there with head pillowed on the lion's mane."

(The audience sat breathless, while the speaker's face assumed a quizzical look, as if he was recalling his recent experiences.)

"As he lay there looking up toward the mouth of the den, old Daniel no doubt thought of the choice he had made, and how lucky he had been in following the dictates of his own conscience, and with a sigh of satisfaction he exclaimed, 'Well, this beats hell!'"



WHY HE JOINED

In a confidential mood at a recent meeting of one of the fraternal Orders, Charles Augustus told why he had joined the Order.

"One evening," said he, "I went home and sat down to look at the paper. My wife came to where I was, and remarked, 'You are not as strong as you used to be, Chas. Aug. I think, dear, it is about time you were joining some good Order and have your life insured.' 'Insurance on my life! What are you thinking about? I am as strong as I ever was. Insurance, indeed!' replied I. 'Well, my own Charles Aug., I only mentioned this out of respect for you; I thought you were failing,' answered she. 'And what in the world put that notion into your head, that I was failing?' said I; and she answered, 'Why, when you were courting me you could hold me on your lap three hours without flinching; and now you can not hold the baby on your lap three minutes without getting tired.' Gentlemen," concluded Chas. Aug., "I became a member."

UP WENT McMASTERS

P. C. SCARBOROUGH.

'T was a Thursday night at eight,
Sure the hour was n't late
For a man like McMasters out to be;
He braced up with a "ball"
And went down to the Hall,
To take on the Orient degree.

CHORUS.

Up went McMasters, till his backbone struck the ceiling,
While taking the Orient degree;
He must be killed completely, for they have n't seen
him lately,
Taking the Orient degree.
Sure they placed him on a blanket,
And the boys began to yank it,
Till McMasters thought that he was out at sea;
He began to holler fire,
And then they yanked it higher,
(They were giving him the Orient degree).

His clothes were sorely busted,
His watch with sweat was rusted,
When they thought that they would change the
jamboree;

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So they put him on the griddle,
With the fishhooks in the middle,
Just to give him the Orient degree.

The grate was highly heated,
And McMasters oft repeated
"The divil fly away with all of yee!"
But "the divil" did n't fly,
And the boys began to cry
"We are giving you the Orient degree."

Next they tried the greasy pole,
And they shoved him through a hole
That was black, that was black as black could be;
With tar and tacks they greased him,
And I do not think it pleased him,
But he had to take the Orient degree.

Now when they'd nearly killed him,
And with muck and mud they'd filled him,
They made him buy cigars—which cost a "V."
His nerves were sorely tried,
But Mac was satisfied,
For now he had the Orient degree.

"For," says Mac, "there's Tom and Tim,
And there's Bill, and Bob, and Jim,
They every one will join and do n't you see,
I'll get even with the game,
And the racket won't be tame,
When I give to them the Orient degree."

THAT TERRIBLE GOAT

We know young men among our most intimate friends who hesitate joining a fraternal Order for fear of "that terrible goat." Let us take a look at his goatship, who has been connected with Lodge work from time immemorial, and see what are his peculiar characteristics. He never appears only when the Lodge has degree work, and then he champs the bit and stamps his foot impatiently, anxious to get the candidate upon his back.

Once firmly seated, he is off with the speed of the wind. If the candidate is unworthy of our confidence, let him beware! If he is one who would be a credit to an Order, he has nothing to fear; for he will be safely carried past the wrath of King Solomon, through the narrow defiles on the road to Jericho, even to the tent of Father Abraham, who dwells in Beer-sheba.

Young man, if you are honest, honorable, and upright, you need have no fears of the Lodge goat. If not, it behooves you to consider well before you apply for membership. The ritualistic and secret work of fraternal societies is arranged so as to have due regard for the feelings of a candidate. Believe us, when we say you WILL NOT be

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taken into the Lodge-room and made the laughingstock for the members; also, what you pass through, we who have gone before have likewise received.

It is true we have some peculiar ceremonies, that to you will seem strange, and will cause a ripple of genuine mirth to pass over the Brethren's countenances. But be patient and firm, and as you advance step by step in the gradations of the Order, each will be fully explained, when you will understand their significance and intrinsic excellencies.

The seeming mystery that surrounds the goat also has a peculiar meaning, and when you come to know the same you will love and honor the old goat, whose hair is getting white, but who has as quick a step and as keen an intellect as in days gone by. Be a MAN, and you need not fear "that terrible goat."

THE TRUE HISTORY OF DAMON AND PYTHIAS

BY BILL NYE.

The romantic story of Damon and Pythias, which has been celebrated in verse and song for over two thousand years, is supposed to have originated during the reign of Dionysius I, or Dionysius the Elder as he was also called, who reigned about 350 years B. C. He must have been called "The Elder" more for a joke than anything else, as he was by inclination a Unitarian, although he was never a member of any Church whatever, and was, in fact, the wickedst man in all Syracuse.

Dionysius arose to the throne from the ranks, and used to call himself a self-made man. He was tyrannical, severe, and selfish, as all self-made men are. Self-made men are very prone to usurp the prerogative of the Almighty, and overwork themselves. They are not satisfied with the position of division superintendent of creation, but they want to be most worthy high grand muck-a-muck of the entire ranch, or their lives are gloomy fizzles.

Damon and Pythias were named after a secret organization because they were so solid on each other.

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THE IMMORTAL HEROES

They thought more of one another than anybody. They borrowed chewing-tobacco from each other, and were always sociable and pleasant. They slept together, and unitedly "stood off" the landlady from month to month in the most cheerful and harmonious manner. If Pythias snored in the night like the blast of a fog-horn, Damon did not get mad and kick him in the stomach, as some would. He gently but firmly took him by the nose and lifted him up and down to the merry rhythm of "The Babies in Our Block."

They loved one another in season and out of season. Their affection was like the soft bloom on the nose of a Wyoming legislator. It never grew pale or wilted. It was always there. If Damon was at the bat, Pythias

WILL GET IT IN THE NECK WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN

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was on deck. If Damon went to a Church fair and invited starvation, Pythias would go too, and vote on the handsomest baby till the First National Bank of Syracuse would refuse to honor his checks.

But one day Damon got too much budge, and told the venerable and colossal old royal bummer of Syracuse what he thought of him. Then Dionysius told the chief engineer of the sausage-grinder to turn on steam and prepare for business. But Damon thought of Pythias, and how Pythias had n't so much to live for as he had, and he made a compromise by offering to put Pythias in soak while the only genuine Damon went to see his girl, who lived at Albany. Three days were given him to get around and redeem Pythias, and if he failed his friend would go to protest. We will now suppose three days to have elapsed since the preceding. A large party of enthusiastic citizens of Syracuse are gathered around the grandstand, and Pythias is on the platform cheerfully taking off his coat. Near by stands a man with a broadax. The Syracuse silver cornet band has just played, "It's funny when you feel that way," and the chaplain has made a long prayer, Pythias sliding a trade-dollar into his hand, and whispering to him to give him his money's worth. The Declaration of Independence has been read, and the man on the left is running his thumb playfully over the edge of his meatax. Pythias takes off his collar and tie, thinking reproachfully to himself of his miserable luck.

It is now the proper time to throw in the solitary horseman. The horizontal bars of golden light from the setting sun gleam and glitter from the dome of the court-house, and bathe the green plains of Syracuse with mellow splendor. The billowy piles of fleecy

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bronze in the eastern sky look soft and yielding, like a Sarah Bernhardt. The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea, and all nature seems oppressed with the solemn hush and stillness of the surrounding and engulfing horror.

The solitary horseman is seen coming along the Albany and Syracuse toll-road. He jabs his Mexican

spurs into the foamy flank of his noble plug, and the lash of the whip as it moves through the air is singing a merry song. Damon has been delayed by road-agents and washouts, and he is a little behind time. Besides, he fooled a little too long and dallied in Albany with his fair gazelle. But he is making up time now, and sails into the jail-yard just in time to take his part. He and Pythias fall into each other's arms, borrow a chew of fine-cut from each other, and weep to slow music. Dionysius comes before the curtain, bows, and says the exercises will be postponed. He orders the band to play something soothing, gives Damon the ap-

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pointment of superintendent of public instruction, and Pythias the Syracuse post-office, and everything is lovely. Orchestra plays something touchful. Curtain comes down on the heroes tried and true.



WAS HE A SAVAGE?

Was the early Red-man a savage? That's a poser. Let us see:

"At night he never had to fit a disobliging key; he never paid his last shekel the animals to see; he never had an empty purse, nor did he have to scheme to get his girl past—safely past—the place where they sell ice-cream. He never bribed a jockey, and then bet a pile, and lost; he never was an umpire or by an umpire bossed; nor did he feel the keen concussion of a big financial drop, nor paid a festive plumber all his savings at a pop; nor did he mortgage real estate so's he could go to law and lose the case and see it drop in litigation's maw. He never had a favorite cook to simply up and quit; he ne'er fixed pictures on the wall, nor pipes that would n't fit; nor had a new silk hat exchanged for some old, seedy tile. He never wore nis best dress suit, and then fell in the mud; and, since he never wore a shirt, he never lost a stud. He never burst a buttoned glove, nor—till his neck was raw—wore collars that resembled much the saw-teeth of a saw. He never wrote a poem that an editor declined, nor hatched a joke within the incubator of his mind. He never moved into a house whose chimneys would not draw, nor knew exactly what it was to have a mother-in-law; nor had to catch suburban trains, as nowadays he does; and, since these things make savage men, I do n't believe he was."



AN ERA OF REFORM

O'Hoolihan.—“We hov jist organized a Pathriotic Order of the Sons av Amirica. Will yez jine, Dinnis?”

Shaughnessy.—“Till me first, Mickey, phwat be the object av yer Order?”

O'Hoolihan.—“It 's to kape thim New England Yankees from intrudin' their foreign notions into the Government of the city, av coorse!”

Shaughnessy.—“Bedad, thin, I'm wid yez!”

HOW SMITH BECAME A KNIGHT

By G. D. EMERY

One Bill Smith was a duffer, who resided with his
wife,
And for thirty years had battled with the ills of human
life;
From the measles, in his boyhood, to the small-pox,
in his prime,
There was nothing that he knew he'd missed—except
his time.

Now, Mrs. Smith was handsome and devoted and all
that,
And she kept a tidy household in their little six-room
flat,
And the young Smiths were as bright a lot as one
could wish to see,
And yet Smith was unsatisfied and as restless as
could be.

For something still was lacking, as there almost
always is,
And poor Smith was not contented with the blessings
that were his;
And it seemed the one thing needed to set everything
to rights
And bring peace to his disquiet, was to join the
Pythian Knights.

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Now, Jones, who lived across the hall, belonged to
"Number One,"

And learning Smith's ambition, took great pains to
"put him on"

To the secrets he'd discover and the wonders he
would find

When the painful part was over and he'd sworn the
oaths that bind.

So, screwing up his courage, Smith applied to "Num-
ber One"

For 't was there that Jones insisted, things were
specially well done,

And in dread suspense he waited for his troubles to
begin

Till a letter came which stated "Number One" would
"take him in."

Now, this letter was n't likely to relieve poor William's
mind

For it bore a skull and crossbones and a lot of things
in kind,

And a dagger, lance, and helmet, and a big three-
cornered shield

With the mystic letters, "F. C. B." upon its triple
field.

Straightway to Jones he bore it to inquire of his
friend

What this blazonry and death's head and these letters
might portend:

"Why the death's head and the dagger are the emblems
of our faith

And you'll need the shield and helmet when you hob-
a-nob with Death;

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The letters 'F. C. B.' mean this"—said Jones with
earnest face,
"Fools Can't Belong, but do not fret—they've waived
it in your case."
So with his mind still filled with doubts of what was
yet to be,
Bill came at last, one fatal night, to take his first
degree.

Now, the goat had not been ridden for a week or two
before
And he tossed his head and capered as they led him
through the door,
And before poor Smith had mounted him and drawn
a second breath
He found himself unseated and—face to face with
Death.

And if the fellows near him had not promptly pulled
him out
The end of William's story had been matter of grave
doubt;
But he still stuck to the critter till he conquered him
at last
And his greatest tribulations were at length in safety
passed.

And he found, as he proceeded, for his troubles some
amends
And whatever strange things happened he was still
among his friends;
To the duties of the Order he gave his solemn gauge
And then they turned him over and—he found he was
a PAGE.

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Well, as soon as he'd recovered the goat's unkindly
prank,
He began to be impatient to receive his second rank,
So once again behold him, as he enters at the door
And does like many another who has gone that way
before.

Now, Smith had been quite faithful in attendance at
his church,
And upon his public record 't would be hard to find
a smirch,
But it seemed to him that night that all the mean things
that he'd done
Were engrossed in all their evil on the books of Num-
ber One;

While men whom he'd befriended in the busy walks
of life
Were relentless as a savage with his gory scalping
knife,
And his peccadillos were the by-words of the town
And before the night was ended Smith was verily
"done Brown."

And his pride was fully humbled and he vowed he'd
do no more
Some things of doubtful merit that he found he'd done
before;
And at last he was permitted his good purpose to
inspire,
To record himself upon the books as William Smith,
ESQUIRE.

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A month passed by before poor Smith recovered from
his plight
And felt that he was brave enough to take the Rank
of Knight;
And then, one evening after tea, he took a "brace"
or two
And vowed that what the others did, he guessed that he
could do.

They bound him, they blinded him, and stood him on
his head,
And long before they let him up, he wished that he
was dead;
And when he'd quite concluded that he'd had about
enough
They brought him to the greasy pole—and worked the
good old bluff.

But here was where Smith fooled 'em, for by Ones's
kindly tip,
He was ready for the "ordeal" and he never made
a skip,
But having tar upon his hands and nothing on his feet,
He gripped the pole and up he went, quite sailor-like
and neat.

They cheered him for a hero and they dubbed him there
a KNIGHT,
And he quite forgot his sorrows in his honors fresh
and bright,
And they bore him to the banquet on their shoulders
lifted high,
And they sat him on the table—in a nice soft custard
pie.

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Now, Mrs. Smith had teased him, as a woman sometimes will,
To disclose those awful secrets which he'd vowed
he'd never tell,
But thus far he had kept his vow and answered not
a word,
And so her curiosity, of course, was deeply stirred;

And in the morning when she rose, the breakfast to
prepare,
She chanced to spy his Sunday clothes that hung upon
a chair,
And pointing to that tell-tale spot, she cried, with
stern command,
"Say, William, what is that?" Said he, "That—that's
the Pythian Brand!"

TOO GOOD TO KEEP

Two well-known citizens were standing together in the corridor of the post-office. One happened to notice a postal-card held in the fingers of the other was directed to the holder.

Why, how does this
:?" was asked. "Do
write letters to your-
"

In this case, yes," was
answer.

"That's funny."

"Well, not so
very. See the
other side."

"Brother Blank:
ill be a meeting of the
S. B., No. 387, at the
hall, the evening of June
20th, to transact special business. Members not pres-
ent will be fined fifteen dollars.

J. B——, Secretary."

"Yes, but I do n't exactly catch on," protested the
innocent.

"O, you do n't! Well, I got the cards printed my-
self. The society is all a myth. When I want to go
out of an evening, I direct one of these postals to my
house. When I reach home, my wife hands it to me

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with a sigh. I offer to stay at home and stand the \$15; but she won't have it that way. That's all, my friend, except that the scheme is worked by hundreds of others, and our poor, deluded wives have n't tumbled to the racket yet."

It is too bad to give this away, but it is too good to keep.



HAD ENOUGH GOAT

A telegram gives an account of a singular suit, one without precedent in litigation in the State, which has been instituted in the Circuit Court of the county:

A teamster, named William Jones, had a goat for sale, and at a recent meeting of the Knights of Pythias, three persons, constituting themselves a Committee on Goat, approached him and applied for its purchase, explaining that a large class, some twenty, were to receive ranks, and that the goat which the Lodge had was not able to do all the bumping.

The animal was bought, and was to be delivered at the Lodge-room.

Friday evening, when several of the candidates were in the anteroom waiting for their ranks, the goat was delivered to the Lodge, and the door was opened and the goat permitted to enter.

Many of the more timid members climbed upon chairs, and for a few minutes the goat was monarch of all he surveyed. When quietness was restored, Mr. Jones was informed that the Lodge did not need a goat, and he left.

He was determined not to be outdone, and is now suing the committee for the contract price.

K. P., K. P.

• BY W. B. G.

Der shades of night was coming along,
Und der afternoon sun vas down and gone,
Ven up through der shtreets of Aitkin vendt,
A faller all der same like he vas been sendt,
Shpeaking aloudt mit him-selluf mit glee,
Und all vot he shpealedt vas K. P., K. P.

His prow was sadt, und so vas his eye,
He hated some blaces to pass um by,
But he would n't shtop no blace on der shtreet,
Because ven der K. P. Lodges meet,
Yust like a Brother he wants to be
Mit his V.... raised up in der good K. P.

In many blaces he heardt der poys,
Having fun und making noise,
Und over der par ven der nickles shone,
Vent many a schooner full of foam.
Vile he vas dhry as dhry could be,
He yust kept on venting K. P., K. P.

Shtay away to-night, some fallers saidt,
But he shook his eye und closed his head;
He was 'fraidt der poss in der chancellor's chair
Might come along und found him there,
Und he did n't vant to be caught, no siree,
Und he never shtopped going K. P., K. P.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Come along mit me, his best girl saidt,
Und on your breast come put my headt;
Vot vonder then der tear mit his eye,
Ven he shtood on the valk und der girl goes by,
For some other faller his blaces would be,
Vile he vas a-vorking der goot K. P.

Und she vas looking und schmilng bright,
As she vaved her handts und saidt "Good-night,"
Vile he, I bet, some cuss vords svweares,
As he climbs mit him-selluf up der ouetside shtairs,
Dunder-vedder und der thiridt degree,
Gott-in-Himmel K. P., K. P.

At break of day ven some boys vent home,
They foundt this Brother, und all alone,
Und he cries ouet on der frosty air,
I do n't can findt it any vhere.
Vot vas idt you lost you do n't can see?
But he only kept saying K. P., K. P.

Und latder on, ven his pody was foundt,
Cold und shtiff on der frozen groundt,
Some faller saidt, this do n't vas death,
Bring him in und taw ouet his breath.
Und so, hellup me Gott, ven his tongue vas free,
It rattled away, K. P., K. P.

**WHY THEY DID NOT SUCCEED—STANDARD FOR A POSSIBLE
INCREASE TOO SMALL—A LAUGHABLE YANKEE STORY**

The following amusing story comes from the prudish old town of Boston:

A remarkable thing happened to the Circle of the Golden Garter in a town in Connecticut. The girls employed there in a corset factory are interested in secret societies, and it occurred to one of them to organize an association, with a secret ritual, signs, grips, and passwords. She consulted her fellow-employees, and they all agreed to join it. After work, one afternoon, they got together and signed a constitution, nearly fifty names being secured. It was proposed to meet for organization, when the originator of the Circle was to submit the ritual and other details. The question of a badge was brought up at this meeting, and, as it was thought best to have the badges ready to give out on the night of institution, the question was settled then with little difficulty. A golden garter, made of silk, was adopted with a unanimity that was surprising, when it is considered that all were young women.

One of the charter members is considered an expert with the needle, and to her was given the contract for furnishing the garters. She purchased a large quantity of the material—how much is not made public—and set to work on the garters, and kept at it industriously

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for several evenings. On the night of institution the garters were ready, and the contractor took them with her to the place of meeting. Before the meeting was called to order one of the girls, a plump and pretty lass, proposed that they take a look at the new badges, as it would save time after the meeting opened. The idea met with approval, and the package of garters was opened and passed around, each one of the fifty girls taking one—only one was to be worn, on the right leg—and examining the workmanship. This passed inspection, and the maker was complimented on her skill. Then one of the girls, bending down, said she would try one of the garters on just for fun. She unbuckled it, passed it around her leg just below the knee, gave a look, grew rosy in the face, tugged a trifle, looked annoyed, and stood up again.

"What's the matter, Mamie?" asked one of the girls who were watching her.

"Nothing, only that garter is n't large enough for me," said the young woman. "Please hand me another."

It was passed to her, and again she bent down. The rosy cheeks grew redder and redder as she tried to clasp the two ends together. She threw the badge of the order on the floor in a pet, and walked into an adjoining room, where she conferred for a few minutes with the originator of the Circle. That young woman came in and remarked that it might not be a bad idea to try on the garters, and have each member select one that would fit. The suggestion was approved, and then

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began a remarkable scene. Forty-nine good-looking girls, none over twenty-three years old, all bright and interesting, sat down on the floor, put their feet up on chairs, stooped down, or assumed some other con-

venient position for putting on the
rs. There were numerous ejac-
ons of wonder and surprise,
an occasional word of deeper
ing could be heard above the
ub. At last something hap-
pened. One of the leaders
threw her garter across the
room and cried. Then an-
other said something about
scandalous. Another men-
tioned broomsticks. There
was a general cessation of buck-
ing on garters, and each looked
t the other in surprise.

"Say, Kittie," one of the girls
aid finally to the girl who had
aken the contract to make the
arters, "did you make the
adges all of the same size?"

"Why, yes; I did n't think to vary them."

"Well, do they fit your legs?"

"Yes; I made them by one of mine."

"Well, then you can wear 'em. There is n't one in
the lot that will fit anybody else, and as for me, I'm
proud of it!" and tears came into the speaker's eyes
as she made a dash for her hat and cloak and started
for the hall-door.

This was the signal for the dispersing of the crowd.
In ten minutes nobody was left in the place but the

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girl who took the contract, and she had fifty handsome yellow silk garters in a box, which she did n't know what to do with.

The Circle of the Golden Garter has n't organized yet, and its prospects are mighty slim—slimmer than certain other things.

JUPITER

Sam Spilkins is the owner of a tame billy-goat, which accompanies him occasionally in his walks. He was passing Mose Schaumberg's store, on Avenue A, when Mose's attention was called to the goat.

"Dot ish a fine godt, Mr. Spilkins. Vat ish his name?" asked Mose.

"His name is Peter."

"Peter?"

"Yes, Peter."

"Peter—dot is a very shingular name, Mr. Spilkins."

"His real name, Mr. Schaumberg, is Jupiter, but I always leave off the Jew part of Jupiter, and call him Peter, on account of the high regard I have for Israelites as American citizens. I do n't use the word Jew in connection with the name of a goat or dog. Come here, Peter. Do you see how he knows his name?"

Mose beamed all over with joy, and made some pathetic remarks about how much better the Jews are treated in this country than in Russia, and Spilkins thinks he has laid the foundation for a trade for a fall overcoat on a credit basis.

THE LODGE GOAT AND THE CHARWOMEN

"Of course there is a Lodge goat, and his goatship differs in each particular organization; but the one found in the Masonic Lodge is a real 'cracker-jack;' the kind of a goat that fattens upon tin cans, clothes-pins, and cast-off gum-boots." Such was the conversation of two of the members of our Masonic Lodge, not intended for my ears alone, but for those of their wives, whom they knew were eavesdropping and intent on knowing what business of the Lodge had brought the Brethren together as a committee; and as a little nonsense may be relished by the reader, we will endeavor to repeat the story as it was told, and its perusal may be good for those who do not enjoy articles on grave and serious subjects. The story runs as follows:

And you still insist, Brother —, and doubt that the Masonic Lodges have a goat? Well, perhaps you may be convinced when I relate to you the following episode that occurred in a Lodge not many miles distance just at the close of the late Civil War. The Brethren of that particular Lodge, expecting in the near future to entertain another Lodge of the Craft located near by, ordered their aged tyler to have the carpets dusted, the walls and the floor scrubbed, and the furniture cleaned and repaired. The tyler made the necessary arrangements with two women to do the work. The tyler was also instructed by the Lodge to move all their Lodge effects to a safe and secure place, out

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of sight of the women who were to do the renovating of the Lodge-room; "For," said one member (whom we call Brother Smith, and who, you will find before the story ends, to be boss of the goat), "as soon as those

women enter this
Lodge-room they will,
every means
in, endeavor to
out our secrets,
if nothing is
attract attention,
be kept at their
work, and get it
done in one
day."

The aged
tyler was at the
Lodge-room
bright and
early, and had
just hidden the
last symbol of
the Craft, when
the two women
he had employed

to do the cleaning came in. The tyler showed them about the Lodge-room, explained what he desired them to do, and, after admonishing them to attend to their duties and not be nosing about for Masonic secrets, retired, telling them he would return in the evening, when he expected their work would be completed.

They had neglected to bring with them their tools of labor, and, consequently, soon after the exit of the tyler, they departed for their homes to get them. While

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the women were away from the Lodge-room, Brother Smith (who had been laying in wait plotting, and awaiting a time when the door would be left open for our reception), appeared on the scene, accompanied by his friend and fellow-worker, Brother William Goat, whom he took upstairs into the Lodge-room, and placed him in his little bed, which was a dark closet in the eastern portion of the hall. Just as Brother Smith had closed the door to his goatship's secret chamber, the two women re-entered the Lodge-room with implements of their craft in their hands, and seemed surprised at meeting a man. Brother Smith explained that his presence came about in having been sent by the tyler to warn them the second time to attend to their duties and not to waste their time looking for Masonic secrets; for they might find one that will go off like dynamite. Brother Smith then retired to the livery across the street, the home of Brother William Goat, to await developments.

One of them was a portly specimen of a girl from the Emerald Isle; the other, a slim, lanky woman of the Yankee type. In the former dwelt the rankest kind of superstition of the country from whence she came. The latter believed everything true that was told her, and but little excitement was necessary to make her hysterical. But there was a trait of character well developed in both these women, that of neglecting their own personal business to mix into others' affairs; and, consequently, they were a well-matched pair of deuces to leave in the Lodge-room to find out the secrets of Masonry, as you will discover. Brother Smith had but the necessary time to cross the street, and the women to begin their labors, before the portly woman exclaimed, "Begorra, me auld mon told me as how the

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fraternity of Masins hiv a gote; an, bedad, I was just thinkin' as how I'd be after luckin' him up." That remark caught the slim woman on the eve of a collapse,

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frightened by such

blather, and again she exclaimed: "And wid ye's be thinkin' for one moment that Mrs. O'Flacherty is afraid uv a goat? I wid have ye's know win I lived in auld Ire-

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land I raised goats. Do n't take me for a coward, Mrs. Johnson." But Mrs. Johnson had been raised to despise a goat, and consequently did not want to be raised by a goat, and she said, "You 'll find, Mrs. O'Flacherty, that the American goat is a different kind of an animal from those raised in Ireland; and the Masonic goat—gee! but she 's a high kicker, so my man told me; and he also says of the Lodge goat that he is not fed but once a month, and if you should stir him up now, and he be hungry, he 'd eat us up." But such an appeal had no effect to frustrate the design of the portly woman; for her husband had told her there was no Lodge goat at all; and to make sure that her Paddy knew what he was talking about, she started on a tour of inspection about the Lodge-room, examining every nook and corner, and finally opened the closet door, peeped into the darkness within, and, in closing the door, left it ajar. Having failed to discover the goat, or any of the secrets or signs of Masonry, she gave up her search, and returned to where the slim woman was shivering in her shoes as if she had the ague, saying, "Niver a goat at all; niver a goat in this hall, at all." The announcement was as the balm of Gilead to the slim woman, who was just ready for another keel-over. The women then went to their task in earnest, and would have completed their work before evening had not the following circumstances occurred near the close of day:

It seems that the woman was just finishing scrubbing the floor at Lodge-room entrance, and was bending down to lift up the tub of water, when the goat, who had waked up and found the door opened, bolted out of the closet, and, as he found the slim woman was barricading his exit, struck the obstruction, and sent

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her headlong into the tub of water, where she had a free bath. The sensation was so delightful to her that she did n't realize the exquisite manner in which she had made a somersault, nor the power that assisted her to perform the feat so beautifully. The next obstruction was the portly scrubber at the head of the stairs, who was just in the act of wringing her floor-cloth when she came in contact with the goat, and down went all—goat and woman—to the foot of the stairs. Brother William Goat, by his wonderful practice of wanting to do everything just right, landed first, and was out of sight before Mrs. O'Flaherty realized the cause of her sudden descent of those stairs. The women gathered themselves together, and now went to the Lodge-room to arrange their apparel, and to question each other as to the cause of their sad plight; but neither could explain, and, while they were discussing the question of the whys and wherefores, the aged tyler entered the room, heard their stories, and tried to persuade them that no hurricance had struck the town.

When Brother Smith appeared upon the scene, he exclaimed: "I see the cause of your recent trouble. You opened the door, and let loose the Lodge goat." But the portly woman did not yet believe there was a Lodge goat, and she sang the same old song, "Niver a goat was in this hall; niver a goat at all, at all." Just at this moment a chum of Brother Smith's brought into the Lodge-room the goat, and put him into the dark closet again, and the women, now knowing that the Masonic Lodge had a real goat, could not be induced in any manner to complete their work, even when the Brethren suggested they would remove the goat from the room until they got through with the job. Since that

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day the Brethren have been compelled to renovate the Lodge-room themselves when it was necessary to do so; for no woman could be persuaded to enter that Lodge-room or its apartments for fear of the goat.



Bill.—Job, what the thunder d' you s'pose that there wuz?

Job.—Be gosh, that's my wife, Mirandie—she's j'ined the Pythian sisters, and bin keepin' a secret fur a couple o' weeks, an' I knowed sumthin' ud hef to give.

THE MACCABEE DINNER AT BLASDELL

W. W. P.

Arragh Kath, me darling, sit down be the
table,

Ye have yer work done an' the childer
in bed ;

I 'm going to relate ye as well as I 'm able,
The wonderful tale of the Maccabee
sphread.

'T was a warm muggy night in the dead iv
winter,

An' so dark be the way that a cat
could n't see ;

Iv frost or iv ice there wor never a
splinther,

An' the mud it lay thick where the
snow ought to be.

But lanterns wor glamin' all over that
section,

An' shadows kem loomin' up ghostly
and tall,

When the populace gathered from ivery
direction

An' wended their way to the Maccabee hall.

In Maccabee hall was a sight to amaze ye ;

'T was all hung in sthrammers so gaudy and proud,



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An' under the lamplight that shone fit to daze ye,
Ye ne'er, save at Donnybrook, saw such a crowd.

There wor women and children and lods with their lasses,
An' foine knights and ladies in purple and gold,
An illigant gathering an' mingling iv classes
As iver a gossoon I'd wish to behold.
That the flure did n't fall I regard as a mercy,
Whin I think of the talent and wurth on the jice;
There wor beauty and youth, and some
vicey versy,
And wealth, too; but nobody needed
the price.

I'd tell if it worrent too long a nar-
ration,
Iv doings that one on the side niver
sees;
Recite ye the whole of the grand in-
stallation,
That night iv the he an' the she
Maccabees.
'How Sir Knight Squire Salisbury stood
be the table,
An' hit with a mallet a couple iv
sthrokes,
An' so be a worrd an' a blow he was able
To make some fine officers out iv
plain folks.

Whin the candidates all wor ennobled an' knighted,
We had a fine radin' by sweet Lady White,
Iv a witch woman's gurrl; and a felly recited
How Sheridan rode twenty moiles to a fight.

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Sir Knight Milford Kleis thin giv' an oration
On Abryham Linkin which did him quite proud,
An' Lady White read us a comic narration
Iv a picnic's mischances that tickeld the crowd.

Thin a gloomy ould felly got up an' was tellin'
So dismal a story it med me quite hot
How the nagur boy collared a green watermelin
Be the side iv the road in the Simison lot.
Whin he wus howled down Sir Knight Jayne read a
paper,
Which told all the Maccabees iver hed done,
An' "To live in the tent wus the rale proper caper,
Belike, too, the hives wus a fountain of fun."

He told in foine words how the Maccabee widdy
Resaved compensation beyont all belief,
An' dhressed up in sealskins, a very foine leddy,
In countin' her money forgot all her grief;
An' how whin a Maccabee leddy wint over,
Ye might note such a change in the party bereft,
That the ghost iv the wife wud ixclaim to another,
"That niver can be the ould sthick that I left;"

How the Maccabee boy who had niver a nickel
Till his luckless ould father's endowment was won,
Now has a gould watch an' a purple bi-sickle
An' a horse an' a dog an' a breech-loadin' gun;
An' the gurrl who sildom had handled a penny,
For a Vanderbilt heiress is oftin mistook;
She has a fayton, a pug, and a pianny,
An' goes to Ayurup an' marries a juke.

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Then a song in two chunes wus sung to the fasters,
Who listened belike wid a very bad grace;
For an illigant odor of coffeey an' oysters
Sthole in through the dure an' pervaded the place.
Thin they flocked to the tables be droves an' be dozens,
Each man be his wife or his deary bestowed;
Sir Knights wid their ladies an' sisters or cousins—
Good cheer and good fellowship quite overflowed.

Long tables ixtended in china and linen
Looked loike a foine banquet all spread on the snow,
An' all the foine ating, sure if there 's a sin .
Admiring good ating I 'm booked for below,
There were cakes sugared over as big as a kiddy
An' salods an' turkey an' isters an' tay.
An' pies be the hundred, sure you 'd bin a widdy
If I 'd tasted the half iv what kem in me way.

Baked beans in big pans full wid pork peepin' thro' 'em,
Smiled at every table like kings iv the board;
Sich platters of ham, 't was a meal jist to view 'em,
An' celery crisp as the ground could afford.
There wor cookies an' crullers an' nice bread an' butter,
An' jilly an' sauces an' coffey an' rolls;
Some things wid French names I niver could utter,
And iverything else iver cooked over coals.

Oiv' found that the Maccabee Knights are good fellys,
An' the ladies are as sweet as I iver did see,
Exceptin' yerself, there ye mus n't be jilous,
And yer brother must let ivery Maccabee be,

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Its yawnin' ye are, an' if I 'm not mistaken
I see a bored look on yer classical mug,
I 'm toired meself wid so very much shpakin',
Wid yer lave I 'll jist take a slight pull at the jug.



A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT

EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

Now, everything that Russell did, he did his best to
hasten;
And one day he decided that he 'd like to be a Mason;
But nothing else would suit him and nothing else would
please,
But he must take, and all at once, the thirty-three
degrees.

So he rode the—ah, that is, he crossed the—I can't
tell;
You either must not know at all, or else know very
well.
He dived in—well, well, never mind! it only need be
said,
That somewhere in the last degree poor Russell
dropped down dead.

They arrested all the Masons and they staid in dur-
ance vile
Till the jury found them guilty, when the judge said
with a smile,
"I 'm forced to let the prisoners go, for I can find,"
said he,
"No penalty for murder in the thirty-third degree."

ENTERSIGN TO THE SANCTUM

BY HARRY HYAMS.

The entersign to this sanctum consists of three kicks on the sanctum door, which will be given with force and deliberation. You will then remove your hat, and advance to the center of the room. Place your right hand in the pants pocket, thumbs and fingers parallel and extending downward. Withdraw the thumb and finger, tightly grasping a silver dollar, extend the arm, and drop in the outstretched palm of the editor the silver dollar, and at the same time say, "Send your paper to me." The editor will say, "Thank you," after which you will be seated and tell him all about the news of your Lodge. If it should happen that you be at the time without a silver dollar, try a paper one. An urgent invitation to visit us is extended to all who are proficient in this part of the "secret work."

GIVING HIM AWAY

Infant Terrible: "Pop, do men ever have wings?"

Father: "That's a foolish question; why do you ask it?"

Infant Terrible: "Cause I heard ma telling Mrs. Tattle you belong to thirty-seven Lodges and are a high-flyer."

HELLSON JOINS THE MACCABEES

THE EXPERIENCE OF A SWEDISH BROTHER

In Yuma, Colo., there has appeared a little book entitled "Knute Hellson's Hard Luck," which is brimful of good Swedish dialect and amusement. "Knute," it seems, joined the Maccabees. The following chapter gives some of his experiences:

Yuma Tent, Yuma, Colo.

Aye vant to join te Maccabees,
And set bestride te goat;
Mon skon-of-gon vas full of flees—
And full of hal to bote.

"Say, Knute," exclaimed H. C. Hoch the other day as the Swede loaded up a bale of wire with a few pounds of hay wrapped around it, "you ought to join the Maccabees. If you should die a member of this Lodge your wife would be cared for by members of the Lodge, and besides that would get the insurance on your life."

"Yas, das bane vat Bert Taylor hae tal mae, mon aye skal tank Bert hae vant some more vidows en das halta country, so hae skal haf vomans vat hae lak. Yo cannaw monkey mae, Master Hoch, das es cld gam. Von tems my sester Yenie hae marry faller vat skal haf hes barn insured and hae haf deckens tem. Hae vas outen en barn von nite to make sure

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as no von steal hes hired gal vat skal sleep all tem en haymow var hae say te latitude bane higher and hae do n't haf das asthma so bat. Aye tank das bane halta lie, yo bat. Bot aye gass aye batter go hed an tel mae story. Von tems mae sester's vife vat aye tal yo 'bout, hae tak lantern to barn to see ef hired gerl bane stealen vay. Sam tem while hae vas looken mae sester hae vas looken too.

"'Vat for yo look, Poika?' mae sester say to hem.

"'Aye vant se vat no faller steal yore hired girl, Yenie,' hae say; but yo bat hae vas poorty bat rattle.

"Poorty soon hes vife hae say, 'You bat brute. Yo batter gat yore lantern an getten vay from des haymow or aye skal getten yo dvorce.'

"Val, Poika hae vas rattle so bat hae cannaw fine hes lighted lantern vat vas rite front of him blazen vay lak red-hed editor, so hae lighten match to find et. Poor Poika, das bane bat yoke on hem. Das red-haired match set hes barn on fire and es all go helityoopah."

"Oh, you white-headed chump!" said the hay man in a breath tainted with alfalfa, "I did n't mean fire insurance, I meant life insurance."

"Val vat es et to yo? Aye gass ef aye vant to gat fire insurance on mae life et es none of your business."

"Yes, I know, Knute, but you would like the Macabees; they would just suit you. Let me take your name now so you can get through the Lodge next week. Bring your saddle along with you when you come in."

Knute promised that he would come in next week and join. Before going he went over to Adams & Daken's and took a load of rye home with him.

Tuesday evening Knute came to town as per stip-

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ulation last week and brought a saddle and a pair of spurs in with him to break the goat's back with. He was dressed up a little better than he ordinarily dresses, owing to the fact that he had swiped a four dollar leather jumper from a fence post in Havva Drenovitskey's back yard.

"Are you going to be ready for the initiation to-night, Knute?" inquired Sheedy of the sorrel-topped Swede.

"Yo bat yore billy goat aye skal bane right en town. Van yo tank aye bane catfish yo tank vat es lie."

"You 'll have to be pretty careful of that goat. He killed a Swede down in Nashville, Tenn., and there is a stain or two of Scandinavian blood still lingering in his whiskers. He bucks pretty bad."

"O, es et a bock goat lak Chris hae haf en hes beer barrels?"

"No, the Lodge is n't running a beer garden, and you want to be careful and be sober when night comes, or the boys will black ball you."

"Yo bat ef hae do das, Hulda vel lecken deckens outen whole skooten metch. Bot aye skal keep sober yust sam."

Notwithstanding his promise, "when the shades of night were falling fast," Knute was falling faster. He had inflated himself fuller than Treasurer Turney's rain gauge, and was trying to pick a fuss with a picture of Senator Peffer, which Mayor Estes keeps posted up to tell where the wind listeth to bloweth, and vice versa. After sobering him up a little, however, he was piloted to the Lodge-room. Just before the Lodge opened Grand Keeper of the Astra Kastr, M. L. Grissell, rang the bell to call in the drones.

"Yumpin Yerusalem!" yelled Knute, "das halta

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town haf prary fire on it! 'Tak mae out var aye skal gat mae grocery ouden Farmer's Exchange."

With a little labor his alarm was pacified and the process of initiation proceeded.

"Hoodwink the brother!" commanded the King Bee, "and lead him hither in advance of the shotgun used by our knightly brothers on fields of carnage and conquest."

"Yo faller haf two-hole shotgun after mae?" muttered the poor man as he stumbled along, stiff-necked and sorrowful, to the goat pasture.

"Approach the hive of industry with caution, brothers, lest ye disturb the labors of the bees."

"W-h-o-e-e! Yo got bees har? Let mae go an breng mae moder-law."

The members paid no attention to his admonitions, but led him silently and solemnly to the center of one end of the hall. Up at the other end of the hall, resting serenely upon a dry-goods box about as high as a man's head, was a full-grown, aged and decrepit twenty-pound cheese of the Limburger, patent-lever variety. On each side of the hall stood the members, chanting in low, dirge-like tones:

Lead me straight, brother,
Lead me straight;
To the perfumed gate, brother,
The perfumed gate.

Then a sergeant on each side marched him toward the perfumed goal and pointed his nose in the direction of the twenty-pound sentinel of cheese. Pretty soon he stabbed his nose right into the cheese in front of him.

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"Mae Got!" he yelled, trying to remove the hood-wink, "who es das faller in front of mae? Who et es? Bay Yimminie, das stenken lak deckens. Aye vesh aye vas ded."

This ended the first degree, and from this point the poor Swede took a breathing spell preparatory to taking the second degree.

"Es das all?" he asked, wiping his eyes on his necktie. "Ef et es not all aye vish yo would gif mae my money back. Aye yust feel lak aye vas enside maeself. Say, yo yentlemen, who vas das skon-of-gon vat vas en front of mae? Yo bat aye skal lecken hem poorty bat van aye getten hem outside."

In the next degree they compelled him to put on a suit of clothes similar to those worn by Adam and Eve before they got to wearing fig leaves and chinchilla overcoats, and roped him to the table tighter than a Denver money-loaner, with his face turned downward. Then the King Bee declared to the rest of the swarm in the voice of the thunders:

"Brand the candidate, my brothers, with the brand of our order. Burn it deep that time may not erase it. Place it where it will not show should his wife be sick and unable to patch the rends in his garments. Watch well the iron that it be white heated and of good temper. I command you to proceed."

"Say, yentlemen," moaned the human monkey wrench, "lat mae go and aye skal gif yo mae tember claim. Do n't gif any of mae ensurance to mae moder-law. Yo skal find hal pent alkahal on spreng seat on mae vagon. Tal Hulda aye vont be home. Aye tank aye skal die."

An iron was placed in the stove to heat, and every now and then one of the members would pull it out

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of the fire and dip it in water and the sizz would in every instance make the victim squirm and groan like a sick mule.

"All ready!" shouted the King Bee, "go forth and burn the brand! Beware the fumes of burning flesh."

Just at this juncture a piece of ice was slapped on the back of the naked Swede.

"Gute bye earth," he yelled, "aye gass aye die a Maccabee."



DIFFICULTIES OF "SPECIAL DEPUTY"

The following joke is going the rounds on a special press deputy, who has since become one of the brothers.

He is quite a busy man and does not always have time to fully explain matters in his letters to correspondents. He recently received a letter of inquiry about some O. E. S. matters from one of the sisters who merely signed herself "Sallie Blank." Not being personally acquainted with the sister he was unable to tell whether to direct her letter to Mrs. or Miss, so added at the bottom of the letter, "Are you married or single?" Imagine his surprise a few days later to get a letter along this strain:

"Yours to Sallie Blank received. She is my wife and I don't want you to get gay and try to flirt with her. I am six foot tall, weigh two hundred pounds, and railroad fare is cheap to Galveston, so take warning." Signed, "Her husband, John Blank."

Special deputy says he has sworn off answering letters from the sisters who do not put the "handle" to their names.

A TOO AMBITIOUS GOAT

A town in Georgia has a very prosperous Masonic Lodge, which is well equipped and claims one of the best goats for its initiation ceremonies of any Lodge in the country. This goat, which must be ridden by all who aspire to know the mysteries behind the veil of the Lodge-room, seems to be an usually ambitious animal. The other day he broke out of the Lodge-room and went out on a promenade about the premises. Near at hand was the Methodist church, which his goatship espied. The door had been left open by some one, and into the church his goatship walked. He sauntered leisurely down the aisle and approached the pulpit. On the book board the well-used Church Bible lay open. On one of the pages occurred that passage which says that sheep must be separated from

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the goats, and that the sheep will be placed on the right and the goats on the left. The Masonic goat must have understood the page, for he eat it up bodily and all pages which said anything about the goats being placed on the left of the throne. The Church will have to buy a new Bible, and the Masonic Brethren are looking about for another goat.



THE PIOUS DEACON AND THE GOAT

JOSH BILLINGS.

A story iz told ov old Deakon Fletcher, ov Kon-necktikutt State, who waz digging post holes in a goat pasture on hiz farm, and the moshun of hiz boddy waz looked upon by the old goat, who fed in the lot, az a banter for a fight.

Without arrangeing enny terms for the fight, the goat went incontinently for the deakon, and took him, the fust shot, on the blind side ov hiz boddy, jist about the meridian.

The blow transposed the deakon sum eighteen feet, with a heels-over-hed moshun.

Exhasperated tew a point, at least ten foot beyond endurance, the deakon jumped up, and skreamed his whole voice "—— yu darned —— old cuss," and then all at once remembering that he waz a good piuz deakon, he apologized by saying—"that is, if I may be allowed the expresshun."

The deakon haz mi entire simpathy for the remarks made tew the goat.

A DEAD SURE THING

"Say, Brother Smith, how is it your Lodge is taking in so many members, while my Lodge has not had an application for six months?" asks the voice.

"Mine friendt und brudder, you do n't und de pishness."

"What has that to do with it? We re fine speakers in our Lodge who ge the members each week to work the Order, and their speeches are sublime."

"Yep, dot vas fine; but, dear friendt, did you effer hunt ducks mit a brass bandt?"

"What do you mean?"

"It vas dis vay: If you want new members you do n't want to serenade dem mit fine speeches, but yoost capture dem. You must work as eferding. Ven you courts a pretty girl you yoost look into her eyes und make her pelieve de moon is made of green sheese, und she is yours ef you keep up to de front. Ven our Lodge wants a new member we get out und hustle. We fasten ourselves to his buttonhole, und we do n't let him escape—O no! We stay py him, keep at him, talk to him, till he can't see, und shake him till his suspenders cracks. Ef we done git him, we bury him mit honors, und look for anudder victim. In dis vay our Lodge grows fast, py our keeping to de front, und doing our own hustling. Different Lodges have different ways of getting candidates, but ours is a dead sure thing."

AFTER THE HONEYMOON

They had been married just three weeks and during that time had remained home with each other every evening. This was the beginning of the fourth week.

"Harry, dear," said the young bride, "can't you hurry home from the office this evening, and go with me to call on Minnie Jackson?"

"Let me see; this is Monday," said the young husband, thoughtfully. "Really, I can't possibly to-night, my dear. I am R. P. S. Q. of the B. D. S., and this is the regular meeting to-night. I am just compelled to be there."

"You can go to-morrow evening then, can't you?"

"I am sorry, but the P. O. O. D. Lodge meets Tuesday evening, and as there are four candidates to put through the s'teenth degree I wouldn't care to miss the meeting."

"Well, surely, you can go with me Thursday evening?"

"Certainly, I can go with you on that evening—no, come to think about it, I can't possibly go on Thursday. You see the Independent Order——"

"Oh, these horrid Lodges!" exclaimed the young bride. "Do you expect to spend every evening away from me?"

"I could go with you Wednesday evening," suggested the young husband.

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"I can't go then," she said. The Clover Leaf Club meets Wednesday night and I will have to go there."

"How would Friday night do?" he asked.

"Why, Harry, you know our literary club meets on that night and I am down for an important number. I could n't think about missing that."

"Well," said the young husband, as he scratched his head in a thoughtful manner, "I do n't see what we are going to do about it. I am secretary of the Third Ward Building and Loan Association and that meets Saturday night, and of course you will have to go to church Sunday night, as you are a member of the choir. I am afraid we will not be able to make that call on Minnie Jackson unless we can make the week longer."



THE GOAT'S SUPPER

It was Monday. The wretched goat peered through the gaps in the back yard fence.

"Ah, me!" she sighed. "I'm starving. I must do it. I must."

"Do what?" inquired the dilapidated hen.

"Take in washing," replied the goat, making a dash through the gap.

IN THE O. C. OF K. S.

The circumstances of that night went fast and ever
faster;
I had n't hardly got my breath before they made me
Master;
Unquestionably Master—
Most gloriously Master—
With not another fellow named by any ballot caster.

The mysteries of my princely place they kindly did
unravel,
And plainly pointed path and pace marked out for
Master's travel;
For Master's easy travel—
A royal road to travel—
Then tipped my plug hat o'er my face—and handed
me the gavel!

A solemn brother rose and said that he was much
disgusted,
That not a man in all the gang as treasurer could be
trusted;
Not for a moment trusted—
Not with a nickel trusted—
And moved we choose some outside chap before the
whole thing busted!

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Be sure he had n't said much more before the gavel
sounded,
But he just stood there, like a stump, and said he'd
be confounded,
Eternally confounded—
Infernally confounded—
If I could choke him off like that, no matter how
I pounded!

A Roam'n Catholic roamed in, and said: "This here
is avil;
Of all the wickedness I know, Masonry bates the davil!
Most nately bates the davil!
Completely bates the davil!"
Then added, in a mood aside, "Good heavens, stop
smoking! Favell!"

Said I: "Your Masonry is false. It is n't to your credit
To have such thought as that, much less, to have come
here and said it!
With cool assumption said it—
With fool presumption said it!"
Said he, "I do n't respect no goat since my torn pants
have fed it!"

Said one: "Before thy royal throne I am the humblest
flunky;
Successor of King Solomon, be not with thy slave
spunky!
Un-Solomonly spunky—
One solemn-one-ly spunky!
But—can you tell the difference between you and a
donkey?"

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And then said I: "Of low or high, Masonry knoweth
neither;

I on the checkered pavement stand, level with all I
see there;

Level with all who be there—

Level are all with me there!

But—I—do n't—see—the—difference—"

Said he: "Well, we do n't either!"

At last, when I'd got mad clear through, and ready
to go gunning,

The meanest of all walked up and said they'd just
been funning,

Masonically funning!—

Canonically funning!—

And that he'd take and run the thing I thought that
I'd been running!

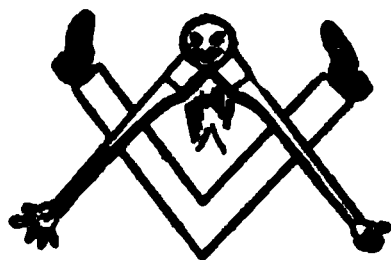
He said that from that time I might with perfect
safety trust 'em,

And buy cigars for all the crowd,—as freely as I'd
cussed 'em,—

Quite apprehensive cussed 'em,

Misapprehensive cussed 'em,

As, from time immemorial, had always been the custom.



IN CHOICEST ORIENTAL

Who vas dat feller vat you meet
Mit Oriental blessing greet,
Den bow half vay down von your feet?
Das ist der Khorassan!

“Howde doo, Aliekum?”
iekum Howde?” zoom!
o vas mit fun make vone big
boom?
Ah, ha! for sure, der
Khorassan!

o on hot breeks soon learns
to schlide—
der “Tobiggan” dooks a
ride,
whirls der “Doseh” on der
side?
a-ra-rum, bif! Der Khoras-
san!

ning man, chuck full of hope,
let go her rope
g down der shlippery slope—
comes anoder Khorassan!

Who vas it, pickin’ vor a fight,
Vinds out his necktie vas too tight?
Pecause he gife away der right?
Ach, Liebe Gott! Der Khorassan!

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Who greets you efer mit a schmile
Und dooks one of himself, meanv'ile,
Yust for dull moments to peguile?
His name was Khorassan!

Who, eef I called der roster o'er,
Vould not yump ride oud on dis vloer,
Und cry, Gesundheit, give us more!
Khorassan! Yah! Khorassan!

Who vas der veller vot vas tough,
Who got de vone, two, tree, kerbuf,
And den cried oudt, mit tears, Enuf?
Der Tyro, Buf. Khorassan!

Who vas so happy ven 't vas dun,
And sed he never had such fun,
Vor dere vas lafter by der ton?
Der yust full-made Khorassan!



A SARCASTIC, BUT PERTINENT, RESOLUTION

A promising Mason of Texas, after a slimly attended funeral, in substance offered the following resolution:

Whereas, It is the duty of every good Mason to uphold the good name and fame of Masonry, and,

Whereas, On week days the good brethren are either tired, busy, or it rains or shines too much, and,

Whereas, It is too much trouble to dress in their best clothes during the week days, therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is hereby declared the duty of any member of this Lodge hereafter to die only on Saturdays, so as to be buried on Sunday, that the Lodge may turn out in full strength and pay the proper respect to his memory.

A KNIGHT OF PYTHIAS LODGE

INSTITUTED UNDER PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES IN A HAYLOFT

In the early history of the Order in a Western Domain a new Lodge was called for in a new town, at some distance in the country. In those days the Grand Lodge paid \$40 to the man who would get up a new Lodge. A member of a neighboring Lodge secured thirty names, and wrote to the Grand Chancellor to come. The Grand Chancellor, the writer, and several others, drove eighteen miles in a snowstorm to institute the Lodge. We arrived hungry, tired, and nearly frozen, about noon. The Grand Chancellor went to the hotel; the writer took the horses to a livery barn. While the hostler was caring for the team, I asked, "Where is the new hall of the Knights of Pythias?" He said, "Upstairs; come with me." The barn was about fifty feet by eighty feet in size. We went up a back stairs, and I found the hayloft had been partitioned off with one-inch boards into two rooms. One held hay, the other had a lot of chairs, two tables, and a stove. This was the Lodge-room. It looked dreadful for a Knights of Pythias Castle Hall. After an inspection of everything I went to the hotel. The Grand Chancellor says, "Brother G., do you know where the Lodge-room is, and the properties for rank work?" I replied, "Come, follow me." When we arrived at the barn, and the Grand Chancellor saw a row of horses on each side, and we going to the back part,

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he said, "Where are you taking me?" "To the Lodge-room. Come on." We climbed the back stairs, and passed through one end of the haymow, and were then

in the Lodge-room. The Grand Chancellor was astounded and nonplused. "Great Scott! Brother G., do you mean to tell me that this is a Lodge-room to institute a new Lodge?" "Yes, sir. Everything is in readiness, the chairs are in their proper places, and

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there is a fire in the stove; and here, in the oat-bin, are the secret properties for rank work, and this is the key to the property room."

The Grand Chancellor wilted and nearly fainted. When he recovered, he said: "This is awful! What will Brothers C. and P. say?"

I replied: "We are here for business. We must go on."

The Lodge met. The first collective ballot was not clear. There were men's names on the list who were undesirable and objectionable to the many good men who signed. The ballot was passed thirty times—eight men rejected. Some of the members told us that two or three of the rejected were desperate, lawless characters. This made us nervous. The horse barn was below and the haymow next to us. The room was very cold. I acted as Grand Vice Chancellor; and we kept on our caps, overcoats, and overshoes. One stove in a room 22 x 80 feet did not give much heat. The temperature was at freezing point. Imagine a Grand Lodge staff of officers doing work under such conditions!

The work progressed. The Grand Chancellor heard a suspicious noise. It might have been a horse coughing. He said: "Let the work be suspended. Grand Master-at-Arms, you will please patrol the haymow with the Grand Inner and Outer Guards. I am of the impression that there are interlopers prying into our secrets."

The Grand Master-at-Arms proceeded very cautiously and bravely to the haymow, and commenced to prod and jab around with his sword in the hay. Nothing was found. He came back, and reported: "Grand Chancellor, I find the coast clear. I think we can safely

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proceed with the work." Twice during the night work was suspended, and the Grand Master-at-Arms patrolled the haymow. We were a happy, tired, frozen lot of men when the work was over, and we adjourned to the hotel.

In conclusion, we will state that the haymow had a sequel a few days afterwards. The Lodge was conferring the Page rank. The lights were low, when the Vice Chancellor startled the brothers by stating: "Chancellor Commander, I can see a person's eyes looking through a knot hole. Some one is in the haymow." The members all jumped up and rushed out to the haymow with a lamp, and sure enough there stood a man with a pitchfork, and in a defiant attitude and voice said: "Keep away from me, you ——, or I will run you through." The boys were staggered. They rallied and deployed, right and left, and got in the rear and disarmed him. They kicked him down stairs, through the barn, and into the street. One member, more collected than the rest, said: "Boys, it won't do to let this man go. He has seen and heard our secrets." They rushed out and captured him again, brought him into the barn, and swore him to eternal secrecy. He was frightened. He would swear to anything. After he was gone, a committee was appointed to interview, and find out why and how he was in the haymow, and what he saw and heard. He told the boys that he had got drunk, and wandered into the barn and haymow to sleep. He woke up, heard voices, looked through the knot-hole, saw lights shining in different directions, saw ghostly figures moving, spears and swords shining, solemn voices, low music. It looked awful. Concluded that he had died and gone to hell. About that time a crowd rushed out and said: "Kill

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him! Kill him!" Then he was sure he was in hell. He felt around. His hand grasped a pitchfork, and, as he felt his courage coming back, he determined to fight the devil and all his hosts. The result has been told. You can never get this man to tell what he heard or saw. This Lodge now has a nice Castle Hall and is prospering; but the name of the Haymow Lodge will stick to them forever.

"Brothers," said a sick brother, "I thank you very much for your kindness in being with me in my last hour. I feel as though I am about to depart to another world. I hear the sweet music and I hear the angels calling me. Good-bye, all."

"You are mistaken, dearest," said his loving wife, who was bending over him, "we hear the music, too. It is an Italian organ-grinder on the street playing 'After the Ball is Over.' Only this, and nothing more."

The sick brother revived.

BRO. JONES DOES ELEAZER

"Hurry up my supper, my dear," exclaimed Brother Jones, as he hurriedly threw off his coat and vest and commenced to unbutton his shirt-collar, "for I am in a fearful hurry. Will you please go to the speaking-tube, Mrs. Jones, and tell the girl to get a move on 'erselfs?"

"What is the matter, Mr. Jones?" asked his patient spouse, looking up from the shirt-waist that she was working on in an excited endeavor to get it done for the evening's use.

"Matter! What do you suppose is the matter? The only thing that I know of is that my supper is not ready, and I am due down town in an hour! Mrs. Jones, where in the name of common sense is my collar?"

"Your collar is on your neck."

"Who asked you anything about my collar? I asked where 'n thunder my necktie was," and Jones knitted his brow as he glared at his wife.

"My dear husband, your necktie is in your hand," responded Mrs. Jones, trying to repress a smile.

"Suppose I have got my necktie in my hand, is that any reason why you should delay me about supper, when you know that I am in a hurry? Why do n't you say that you do not want me to come home to supper, and then I can go to the restaurant, which I suppose would suit you very well indeed? Well, what is the matter with you anyway?" continued Mr. Jones, as he observed his wife's downcast looks.

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"Nothing, excepting that I am very much disappointed!"

"Disappointed, disappointed, what are you disappointed about? Surely not because I have got an important business engagement?"

"No, not that; but I told the captain of our staff that you would take the part of Eleazer during the work in the Lodge to-night."

Brother Jones glared at his wife, and asked, "What Lodge are you talking about?"

"Why, Mr. Jones, have you forgotten that the Rebekah Lodge meets to-night?"

"Yes, I suppose it does; but what of it?" And the somewhat flustered man continued his toilet.

"Why, I told the captain that you could take the part of Eleazer in the work, for you know we have two candidates, and they are both lovely young ladies."

"What is that—two young ladies to be initiated to-night?"

"Yes, lovely young ladies!"

"Ah, indeed! What did you say you wanted me to do?"

"Take the part of Eleazer," responded Mrs. Jones, sweetly.

"Let me see, what is that Eleazer did for his country?"

"Eleazer!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, somewhat elated to think that her husband should begin to ask her such a question, "is the gentleman that Abraham sent to find a wife for his son Isaac."

"What was the matter with Ike that he could not hunt for his own wife?"

"I do n't know that there was anything the matter, but you know that Abraham was a sort of head one,

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and he was ever so rich and wanted his son to marry the leading young lady of the land."

"What am I to do?" earnestly inquired the now interested Jones.

"You are to dress up befitting the character that you represent, that of the servant of Abraham."

"I do n't want to disappoint the candidates," mused Jones, as he contemplated the fact of the youth and beauty of the ladies that were to be initiated; then, as if indifferent upon the subject, he continued, "all right, go on to Lodge, and when the time comes Eleazer will be there in all his glory."

"I am so glad," calmly exclaimed Mrs. Jones, "for I want the Lodge to see that you can do things like that better than any one, and I think it is awful sweet in you to take the part."

The supper passed off with the usual serenity, and when the time came Mrs. Jones hurried on to the Lodge, leaving her husband to follow on later, not a very conventional manner of doing this sort of thing; but then Jones claimed he wanted to study his part.

The Lodge had made the necessary preparations for work, when the Noble Grand began to look anxiously for her spouse, who was for the first time to essay the rôle of the famous Biblical servant, and her misgivings were somewhat excited when she remembered that he had never seen the character but once, and that was when he was initiated. The important moment arrived that Eleazer was to appear, when in stalked Brother Jones, dressed in full evening dress even to buttonhole bouquet, and as the dashing Eleazer tripped nimbly over toward the blushing and somewhat confused Rebekah, his shining silk tile in his hand and wearing an "O, ain't I a dandy" look, his wife, who acted the part of Rebekah,

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whispered, "Why, my dear, that is not the way Eleazer dressed, for he was an old, gray-haired man with long white beard, and he was lame and walked with a big stick."

"He was, was he? Well, I guess not. That may do for your kind, but if Abraham wants to catch the best girl in the land for Ike, he wants his agent to dress up and look like somebody, for how do you expect an old

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grandfather, gray beard, and lame at that, to catch a young girl? I tell you there is nothing in it. However, if you do n't like the way I do the part, say so," and he stalked from the room, leaving the Lodge somewhat divided as to whether Brother Jones was correct or not.

❖ ❖ ❖

I KNOW I'M A DAUGHTER OF REBEKAH

BY J. L. H. MOSIER.

I know I'm a Daughter of Rebekah,
No matter how hard I may try
The facts in the matter to keep together,
Or the truth of my sex to deny;
I know I can't "sharpen a lead pencil,"
Or throw stones just like a boy,
Or stand in front of a gin-mill,
And ogle the girls that pass by.
I know I can't play "draw poker,"
Or count by the color of chips,
Nor bet on the high-speed racers,
Or go to track-follower for tips;
I do n't attend the ward meetings,
Or get off political slang;
I do n't do any of the fighting,
Or stay out all night with the gang.
I'm glad to be a Daughter of Rebekah!
It will be my greatest of joys
To learn that, with my own efforts,
I've made bright Odd Fellows of my boys;
When nearing the end of this life,
And I am out of the whirl,
How pleased to know that for a wife
An honest Odd Fellow has taken my girl!

D. O. K. K. FESTIVAL IN TEXAS

El Ka 'Bah Temple, D. O. K. K., met to perpetrate an annual Ceremonial, in a properly joyful and hilarious manner.

The invitations sent out to the votaries were unique and complicated, and full of characteristic wit and wisdom. Here are a few of their delectable aphorisms:

"Beaumont oil stock is not legal tender."

"As goes the main guy, so goes the whole push."

"Wandering Arabs who are within our gates when the blowout comes off are cordially invited to eat of our salt." "Caution: Our sentinel has been on the police force; do n't try to tell him anything, have your parchment ready."

"It costs a tyro ten mint blossoms to become a votary."

"Eat, drink, and be leary, for to-morrow you lie."

"Our caterer has a boll weevil mixture that will efface the memory of last year's short crops."

"A committee will see that you get to bed all right along toward morning."

Seventeen fresh and guileless tyros presented themselves to dance a rigadon down the red hot road, after which the camels went to feed. The menu was quite up to the proper Khorassan standard of edible and potable excellence.

Votary Tom C. Swope could not attend the blowout, being at the time long on Beaumont oil stock, and

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greasy with the oil business. He, however, telegraphed his regrets, with this rythmical and touching protest:

"I can see the camels coming,
I can hear the tigers roar,
And because I'm short of lucre
My heart is very sore.
I believed that you were good men—
Men of heart and nature tender—
Till unkindly you remind me
That my stock's not legal tender.
The banquet hall must miss me,
And the punch bowl shall go dry,
Till my oil tank's legal tender
In the sweet by and by."



REFUSED TO SERVE AS POLAR BEAR

A Frenchman went to a Brother member of his Lodge, and said to him:

"What does a polar bear do?"

The Brother answered:

"What does a polar bear do? Why, he sits on the ice."

"Sits on zee ice?"

"Yes," said the Brother; "there is nothing else to sit on."

"Vell, vat he do, too?"

"What does he also do? Why, he eats fish."

"Eats fish—sits on zee ice and eats fish. Then I not accept."

"You do n't accept? What do you mean?"

"O, non, non. I does not accept. I was appointed to act as polar bear to zee funeral."

HAD N'T BEEN TO THE LODGE

**Lord Lovel, he stood at his front door,
Seeking the hole for the key ;**

**His hat was wrecked, and his trousers bore
A rent across either knee,
When down came the beauteous Lady Jane
In fair white draperie.**

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"Have you been to Lodge, Lord Lovel?" she said;

"O, where have you been?" said she;

"I have not closed an eye in bed,

And the clock has just struck three.

Who has been standing you on your head

In the ash-barrel, pardie?"

"I am not drunk, Lad' Shane," he said,

"And so late it can not be;

The clock struck one as I entered—

I heard it two times or three;

It must be the salmon on which I fed

Has been too much for me."

"Go tell your tale, Lord Lovel," she said,

"To the maritime cavalree,

To your grandmamma of the hoary head—

To any one but me;

The door is not to be opened

With a cigarette for a key!"



THE BUNDLE OF STICKS

A good joke is told of a good Brother in which the necessity of officers committing their charges is illustrated. However, this particular Brother on the particular occasion referred to is excusable from the fact that he was temporarily filling the office in the absence of the proper officer. His charge was that in which reference is made to the bundle of sticks. When he came to the wording, "When united a giant's power can not rend them asunder," imagine the feeling of those present when, from lack of good sight, he read, "giant powder can not rend them asunder."

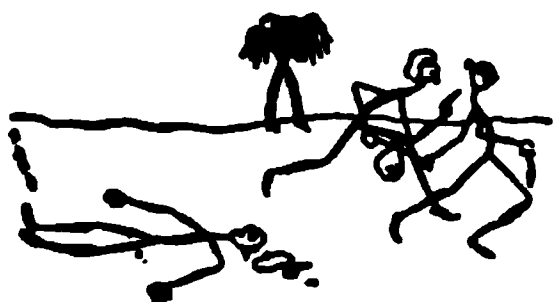
TO JERICHO ROAD

By DAVID B. PAGE.



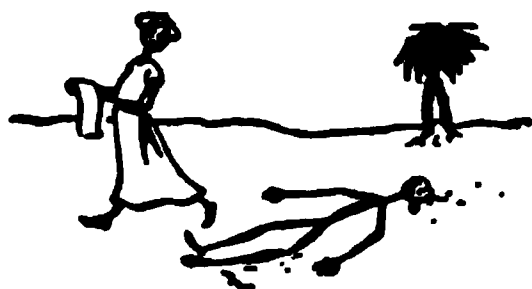
A traveler passed down the Jericho road,
He carried of cash a pretty fair load
(The savings of many a toilsome day)
On his Jericho home a mortgage to pay.

At a turn of the road in a lonely
place,
Two villainous men met him face
to face.



Hands up! they cried, and they beat
him sore.
Then off to the desert his swag they
bore.

Soon a priest came by who had a fold,
He sheared his sheep of silver and
gold,
He saw the man lie bruised and bare,
But he passed on by to his place of
prayer.



Then a Levite, temple bound, drew
nigh;
He saw the man, but let him lie,
And clad in silk and filled with pride,
He passed him by on the other side.

Next on the way a Samaritan came,
(To priest and Levite a hated name).



THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES



The wounded man he would not pass,
He tenderly placed him on his ass.

He took him to an inn hard by,
He dressed his wounds and bathed
his eye.

He paid the landlord his full score;
If more were needed, would pay him

NOTE.

Ah! Many travel the Jericho way,
And many are beaten and robbed each day;
And many there be on the way in need,
Whom priest or Levite never heed,
And who to fate would yield, alas!
If some Samaritan did not pass.

Who is my neighbor? This my creed—
My neighbor is he who hath a need.
And this my labor, to make the way
To Jericho safe by night or day;
To have the acts of all men right,
Then there 'll be no robber, no priest, no
Levite.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN IN COWBOY PHRASEOLOGY

Among all the revisions and twentieth-century versions of the Bible we have failed to find anything corresponding to the following paraphrase of the familiar parable of the Good Samaritan, which certainly deserves

to rank high in point of vividness and faithfulness to the main features of the story, even if it lacks other desirable qualities in a translation. A well-known Western Sunday-school worker furnishes the text, and ascribes the original to a Wyoming Sunday-school teacher:

"One day a feller was goin' down from J'rusalem in the Jericho cañon. A couple of chaps jumped on 'im, and when they had most killed him took 'is wad and

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

run away. By and by a preacher cum along and looked at the feller an' sed, 'I 'll not monkey wi' that chap,' and went away. Purty soon a doctor cum by and looked at him and sed, 'It 's none o' my medicine,' an' went away and left 'im. Then a cowboy cum along ridin' a broncho. He got down by the feller and took 'is wipe an' brushed away the dirt an' blood from 'is face. Then he took 'im up and put 'im on his broncho an' took 'im ter the road-house an' sed to the man: 'Look 'ere, you take care o' this feller fur me. Give him everythin' he wants. Here 's my wad, and if you need any more w'en I cum back from the range I 'll giv' it ter yer.' "



GIVES AWAY THE SECRETS

It is not generally known that little Charlie Weil is married to a big red-headed girl, at least we have this by grapevine telegraph. This is how he gave the Encampment secrets away the other night.

Charlie's wife (1.55 P. M.): "What's that horrid odor? Smells like alcohol."

Little Charlie Weil: "Yes, my dear, we use alcohol at the Encampment for initiations. Take some alcohol, light it, put some salt in the flame, and it gives a ghastly, yellow light; makes folks look like ghosts, you know."

"But that odor comes from your breath."

"Yes, m' dear; in R. P. degree I personate the chief demon with flames coming from his mouth. I take a mouthful of alcohol and a swallow of salt and set fire to it. But, m' dear, you must n't tell these things. Secret society secrets are sacred, you know."

By S. J. YOUNG.

A candidate, returning from his Tribe at early morn,
Was seated at his fireside, all cosy, snug, and warm;
Reviewing in his mind, perchance, the lessons o'er and
o'er,
Of his initiation just an hour or two before.

He thought of all the pitfalls that had yawned before
his sight;
Of the snares in which his feet had strayed on that
eventful night.
'He recalled the obligation that had made him trem-
ble so,
'And he smiled as thus he pondered, rocking softly to
and fro.

'T was while thus he rocked and pondered, as he gazed
into the light
Of the embers on his hearthstone, glowing there so
warm and bright,
That a sudden agitation seized the fire; it rose and fell
Like a steady undulation of a gentle ocean swell.

THE CANDIDATE'S DREAM

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THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Suddenly a flash like lightning made the room as bright
as day.

Smoke and flames rolled up the chimney ; sparks leaped
out in bright array.

Then from out that fiery tumult, which was raging
fierce as hate,

Leaped an imp, alighting nimbly near the startled can-
didate.

Rooted to his chair with horror, every vein and artery
froze

In that candidate's anatomy, from top of crown to toes.
Every hair was standing upright ; goose-flesh rose from
every pore,

As that imp, with grin sardonic, stood and scanned him
o'er and o'er.

Bowing low, the imp addressed him, in a voice quite
out of place

With the fiendish face and figure, full of lithe Satanic
grace :

"Mr. Brown, I think you're called, sir. Yes? Well,
Brown, I represent

Mr. Satan, of Gehenna. By his edict I am sent

To inform you, if you please, sir, that our Tribe in
session waits

For a candidate. You're chosen, so the secretary
states.

'T is an honor quite distinguished that I bring you from
below.

Satan's waiting—please be quick, sir. Ready? All
right, here we go."

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Quick as thought the imp had seized him by two points
of his attire—

One high up; the other lower—hurled him headlong in
the fire.

Down he plunged in depths abysmal (losing consciousness the while),

And the imp was close beside him as they journeyed
mile on mile.

When at last Brown's eyes were opened, he was lying
'pon the ground.

Getting up in some confusion wond'ringly he gazed
around.

Rocks and cliffs and beetling boulders towered high on
every side;

Just in front a mighty cavern frowned—its entrance
deep and wide.

Glancing up his eye encounters letters of the boldest
kind,

Setting forth this solemn warning: "Who Enters Here
Leaves Hope Behind."

Once again that awful quaking seizes him in its embrace,

As he sees a score of demons trooping from that gruesome place.

Said the imp: "Come, let us enter, these my brothers
will attend.

Have no fear but they'll protect us, and, if need, our
lives defend."

Then he shrieked with fiendish laughter, and his brother
demons danced

Round and round their frightened victim; howling,
shrieking as they pranced.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

With an effort quite heroic Brown put on a bolder face.
He divined with intuition fear would only bring disgrace

If disclosed. So, quickly turning to the imp, and bowing low,

He replied: "I'll be delighted. I'm a Red Man, please to know.

I have seen the Red Man's campfire in the forest, far away

From the busy marts of commerce, and where e'en the light of day

Seldom penetrates the fastness. I have been a candidate,

Passing through such scenes of horror as I will not now relate.

I have been astride that animal (the noblest of his kind)

Who is always rearing up in front, or kicking up behind,

And I say, with due reflection, there's no pleasure I'd enjoy

Like I would to greet your master, and say, 'Howdy, Sate, old boy.' "

Brown had scarcely finished speaking when the grinning imp replied:

"Very well, presumptuous mortal." To the demons:
"Stand aside!"

"Come," he said, "you'll find Gehenna quite a novelty, my friend,

And I trust you will enjoy it. Demons, one and all, attend!"

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

In a trice they seized and bound him (luckless Brown!
half dead with fright);

Dragged him to that yawning cavern, which was frown-
ing black as night.

On his eyes they placed a hoodwink; shod his feet with
roller skates;

And poor Brown shot quickly downward, on the road
to Hades' gates.

Ne'er before, thought Brown, has mortal skated in such
awful plight.

All his life sped through his mem'ry, up to this eventful
night.

Round him now the air was rushing, swirling, whistling,
shrieking past,

As he crouched, each muscle straining to resist the
tempest blast.

In his mind were thoughts of Dante's visit to the "In-
ferno,"

And he wondered what improvements Satan had in-
stalled below.

Moments passed in swift succession—years they seemed
to luckless Brown,

As he flew at speed terrific, yet increasing—down—
down—down.

Now he reels—has lost his footing; headlong now he
feels himself

Hurled as from a belching cannon 'gainst a jagged,
rocky shelf.

Forked lightning plays before him; in his ears a deafen-
ing roar;

Bells are ringing, fiends are singing songs he never
heard before.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Consciousness once more deserts him—next he feels a
giant hand

Take him firmly by the shoulder, and a voice of stern
command

Bids him "Come to bed this instant." Surely that was
not his wife!

Yes, it was, for he was dreaming. There she stood as
large as life.

True enough, Brown had been dreaming; now he has
but one regret

That his wife disturbed his slumbers; says he'd like to
make a bet

That Old Sate's initiation would have been the merest
play

For a full-fledged Noble Red Man, as he had become
that day.

A SAD STORY

HE GOT ALL THAT WAS COMING TO HIM

Curdton Camp, of Curdton, doubtless has the best "tamed goat" on record. The following is one of the boys' story after he had been initiated: "Well, sir, that critter had the blamedest longest horns that I ever felt in all my life, but hold to 'em I could n't, to save me from Halifax. A feller had just as well tried to hold to the hind wheels of a cyclone. Well, things were moving along smoothly until I heard 'goat blats' and chains begin to rattle. I knew the jig was up then. You know how a feller will try to brace up, so I hollered out, 'Hold him,' and about that time some feller says, 'Hold your great-great-grandmother's gray, greenish, grizzly cat, you'd as well try to hold the devil,' says he. Well, I knew the big thing was going to take place, and pretty soon they set to work to put me on the critter. I could hear them whisperin', but I did n't know just how the thing was goin', so I yelled out, 'Let 'er go,' and they did. Did he buck? Well, he did. He bucked stiff-legged, he bucked limber-legged, he bucked sidewise and endwise, he bucked by ear, he bucked by note, he bucked by the job round and round, over benches, under benches, all hands round, and bucked back over the same territory again. Talk about bucking bronchos, that darned critter outbucked forty herd of bronchos. Well, after he had

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

bucked about s'teen hours, some feller over in the corner says, 'Boys, he ain't got enough yit, better let him go again.' Blamed if I did n't think I was a goner this time; that infernal critter bucked clear up and bumped my head against the ceilin', and I hollered for help, or tried to, but that infernal Bill would n't stay on the floor long enough. I could get the h-e-l all right, but before I could sound the p, the son-of-a-gun would have me in the air. I guess the boys thought I was tryin' to cuss the critter. This time I went into a state of 'corrosive sublimity,' and when I came to my eight senses, hang me if that blamed goat was n't right out in front of me with a hunch across his back bucking harder than ever. Then they helped me up and I thought it was all up when some feller says, 'Now we'll give him float-o' or somethin', I do n't know what he did say. 'I'll be darned if you give me anything else,' says I, and I started to run, but some feller caught me and I guess they gave it to me. I knew no more until the next meeting, but the boys all said I was a nice, quiet feller and stood it well, and that they would give me the other degree next meeting. If that degree is anything like the first, I'll be darned if I take it."



A REVERSIBLE QUALITY

Behrman: "Yes, marriage changes a man wonderfully."

Willis: "Why?"

Behrman: "Before I was married a glance from Annie would intoxicate me, and now when I get home late from the Lodge the look she gives actually sobers me."

AN ELK'S INITIATION

We will draw aside the curtain for a few moments, and reveal to our friends just a fractional part of what

the Elks require a candidate to experience in order to prove his fitness for Elkdom.

We will tell it in the language of a brother who was initiated but recently, as everything is fresh in his mem-

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

ory. Here is what Brother — says: "A short time ago I was elected to membership in the B. P. O. Elks, and was duly notified to present myself at the Lodge-room on the following Friday at 8.30 P. M. I was on

hand at the appointed time on that memorable Friday evening, and was taken in charge by a committee of six Elks, who conducted me to the basement of the building, which is a three-story one and about forty feet high. Here we entered a room which was pitch dark; I was bound hand and foot, a heavy belt was put around me under my arms to which a rope was fastened, and then the committee quickly left the room, closing and bolting the door behind them.

The heavy iron bar fell to its place with an awful jar, the chains rattled against the door, and I was a prisoner in the darkness, and alone. Presently the room became lighted with a pale-gray, ghostly light, and in horror I beheld a skull and crossbones on a table within two feet of my face, a blank death certificate hanging just above them, and an open coffin in one corner, with the following notice on the wall above it:

'If he can not stand the test,
Let him here forever rest.'

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Then two human skeletons appeared, moving slowly toward me, one pointing to the death certificate, the other to the coffin, and both grinning and staring at me in that ghostly way that makes a man's hair point skyward.

"Suddenly the lights went out, and a voice spoke in deep sepulchral tones, saying, 'Not yet! Not yet! Mephisto, appear.' Instantly the lights were up, the uncanny objects had vanished, and there stood a devilish-looking red demon, who opened a door at the opposite side of the room, revealing a mass of burning and flaming brimstone, the fumes of which were suffocating me, and I was about to cry out in my distress when that awful voice said, 'Stay and perish; depart and live.' Every second seemed an hour to me, but by and by I felt myself being slowly drawn upward, very slowly, until I thought I had gone several hundred feet, finally swinging against a small, upright, and greasy pole, when I stopped. Some one told me to hold to that pole, and of course I did so.

"That dreadful voice again broke the silence, saying, 'Are you prepared to take the full measure of our cup?' I had about enough, but before I could say so, another

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

voice in sneering tones said, 'Exalted Ruler, already he trembles like an aspen leaf, his cheek is pale, and Death hovers near him.' Here some one rang the telephone bell, called up the livery stable, and said, 'Bring the hearse and black team to the Pharmacy Building at 9.30 sharp; secret work of grave importance.'

"Then the Exalted Ruler said in solemn tones, 'Sever the thread that holds him 'twixt heaven and earth, and let him fall whence he came. If he survives it is well; he will be one of us. But if he dies, it is better so.'

"The rope was cut, and like a shot I went down through the darkness, holding to that slippery pole and feeling sure that I should be dashed to pieces on the hard stone floor, far, far below. When down about twenty-five feet I struck a cushioned spring, spiral in shape, which encircled the pole and which sent me up again along the greasy pole like a rocket. While I was down the upper half of the pole was removed; so when I came up I flew over it, and out into the blackness, my heart in my throat, my thoughts of my past deeds, and my soul full of despair. Then I began to fall again, and with a sudden splash I plunged into a tank of ice-cold water, from which I was rescued by my tormentors.

"After donning dry clothes, I was put through numerous other hazardous experiences which I dare not reveal; and while there was yet life in me, I was taken before the Lodge and pronounced a full-fledged Elk."

Patrons of Husbandry—mothers with marriageable daughters.

If you have a kick coming, send it to the goat. He will digest it.

Be not quick to anger; but if you are chased by a bucking billy goat, take of-fence as quickly as you can.

What length ought a "Star's" petticoat to be?
A little above two feet.

The best thing in bonnets continues to be as in the past—a pretty Pythian Sister.

If you want to get rich, ride a goat, because when you are on a goat you are better off.

The rosebuds fall from the bush, and the goat eats them up. Hence the Attar of Roses.

Why did Ruth treat Boaz roughly?
Because she pulled his *ears* and trod on his *corn*.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Of course we have "sticks" in Odd Fellowship—a bundle of them.

"Think of it! Goats on racing yachts as mascots!"
"They are certainly no more remarkable than rams on battleships."

Brown: "Your wife seems very hoarse to-day!"
"Jones: "Yes, I was very late home last night from the Lodge."

"To Candidates: 'Ask and ye shall receive, knock and it shall be opened unto you;' when you get in we'll do the rest."

A poem in a Granger paper, called "Song of the Farmer's Boy," very appropriately commences with "Ho, brothers, ho!"

If the Masonic Order in Italy has thrown open the doors, anybody will be able to butt in without the aid of the goat.

Now that Jake Schoepfel is a Mason he is always talking about building a house. We never knew that Jake was a bricklayer.

"So Cholly has joined a Rebekah Lodge?"
"Yes; he thought if he could n't be a benedict, he could at least be a brother."

When a man is about to be told a secret, he shuts the door. When it is a woman, she opens the door, to be sure that no one is listening outside.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

The goat is a kind of butter that you can't eat on bread, while a female goat is a buttress, and a couple of young goats are a pair of two-buttin' kids.

It was a clever "Star" who, when her lover, who was too bashful to "speak out," asked her what he should do, replied, "Do write, and fear not."

Mr. Patriarch: "What would you do if I should die and leave you?"

Mrs. Patriarch: "Leave me—how much?"

Subordinate (in periodical store): "I want a Fire-side Companion."

Pretty Rebekah (archly): "How would I do?"

Star: "I may be wrong, of course, but I always make it a rule to say just what I think."

Rebekah: "You're not much of a talker, are you?"

Bob: "Have a lively time at the Shrine last night?"

Fred: "Yes, very. An old gentleman and I got to arguing about religion, and I guess my dress suit is ruined."

"Why does a goat eat old tin cans?" asked a teacher of one of the largest boys in the class.

"Because he is a goat, I reckon," was the prompt reply.

"Who was the lady I saw you with at the Lodge blow-out last night?" said George Schmidt to Joe Shafer, who replied: "That was nobody, that was my wife."

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

A member of a Lodge lately rose in his place, and solemnly declared, "Worthy Chancellor, I can not sit still here and keep silence without rising and saying a few words."

Next time do n't tell your wife you will be home on Friday night by ten o'clock. You do n't know anything about it. Just tell her to have breakfast ready at the usual time.

"Takawarmbait" is the name of an Odd Fellows Lodge at Natuk, Mass. The fellow that invented the name probably was fishing for trout and carried his bait in his mouth.

"What made the goat butt you?" they asked of the gentleman as he came flying down the hall stairs; and he answered, "Do you think I was fool enough to go back and ask him?"

Mr. Botts.—"I think, my dear, I have at last found the key to success."

Mrs. Botts.—"Well, just as like as not you'll not be able to find the keyhole."

Figg.—"What do you think of my argument before the Lodge last night, Fogg?"

Fogg.—"It was sound—very sound"—Figg is delighted—"nothing but sound, in fact."

Rebekah: "Why do people always apply the name of 'she' to a city?"

Subordinate: "I do n't know. Why is it?"

Rebekah: "Because every city has outskirts."

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Jimmy Cumso: "Papa, who were the Levites?"

Papa: "They were the humorous men of the children of Israel, and called Levites on account of their levity."

"He says that his Lodge always regarded him as a valuable member."

"Yes, they offered a reward for him when he left with the treasury's funds."

"You can tell everybody at home that you will be in early. You need not, of course, mention the date if you do not want to commit yourself. The R. R. will be running next day as usual."

She: "I have been awake for four hours waiting for you to come home from the Lodge."

He: "I have been waiting for four hours at the Lodge for you to go to sleep."

We've often heard of liars,
But the biggest one on earth
Is he who took the Oriental
And "didn't get his money's worth."

"I have often heard your husband spoken of as a captain," said a neighbor to another. "O, yes," was the reply, "he is a captain of the Uniform Rank all right, but I'm Secretary of War in this family."

Mrs. Neighbor: "I hear that Mrs. Newly has been expelled from the Woman's Rights Club."

Mrs. Placid: "Yes, poor thing; she was so indiscreet as to say a word or two in favor of her husband."

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Husband: "What did you think when you heard the chandelier fall in the night?"

Wife: "I thought that you had been to the "Lodge" again and were getting upstairs as gently as you could."

An officer in a certain Lodge usually prefaces his charge to the candidate with, "My Brother, let me say a few words before I begin." This is about equal to the old lady who "always took a nap before she went to sleep."

Mrs. Marginnis: "I understand that your husband has just received the thirty-third degree, Mrs. Maguffin."

Mrs. Maguffin: "Yes, John is just above the freezing point."

"What an unfortunate thing that was about Brother Grimshaw's death. They say he didn't leave his wife a thing." "That's a mistake." "O, I'm so glad! What did he leave her?" "He left her a young and mighty pretty widow. She's all right."

'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;
'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.
And truant husbands should return, and say,
"My dear, I was the first who came away."

—Byron.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Nell: "But you must never mention what I have just told you."

Bess: "Why, is it a secret?"

Nell: "O, no; but——"

Bess: "Then it is n't worth repeating."

A "high jinker" of a time is the way the Los Angeles *Freemason* describes a recent Shrine meeting in that city. The phrase is in keeping with one recently applied by a candidate in this city after he had received the third degree, and who wanted to meet "jug-a-rum" face to face.

Mrs. Hicks: "I have noticed a curious thing about your attending those Lodge banquets."

Mr. Hicks: "What?"

Mrs. Hicks: "When they put you down for a toast, that is about all your stomach will stand the next morning."

"How beautiful the dome of heaven is this evening!" said Rebekah, as she leaned heavily on his arm on the way home from Lodge. "The stars seem to look down upon us——"

"O yes," said the practical Isaac, "it's impossible for them to look up at us, you know."

"What is it you call your new fraternal insurance society?"

"The Grand Universal and United Order of Mankind."

"What is its numerical strength?"

"Well, we have seventeen members so far."

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

A good story is told on a delegate to Grand Lodge. He deposited his surplus cash in a bank on his arrival in the city, taking the precaution to mark the bills. Subsequently he saw a man pay one of the marked bills to the hotel, and accused him of theft. It took a careful explanation to convince him how the bank could pay out his money without dishonesty.

When the Goat had eaten the lighted firecrackers, the Boy fell to mocking him with open throat.

"How," inquired the Boy, "do you like the celebration?"

"A bit of gay bunting would help out, I think," quoted the Goat.

Suiting the action to the word, the Goat did not do a thing to the Boy.

Somewhat like these:

During a recess, one Brother had related a side-splitting joke, and the others laughed consumedly. Featherly seemed to be particularly amused.

"Rather good; eh, Featherly?" said Dumley, very much pleased.

"Y-yes, indeed," replied Featherly, as soon as he could articulate. "It's g-good every time, Dumley—g-good every time."

DO N'T TELL SECRETS

A woman gives this advice:

"It is the greatest comfort in the world to tell your trouble to some sympathizing friend; but it is dangerous. There are many things about family life that should be kept in the family. They do not involve you alone. Read Maeterlinck's essay upon Silence in the 'Treasury of the Humble.' It will give you food for thought. Perhaps one should be more careful of any other person's secrets than of his own, but can he be blamed if he is not? There was a common little rhyme that I clipped from a paper a long time ago, which is addressed to the man who tells his own secrets. One verse is worth remembering:

'If you yourself can't keep it,
Then who can?
Could you more expect of any
Other man?
Yet you put him, if he tells it—
If he gives away or sells it—
Under ban.' "



ABSURDLY PARTICULAR

"Why did you withdraw from your Lodge?" he asked.

"O, they were so absurdly particular!" she replied.

"How?"

"Why, the chairman would n't let me talk just because some one else was talking—as if that made any difference."

THE GOAT

The goat, the goat, the bearded goat,
The horned, the hoofed, the hairy goat;
As I'm a sinner of some note,
This night I rode the Masonic goat.

He was a beast of wondrous size,
With lengthy limbs and glassy eyes,
And beard that swept the carpet clear,
And horns that touched the chandelier.

Ye gods! if there's a time we feel
Misgivings through our noddle steal,
'Tis when we through the mys'tries
float
Upon the dark Freemason's goat.

Three times was I compelled to ride
The beast around the Temple wide,
And when I tried the fearful mount,
My heart's pulsations all could count.

Twice did I make the circuit fair,
With hold on horns, on tail and hair;
'Tis on the third attempt and last,
When I presumed the danger past,
He pitched me clear of horns and head,
And left me far below, for dead.

But when I rose with courage frail,
The goat had vanished, head and tail;
And I was styled by one and all
The liveliest Mason in the hall.

By J. L. ISAACS.

O! dark and stormy was the night,
I wandered on my way
To Masons' hall, to get the light,
Which all the Brothers say
Dispels the care, allays the fear
That cloud the paths of life;
Makes man love home and family dear,
His children and his wife.

The stairways leading to the Lodge
Were high, and hard to climb—
I ne'er was known a task to dodge,
And, being in my prime,
I made the stairways' steep ascent,
Was halted at the door—
A shudder through my system went
At sight ne'er seen before.

There stood the Tyler, dark and grim
With weapon in his hand,
It took but one good look at him
To stop at his command.
"Presumptuous mortal; hold," he said,
"What brings you here this night?"
"I am a candidate," I said, "and not afraid,
For I am seeking light."

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"Then enter," and he opened wide

The door of ante-room;

And as I briskly stepped in-
side

I thought I heard a
groan.

I will not dwell too long
upon

The horrors of that
night.

When I, a candidate, was
shown

The way to mystic light.

The Masons have a billy goat

With hair as black as jet,

And when the candidate
comes in,

He goes for him, you bet.

He bucked me right—he
bucked me left,

Till terror filled my soul,

I only could escape the goat
By climbing greasy pole.

On top of pole, O! horrid
sight,

Blood red, stood letter
G—.

G stood for goat, goat stood
for me,

In all my misery.

And when the perspiration rolled

In big drops from my skin,

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

I trembled when I saw how bold
They took their Brothers in.

I cried for help, no help was near,
But the Master with big hat
Said "Wait, with patience, brother dear,
I'll introduce our cat."
Like gooseberries, his eyes were green,
Each foot like lion claws,
The largest, blackest cat e'er seen—
I tried to reach the door.

"Be firm," the Master said, subdued,
"That you'll be always true—
A token of your fortitude
We'll now require of you."
At Master's call the gridiron came,
I shuddered with affright.
Redhot 't was heated in the flame
Of furnaces burning bright.

But horrors more were still in store,
I dare not, can not tell
How flames shot bright on that dark night
Like demon fires in hell.
With clothes in shreds, and terror dread
I left the Masons' hall
In such a plight that fearful night
That I, alas! recall.

O! is this Masons' work, I cried,
You claim that you are free,
You wound, you scratch, you tear and burn,
Yet boast of charity.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Now, after years I hear the jeers
Of Masons stanch and true,
To initiate men, they torture them
In the good Lodge they call "blue."

To pass my time, this little rhyme
I made up, and it shows
That other things can have their wings
Beside the three black crows.
We had good luck, we tied the buck,
The flames for aye are ended,
Do n't be a fool, the gridiron's cool,
The torn clothes are mended.

The cat with eyes of giant size
Is playing with his mother;
The Tyler grim, is rather slim—
I hail him as a brother.
Each column takes the place of pole,
They're known as B. & J.
And earth and planets complete the whole,
As through you pass that way.

O! letter G so bright to see,
To Masons' hearts so dear;
Initial of Geometry,
Whose light beams everywhere.
—nd us thy light from heaven above
To keep us in the right,
And fill our hearts with truth and love
While the letter G shines bright.

WHEN PAPA'S BEST BOY TOOK THE M. M. DEGREE

BY NELSON WILLIAMS.

When Papa's best boy took the M. M. Degree,
In the Order symbolic known as Freemasonry,
He found many friends who were willing to serve
As committees on testing the strength of his nerve.
Of his gall 't was conceded he ever stood pat,
For his papa before him had plenty of that;
And so 't was his grit that all wanted to see,
When papa's best boy took the M. M. degree.

With a mother, God bless her, in beauty enshrined,
And a papa a dozen or two points behind,
He had good looks to spare, and in candor we say
He stood an Apollo, when stripped for the fray.
But the boys had been waiting for lo, many years!
For the chance that but once in a lifetime appears,
And they anticipated the fun there would be
When papa's best boy took the M. M. degree.

And so they turned out by the dozen and score,
Turned out to get even for intrigues of yore;
For now be it known unto all who are here,
This boy had a papa (which is not very queer),
But the papa he had was a lively old duck
Who for other folks' feelings cared never a shuck,
And who never suspicioned what sport there would be
When papa's best boy took the M. M. degree.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

He had badgered poor candidates, weary and sore,
Until, quite exhausted, they dropped to the floor;
This to you may be startling, but do not forget
That it frequently happened in old Lafayette,
And wherever candidates suffered and bled
They found this gay papa had been there ahead;
So each one of them vowed that present he'd be
When papa's best boy took the M. M. degree.

And so present they were, and for business too,
And the young man most surely had plenty to do.
It was business here and business there,
Sometimes on his feet, sometimes in the air;
He vowed that he would, but concluded he would n't;
He thought that he could, but he found that he could n't,
And the boys all danced in evident glee
When papa's best boy took the M. M. degree.

But as all things earthly must come to an end
It is useless much further this tale to extend.
Sufficient to say that this young novice found
That in Masonry dangers are lurking around,
And that when least expected they sometimes appear
To fill timid souls with misgivings and fear.
They were everywhere present as each one could see
When papa's best boy took the M. M. degree.

But he must expect to find things that annoy,
For 't is his misfortune to be papa's boy,
And papa has ever been full of Old Nick;
On candidates ever would turn a mean trick,
So the natural thing for the brethren to do
Was to even with papa when Tommie went through,
And they did the job well, as each member could see,
When papa's best boy took the M. M. degree.

OLE JOINS THE ORDER

Ole Hanson was initiated into a Knights of Pythias Lodge the other night, and he crossed the desert strewn with the dead men's bones, horned toads, scorpions, lizards, and reptiles with forked, fiery tongues. The boys enjoyed an abundance of fun. It appears to be a fashion in this Lodge to brand the candidate in some mysterious place with the peculiar mark of the Order, and it is also the custom to teach him lessons which in after life may cause him to hesitate before blundering headlong into an ocean of woe. When the Lodge-room was opened and ready for the initiation of candidates, Ole was escorted to a grim looking chair and asked to be seated. While some brother in the Craft hood-winked the poor fellow, everything was arranged in the hall.

"Are you ready to go down the chute and receive the sacred brand of the Order, that it may chastise you if found in disgrace, or cherish your memory in death in case your walk in life is down the road of right?"

"Val, aye bane no cow, bot ef yo skal not mak mae cripple so aye can ride mae horse home aye tank das bane all right," was the somewhat excited reply.

"Is your wife and family beyond reach of hunger and distress in case death should o'ertake you in this?"

"Yas, das all right ; do n't poot brand vare somebody can see et sometimes ef aye vare out mae patches."

The confident Swede was led forward and stripped

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

of raiment, tied securely to a cold slab hanging pendant to huge ropes suspended from the ceiling. The hood-wink was taken from his eyes, and as he peered out over the slab he could see masked fiends in black robes

.

heating and testing the branding irons as they danced around the seething, hissing flames. He could hear them mutter an unintelligible something, but could not glean an idea regarding their intent. Finally one of them pulled the heated metal from the fire and spat upon it. Cheers came from the throats of the imps as they

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

heard it sizz and sputter. Ole saw all this, and finally yelled:

"Yentlemen, aye vas just yoking ven aye tell yo I vant to join. Aye vould rather go to hal. Let me op!"

"Is the iron heated to a white heat?" inquired a voice as deep as the seven thunders.

"It is," came from the head imp.

"Well, let it be placed upon the candidate, and burn it deep, that time may not efface from his memory an hour of supreme test."

Ole saw it pulled out of the fire, saw it pass around to his side, and then—

"Aye tank aye skal die!" he yelled.

That was all, for he was soon untied, and found that instead of the iron, a piece of ice had been lapped upon the flesh.

"Es var all mae imagenesion," he said, in relating the incident to a friend. "Aye tought van ice melted es var grease frying out, bot yo bet aye vor teckle van aye knew vat es var."



AN INEXPENSIVE COSTUME

"Rebekah, are you going to the Assembly this year?" inquires Isaac.

"Well, I want to go, but I do n't quite see how I can."

"Why not?"

"Why, what have I got to wear?"

"O, I do n't know."

"No, I guess not. I wish you could tell me."

"Well, let's see now, for one thing, you might wear a pleasant smile. I am sure the sisters would all like that, and—it won't cost anything! Just try it!"

Exit Isaac.

A WOMAN LEARNS LODGE SECRETS

SEATED ON A FIRE-ESCAPE, SHE TOOK IN THE SHOW

There is consternation in the camps of the Red Men, the members of the Independent Order of Foresters are uneasy, and the Kings of Honor are in despair. A Kingsbridge woman has watched their most secret ceremonies and noted their ritual.

She is Mrs. Thomas O'Meara, thirty-five years old, the wife of a laborer. Nobody knew that she possessed a greater share of curiosity than others of her sex until the Red Men gathered in Kingsbridge Hall, in Broadway, just above Church Street, on Friday night. The hall is a four-story structure. The ground floor is occupied by stores, and the second and third are cut up into tenements. Mrs. O'Meara occupies one of these on the second floor.

The hall itself is on the fourth floor. There the noble Red Men gathered in force to form the Shoracpic Tribe, No. 363, of the Order. It was to be composed of fifty residents of Kingsbridge, and Edmund Lewis was to be made Sachem.

Mrs. O'Meara had heard the goat mentioned in connection with such occasions, and she made up her mind to see if the Red Men used one and what it was like. She is a strong and active woman and the difficulties of the undertaking did not appall her.

She climbed out of her back window to the fire

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

escape which runs up the rear of the building, and ascended the ladder to the platform at the fourth floor outside the hall.

It was then about half past eight o'clock and the ceremonies were just getting into full swing. Mrs. O'Meara sat on the platform and let her feet hang through the manhole. She could see inside through the slats of the blind, and the open window enabled her to hear.

Peeping in, she obtained an excellent view of the mystic rites. The Red Men were dancing their war dance, whooping and scalping the pale face in the most approved style. Mrs. O'Meara was absorbed in the scene, and she sat outside for an hour unobserved. Then, startled by an unexpected whoop, she made a slight noise.

This reached the acute ear of Daniel Devlin. He rushed to the window and looked out.

"Help, men! Here's a squaw!" he cried, as he saw Mrs. O'Meara.

William Clark, the Shatenuck, and Michael Hart, of Kingsbridge, ran to his assistance. They caught sight of a woman's garments and uttered a shout of alarm.

"What are you doing there?" asked Sachem Clark.

"I'm watching the ball," replied Mrs. O'Meara, without budging.

Policeman McGoff was passing at the time.

"Come up, quick! There's a woman up here."

McGoff entered the hall and the lights were turned up. He told Mrs. O'Meara to go down. She wouldn't go, she said.

"If I'll go down first, will you come?" said the officer.

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"I will," said Mrs. O'Meara. She had her plans. On the way down she kicked him. He hurried to the window of her apartment and stepped inside. There was no light, but he made his way toward the staircase, intent upon getting out as soon as he could. Mrs. O'Meara grasped a pail full of water which was on the fire escape, and, as the policeman descended the stairs, dashed it over his head. He was completely drenched, but made his escape.



IT IS NOT YOUR BUSINESS

Would you like to know the secrets
Of your neighbor's house and life?
How he lives, or how he does n't,
And just how he treats his wife?
How he spends his leisure,
Whether sorrowful or gay,
And where he goes for pleasure,
To his Lodges or the play?
If you wish it, I will tell you—let me whisper to you sly—
If your neighbor is but civil, it is not your business why.

In short, instead of prying
Into other folks' affairs,
If you do your own but justice,
You will have no time for theirs.
Be attentive to such matters
As concern yourself alone,
And whatever fortune flatters,
Let your business be your own.
One word by way of finis—let me whisper to you sly—
If you wish to be respected, you must cease to be a pry.

A BUTTING RAM

Jim McCue, rancher, politician, philosopher, and horse doctor, walked into the ferryboat with a crutch the other day. He also had an arm in a sling and his head bandaged.

"What's the matter, Jim?" inquired two or three acquaintances.

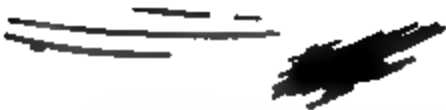
"I'll bet any man in this crowd twenty dollars he can butt harder and longer than any ram or billy goat in the State," responded Jim, somewhat irrelevantly. "But I guess I've broken him of it."

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"Look as though you had been broken yourself," suggested one.

"Well, to tell the truth, I did get jammed around a little. I've been breaking a ram of the butting habit. This ram was raised a pet, and that's what makes him so sassy. He knows who to tackle, too. He won't touch a man, because he knows he'd get a fence rail frazzled out over his head; but a woman he will butt clear over into the next pasture.

"The other morning this ram jolted a lady friend of



mine clear across a field and through a picket fence, and I thought it was time to cure him of the habit. I put on an old calico dress, tied on a sunbonnet, and concealing a sledge-hammer under my apron, sauntered down through the field. The minute the ram saw me he dropped all the business he had on hand, and came over to have some fun with me. He squared off, shook his head, and made a run for me. When I stepped to one side to get a good swing at him, the blamed old dress tripped me, and I fell down. I started to get up, but that blamed old ram was behind me, and I turned two somersaults before I hit the ground again. I did n't stand any chance at all. He just lifted me until he got

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me against the fence, then he backed off and hit me another crack, and then another and another, till I thought he had broken every rib in my body. Finally he jammed me through under the bottom rail, and I managed to crawl to the house.

"But I got even the next morning. I had the hired man to take a green oak log, dress it up in woman's clothes, and set it swinging from a limb. That buck lost a horn the first time he hit it, and it was n't long till the second went the same way. When I left him he was meeting it half way every time it swung back at him, and I would n't wonder if he was worn down pretty near to the tail."



JEWEL OF THE OFFICE

Here is a story of a young man which is credited to a Chicago divine:

The night he took the "third" the Senior Warden, at the proper time, gave him the "jewel." Then the Worshipful Master, with stately tread and solemn face, came down from his seat in the East, and approaching the young candidate, said:

"My brother, what is the jewel of your office?"

The young man blushed, and, in a hesitating manner, stammered out: "The typewriter."

The face of the Worshipful Master relaxed into a smile, and he said: "Well, that is not exactly the answer I expected, but as you have alluded to typewriters, let me ask you which one you prefer?"

There was no hesitation on the part of the candidate this time. With a happy look he answered eagerly: "O, the blonde."

VARIATION OF AN OLD SAW
HE CAME. HE SAW. HE ———

No Neophyte blush crowned his temple of
thought,
Nor softened the ardor of youth;
He had trod the hot sands where the battle
was fought,
In defense of the false and the truth.

This Shriner had sought in his "Orient style,"
To uphold his bright banner of hope—
As the Neophyte struggles the time to beguile,
While he clings to the last of the rope.

FIRST HOUR.

He slept—the night was nearly spent,
Yet morning brought no day,
He dreamed that Araby had sent
Her princes here to stay.

In dreamland walked he on and on,
Not through a dreary waste,
Nor knelt to kiss the "Blarney Stone"
Of sweet yet bitter taste.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

He dreamed the march so hard and long,
He well-nigh gave up hope,
He dreamed he heard the latest song,
"Hold tightly to that rope!"

SECOND HOUR.

He turns, yet once again entranced,
He feels the Arab hand,
And hears the argument advanced,
"What further will he stand?"

O, merciless the Arab hate,
Or Arab scorn of cheer,
If coldly thus they weigh the fate,
Or gauge the power of fear!

On, on, away, across yon bridge
That spans the torrent's roar,
Yet on, to yonder rising ridge,
"Say when! We'll give him more."

THIRD HOUR.

Then slept he on in peace again,
Until, with upturned eyes,
He dreamed he heard a new refrain,
Yet drowned with noisy cries

Of Arab fishermen indeed,
For still from Arab hand
He could not dream he yet was freed,
He still could feel the sand.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

O, sweet the echo of the song,
 " 'Tis six feet deep or more!"
This broiling sun is not for long,
 "I'm dry in every pore."

LAST HOUR—8 A. M.

The Shriner's dream is nearly done,
 He turns his aching head;
His Arabs leave him one by one,
 —He's fallen out of bed.

3 AND SHRINER

ye bells, in wild re-
low, ye bugles, blow;
comes in sight a novice
weary step and slow.
your voice in loudest
shout,
And fire the signal
gun;
fling the temple
banner out,
Our time of joy's
begun.

Who is it that moves
thro' the desert so
slow,
While the sun pours
upon him its red-
hottest glow?
And whom the fierce
lions exultingly
trail,
Whilst biding their
time their prey to
assail?
The Novice.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Who is it that rides o'er the desert so fleet
Upon a swift charger, whose fast-flying feet
Bear him right quickly to yon shady dell,
Where cool is the water that flows from the well?
The Shriner.

Who is it that gathers the sharp, prickly thorn
In the soles of his feet as he wanders forlorn;
Whom jackals and tigers and fierce beasts of prey
Are constantly hunting by night and by day?
The Novice.

Who is it, contented, reclines all at ease
By the side of the well, 'neath the green, verdant
trees;
Who smilingly cheerful with life is content
'Mongst the flowers and breezes of odorous scent?
The Shriner.

Who is it that gets to the oasis cool,
Where sweet flow the waters from clear, crystal
pool;
For whom the cold iron is always kept hot,
Who considers the Shriner's a most happy lot?
The Novice.

DAUGHTERS OF ISIS

In the days of Ancient Egypt, when Isis' praise' was
sung,

When the Sphinx was in her cradle and the pyramids
were young,

An Arab Shayk thought,
for a change, he'd leave
that barren land,

So he quickly folded up
his tent and crossed the
burning sand.

He came across the ocean,
arriving here in time

To start a funny Order he
called the "Mystic
Shrine."

He started in on Masons,
for well he knew they'd
bite

Any bait (the married men) to stay out late at night.
He established "Islam Temple," making Nobles by the
score,

Until the men they all got in—but still he looked for
more;

Until one day some one did say, "Why not the ladies
try?"

I'm sure they'd like to join the Rite, and feel the
'Mystic Tie.'"

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

So this is why we soon will try the work upon our
wives
And sisters, mothers and daughters, and hope they'll
save their lives;
'And while the chanters chant and of the Koran sing,
The chimes will chime, as in the mosques they ring.
How glorious and pleasing will the innovation be
To see our ladies hopping round taking this degree,
Climbing up the pyramids, stepping stone by stone,
Why e'en the Sphinx will smile to see that she is not
alone;
'And how much jolly sport we'll have, each Noble knows
full well,
When they try to ride our camels and hear the Munshee
yell.
"What strange intruders have we here?" our Prophet
he will say;
Then half the candidates will faint, and others run away.
We'll mark them with the scimeter to tell them in
the land,
And give them all a taste of our red-hot Burning Sand.

HER SONG

One night last week I says to pa, I think I'll join the
Shriners;
They're a jolly set of fellows bold, good eaters and good
winers.
The gang stayed with me through the fray, all covered
with sweat and lather;
When they brought me home upon a board, the blow
almost killed father.

NIGHT-KEY VETO

A Warren man who has been three years married, told his wife the other day that he thought he'd get a night-key. "Night-key!" exclaimed she, in

amazement. "What earthly use can you have for a night-key? Sunday evening I always attend Church. The Rebekah Lodge meets Monday evening, and there's no one else can fill my position, and so I'm

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obliged to be present. Then there's the Ladies' Relief Corps, which meets Tuesday evenings. I am sure I must do my part in the noble work of helping the needy veterans and their families. The weekly prayer-meetings occur Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and I feel it my duty to be present and do my part. The Eastern Star has its meeting Friday evening, and I certainly must fill my position there. Saturday is the skating rink, and, shut up in the house as I am all the week, I absolutely need the little helpful exercise I get there, and I must insist upon having Saturday evening for recreation. Night-key, indeed! You must stay at home and take care of the baby."



FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY

"Will it do?"

MR. RISING TOOK THE CHAIR

When Mr. Rising received his coffee from Mrs. Rising at breakfast, the other morning, he said, genially:

"They elected me to take the chair at the Lodge meeting last night, Emily."

"That was right kind of them, John," responded Mrs. Rising, who is much younger than her husband, "but was n't there more than one chair?"

"The chair on the platform, I mean, Emily," said Mr. Rising, in explanation.

"O!" said Mrs. Rising, and then added, "but didn't you hate to take it away from others, John?"

"They all wanted me to have it," said Mr. Rising, swelling with conscious pride.

"Well, now, John, I do n't see why. You ain't no older than the rest of them," said ~~the~~ unconscious Mrs. Rising.

"You do n't understand, Em'ly, ~~it~~'s an honor."

"Why! what did you do with it?" asked the now interested wife of his bosom.

"Sat in it!" roared Mr. Rising, as he snatched his hat, and slamming the door behind him, left the house.

"Mercy me!" said Mrs. Rising, "what a fuss men do make over little things. I never run into a neighbor's house but what they ask me to take a chair, and I never so much as think of mentioning it."

"Emily," said Mr. Rising, as he carefully cut the tip from his noonday cigar, "do n't be surprised if we

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have trouble with Bill Jones's folks. I would n't give Bill the floor last evening, and he laid it up against me."

"Why, how could you give Bill Jones the floor, John?" asked Mrs. Rising with considerable trepidation.

"Well, you see when I had taken the chair, Jones thought all he had to do was to wink at me, but I'm not that kind of a man."

"But they did n't give you the floor with the chair, did they, John?" asked Mrs. Rising, mentally grasping at the familiar phrase.

"No, Emily," returned Mr. Rising indulgently, "'t is n't customary to give one man everything in sight. When I had taken the chair, I could n't take the floor. Not in my Lodge," confidently replied Mr. Rising.

"Well, John," said Mrs. Rising, pleased with the success of the conversation, "I think the Jones's are very silly to think you would give them the floor. Like as not if you give Bill that, he would come back for the doors and windows."

"Thunder, Emily!" remarked Mr. Rising as, settling his hat firmly on his head, he left the house.

Mrs. Rising looked carefully out of the window for clouds, but seeing none, settled peacefully down to her sewing.

IN THE ANTEROOM

FORGOT THE SIGN

Every one knew him as he entered the door, knew him for what the gentlemen call a good fellow, for he was good-natured, full of life, and to top it off, he belonged to nearly every one of the prominent fraternal Orders, and it was his last condition that so flustered him when he entered the Rebekah Lodge, into which he had but a short time before been admitted as a member. His wife was the Noble Grand, and that was what made it all the worse, for they had but recently had an argument in which the husband had given it as his opinion that the women were not fitted by nature to carry on the work of fraternal Orders as well as gentlemen are, and, as may be suspected, the brother did not relish the idea of making any mistake in his effort to work his way into the Lodge, particularly as his wife was, to use his own words, "the chief mogul." He gave the alarm at the inner door with a hesitancy that did not argue well for the self-reliant man that he was, and he whispered the password to the proper officer so low that he was asked to repeat it twice before the one receiving it could fairly make out what he was saying. At last he entered and marched up to the center of the room, with an air of "I am the whole thing" sort, he put one foot slightly in front of the other, puckered up his lips, and then made a sign with his hands

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that no Rebekah in that Lodge understood. The Noble Grand said as gently as she could, "That is not the proper sign."

"Excuse me, I thought I was in another Lodge." Then changing his foot so that it was at right angles to the other he made another sign by crossing his hands in front of his body. "Still wrong," exclaimed the Noble Grand, striving hard to repress a smile. "I knew that was not the one, but I thought I'd let'er go to see if you knew it yourself," and then, as if touched by an inspiration, he ruthlessly grasped the lobe of his ear with the thumb and forefinger of his right hand and started to take his seat.

"Try again, Brother Jones," commanded the Chair, "for you are further from the sign than you were when you began to experiment with it."

Somewhat nettled to think he had forgotten the sign: "I say, Worshipful, I mean Chancellor, er, ah—Worthy Chief, that is, Thrice Illustrious, that is, I mean Noble Grand, excuse me. I'll fetch'er this time, sure."

After this apology, the now thoroughly excited brother put his two heels together, and throwing both hands above his head, paused a moment, then pointed the index finger of the right hand at the Noble Grand, while a look of satisfaction lighted up his face that seemed to say, "There, I have got you this time."

"You are out of order, Brother Jones," exclaimed the Noble Grand, looking at him pityingly.

"Well, Noble Grand, I'm floored, and will have to ask you to send one of your best members out to instruct me how to get into this Lodge," and with that the discomfited brother withdrew to the ante-room and was there instructed in the proper signs to be

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

used in working into a Rebekah Lodge, and it will suffice to say that the brother never had anything further to say regarding the inability on the part of women to run a Lodge.

AT THE OUTER DOOR

He stood before St. Peter and meekly applied for admission to Heaven and Paradise.

"You must wait awhile," said the guardian of the gate.

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"Why must I wait?" said the would-be entrant;
"have n't I been a good man on earth?"

"Yes, fairly good; but you must wait outside
awhile."

"Why should I wait? I tried always to do my duty."

"You think you did; were n't you a member of the
K. A. E. O.?"

"Yes; but was n't that all right? I thought I was
doing good by belonging to that Order."

"O, yes, the Order is all right, and what you did in
that is about the best work you ever did, but you failed
in that."

"How?"

"Well, you never paid your dues without first letting
the Secretary chase you down, and now you can wait
awhile outside and see how it feels to be stood off on
the last day of grace."

UNNECESSARILY CONFESSED

Health Officer:
"Have you ever been
inoculated?"

Mr. Bremley (rather
apologetically): "Free
times, boss; da's all."

Health Officer:
"What for?"

Mr. Bremley:
"Wonst fer stealin'
chick'ns, wonst for
'sault 'n batt'ry, an'
when I jined d' Ma-
sons."

HE COULDN'T REMEMBER EVERYTHING

BY G. H. H.

He was up in all the mysteries of forty different Orders,
And could place a man directly by a single sign or
grip,

Knew the various fraternities within the country's borders,
And could give the salutations of them all without
a skip.

At the passwords and the countersigns he never hesitated,
He could pass examinations of the hardest kind with
ease,

And in all the special functions of a Lodge participated.
For he knew the work of every place in all of the
degrees,

And, when necessary, he was able to preside at every
meeting,

At tongue's end had the ritual, and never used a book,
And when he the longest lectures and the dryest was
repeating

So glibly and word perfectly, he had a happy look.
He took up any part at once without a moment's thinking;

His memory was wonderful, and yet his Brethren
sorrowed.

There was one little point at which his brains were
ever kinking—

He never could remember any money that he borrowed.

JOINING THE ODD FELLOWS

Wall, yas, I 've jined the Odd Fellows,
To oblige my friend Mr. Mercer,
When I fust went down I felt purty good,
And when I cum back I was worser.

I thought it the jolliest thing in the world
To go through a long 'nitiation;
So I talked and gassed all the way to the hall,
And laughed like gol-darned-nation.

But I altered my tune when I got inside;
When they brought out the black goat-snorter,
I jumped on his back, away he shot,
Like a bombshell out o' a mortar.

He capered and pranced, I clung to his horns,
As he scampered around the arena;
Mercer stood back, with his hands on his sides,
And laughed like a laughing hyena.

At last I fell off, the goat vamoosed,
Then on a gridiron I was seated,
And bobbed up and down on a red-hot stove
Until I was thoroughly heated.

I was cooked to a turn, then taken off,
And hitched to an old wheelbarrow;
I raced for an hour in a tank of soft soap,
And was thrown on an upturned harrow.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

I climbed a greased pole, walked upon tacks,
Then like a zebra was painted;
Old Satan jumped onto my back, with a screech—
By gum! I actually fainted.

The other degrees were a durned sight wuss,
But now I'm as tough as a horse;
You bet if Mercer happens around,
He'll get full of lead and remorse.

All Lodges the same? I guess, I suppose,
Just the same as five-eighty-nine,
Now Mercer told me that F., L., and T.
Is Fools Liars, and Thieves—in your mind.

Well, I'm durned glad I jined, for there is a bond
Of friendship and brotherly love;
If members will live in true Odd Fellowship,
We all will meet in the Grand Lodge above.



SECRETS IN DANGER

"Henry, dear, what did they do with you when they initiated you into the Odd Fellows the other night?"

"Why, I can't tell you that, Millie, as a matter of course. I took a solemn pledge never to disclose it to anybody."

(Sobbing)—"If anybody had—had told me this before we were—were married, I would n't have believed it!" (Suddenly drying her tears)—"I'll get it out of you when you are asleep, Henry Plumduff! You see if I do n't!"

EAVESDROPPING A LODGE OF FREE- MASONS

FROM SUT LOVINGOOD'S YARNS

"Sut, when you were telling the razor grinder's story, what did you mean by saying that Lum Jones hid out from the Masons?"

"Now durn your littil sancterfied face, yu knows mity well why he hid out. Yu an' Lum were the fellers what *did hit*, and this crowd orter to make you tell ur treat. I think you orter du bof."

The crowd insisted on the story, so I commenced in my way to tell it somewhat thus:

Those who remember Knoxville thirty-five years ago, must still almost see the old stone court-house, with its steep gable front to the street; its disproportionately small brick chimney, roosting on the roof at the rear; its well-whittled door jambs; its dusty windows; its gloomy walls, and ghostly echoes. Then its history—crime unveiled; the ingenious defense; the powerful prosecution; the eloquent "charge;" the tears of sorrow; the flashes of wit—but like the sturdy old court-house itself, they belong to the past. But even now, and here in the thickening twilight, I see gliding past misty ranks, the forms of Jackson, Hu Lawson White, the Williamsons, the Dunlaps, Haywood, Peck, Powell, McKinney, Pleasant Miller, the Andersons, Carrick White, and Mynott Scott. In my boyish

OLD STACK GRABBED A PIECE OF CEILING PLANK

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

eyes they seemed giants, and manhood's more discriminating gaze sees them undiminished. The quiet grave has long ago claimed the last of the band, but memory preserves their fame and deeds of well-doing. There, too, is College Hill, with its clear spring at the foot; the Bluff, with its triple echo, the Flag Pond, and its sunny-sided inhabitants, Old Aunt Edy's cakes and beer, the white mill and its dripping dam; Scuffletown Creek, and its walnut-trees; the Dardis lot, and its forbidden grapes; Witt's old field, and its forbidden blackberries; the old church and its graveyard. 'T is strange how memory paints the paths and places belonging to our boyhood—happy, ragged, thoughtless boyhood. The march of improvements first, then the march and crash of armies, have nearly swept away those, to me, almost sacred places. But they, and those who were boys then, still have a place in memory that time nor distance can take, nor the pressing, crowding events of now dim, nor sorrow obliterate with its tears——

"Oh, komplikated durnashun! that haint hit," said Sut. "Yu's drunk, ur yure shamed tu tell hit, an' so yu tries to put us all asleep wif a mess ove durned non-since, 'bout echoes, an' grapes, an' warnit-trees; oh, yu be durned! Boys, jis' gin me a houl't ove that ar willow baskit, wif a cob in hits mouf, and that ar tin cup, and arter I'se sponged my froat, I'll talk hit all off in English, and yu jis' watch and see ef I say 'echo,' ur 'grapes,' ur 'graveyard' onst."

So Sut told it *his* way.

"Ahem! I takes fur my tex the fac' that eaves-droppin' am a durned mean sorter way to make a livin'. Hits es bad as stealing from blind folks, ur tellin' lies on widders; an' hit has hits retribushun, a orful wun,

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

and yu 'd all (not scept George thar) say so when I 'se dun.

"The upstairs ove that court-house wer' one big rume, plastered overhead wif three-quarter plank, and no floor ontu the jists in that loft abuv. The Masons hed fenced off a Lodge in wun corner. The trapdoor intu the lof wer jis outside hit, and a ladder cum down clost by hits side, and landed jis a little short ove the dore intu the Lodge. So yu got the lof frum what wer' lef' ove the big rume, and jis' outside the Mason den.

"Well, Lum and George, thar, wer' pow'fully exercised 'bout hit—wanted to know the secrets pow'ful bad—hit pestered em ni ontu es bad es the eatch. So they conkluded arter much fastin' an' prayin' in thar way, that they 'd eavedrop 'em.

"Now they wer' about, say thu'teen years ole, an' jis' two ove the durnest littil back-slidin' devils outen jail. War n't much alike either. Lum, allers *afore* he did eny devilmint, studied out kar'fully what mout happen ef he did it. George studied too, but hit wus allers *arter* the deed wus dun, an' the orful consequences clost arter him.

"Well, wun day 'bout sundown, they crawled up unbenown to enybody inter the lof, and clar tu the tuther aind furthest frum the Lodge-rume, and trapdoor, and lay pow'ful low, waitin' fur the night an' the Masons. Lots ove pidgeons cum in tu roost, an' as hit got dark, their 'boo, coo ah! coo-ooiin'!' sorter made the littil devils think ove thar trundil beds and the light at home. In fac' a big onmitigated skeer were a-settlin' like ontu a fog all over 'em, and *onder* thar shuts at that; but they did n't own hit tu each uther yet awhile. Well, arter hit got good dark outside, hit wer' as black inter that durned ole hanted loft, es it wud be to a blind flea on a black cat

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skin, onder the fur, and hit onder forty bushil ove wet charcoal dust.

"The ole Socks of the cumpus and squar persuashun begun tu gether in, and sartin nises cummenced to soak up thru the ceilin'—sich nises! oh, lordy!—groanin' nises, chokin' nises, crunchin' nises, ugly nises, orful nises, mixed wif sum discumfartin' soun's, not much loud, but dre'dful plain, and sure skeer gitters, the las' one ove em.

"Torrectly they hearn sumthin' like twenty foot ove trace chain drap, aind fust on the floor, cherrash! Their skeer now broke out good all over 'em in splotches as big as a craddil quilt, an' *git outen this loft* wer' the only idear lef' in thar head. 'Let 's go home,' said wun; 'Oh, lordy, yas!' said tuther; an' they started fur the trap-door, a-steppin' frum jise to jise, quiet and quick as cats.

"The old ruf was leakin' fur a long time, an' the drip had rotted the ceilin' about in spots, an' wun ov those war right plum over the middil ov the Lodge; when they war thar, Lum he happen'd tu step a littil too short, an he lit ontu the doated ceilin' insted ov the jise. Did you ever hear a cartload ov brickbats dumpt ontu a pile ov clapboards frum the top ov a high bank? If yu did, yu then hearn sumthin' ni ontu the soun' he made gwine thru that ceilin'. Hit jis' rained rotten wood, nails, mud-daubers' nests, chips, spiders an' thar webs, black bugs, was' nests, and old dust all over that Lodge ov bar-headed Masons.

"Now they keeps thar secrits pow'ful well fur most ov 'em be married men, yet hit sorter leak'd out that they thort hit war the anti-Masons, ole Morgin, ur the devil, a-cumin' down ontu them frum way abuv the roof, an' a-bringin' wif 'em all the trash frum Kennedy's saw-mill. They huddled together intu wun corner, and star'd up at the forked fernomonon, what war a-hangin' in the

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hole, fur Lum had cotch wif his arms over the two nighes' jise, and war a-reachin' an' a-feelin' all 'roun' in the air, as fur as he cud, wif his laigs spred out laik a par ov cooper's cumpuses, fur sumthin' *tangerbil*—sumthin' laik ontu a footholt, ur sich.

"Great Beltashashur! [and Sut stretched his legs to the uttermost extent, kocking his feet together, and affectionately surveying them from hip to toe], suppose this yere pa'r ov lightnin'-rods had bin hung thru that hole, an' as big a skeer at the top ov them as war a-restin' on Lum! Why, I'll jis be durn'd right yere afore I can swallow this ho'n, if I had n't a-swept the last cockroach outen the corners ov that room, brok' all the windows, half the Masons' naiks, put out the candils, disparsed the juwils, lost the mallits, and call'd that ar Lodg frum labor tu refreshmint furever mor'. I'd maid 'em reach everywhar', a-for a quick-spokin' woman cud say 'kiss,' wud n't I?

"Wall, as it war, Lum's fat latter aind look laik ontu a yearlin's paunch a-swingin' about, what had died pow'ful full ov grass an' bran. His britchis war draw'd so tight that the hems ov em war six inches abuv his knees. His short sox an low-quarter'd shus maid his red laigs look laik two bedpostes sock'd intu the pipe hole ov a pa'r ov cookin' stoves, and a skeer'd divil intu the ovin ov each stove, they hustled roun so fas'.

"Ole Stack see'd the tru natur' ov the furnomonon afore any ov the rest ov 'em. So he grabbed a long strip ov the broken ceilin' plank, as broad as a canew paddil at wun aind, in bof han's, an' jis' bustid hit intu seventeen and a half pieces at wun swallowpin' lick ontu the part ov Lum what fits a saddil. Hit crack'd sorter like a muskit a-bustin', and the tetchin' sensation shot Lum up thru the hole like a rocket."

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Here Sut raised himself slightly from the log on which he was sitting, by the aid of his hands on each side, and rubbing himself sidewise quickly a few times on rough bark, said, with an air of startled surprise, "Boys, I'm durned ef I can't feel Lum's sensashun frum that orful lick right now;" and he rubbed himself again.

"Well, him an' George bulged down that ar ladder like rats wif a tarrier clost tu thar tails, an at the foot ov hit they *met a sight!* Oh, sweet Jinny! how glad I is I war n't thar! Thar sot a littil tabil wif a lit candil ontu hit, and thar stood, bolt up on an aind, a grim, grayhaired man, wif a glitterin' drawn swoard in his han', es big an' long es a mowin' blade; on his breas' war a pa'r ov littil silver Bowie-knives crossed, and he wore a aprun like he war going tu butcher ur cook supper. They looked at this jis' 'bout as long es a weazel looks at a cumin' rock, an' they went a-scizzin' pas', George hinmos'.

"The ole man made a wickid cirklin lick at him wif his orful nakid wepun. 'Voop,' hit went, an cut the flat crown ouden his cap, smooth as you cud unkiver a huckleberry pie wif a case-knife."

"That part's not true, Mr. Sut," said I.

"Yes hit am, fur yu see he dun hit so slick that the crown whirl'd 'roun' like a tin plate in the ar, six foot abuv yer he'd, went faster nur yu did, and lit a-fore yu, es yu flew down stars fas' es ye were gwine. O, littil hoss, he did du hit, an' ef he 'd lower'd his sights jis' a scrimshun he'd a-saved a pow'ful site ov meat an bread frum being wasted, an curius pepil wud a-been now a-readin' ov yur vartues frum a lyin' stone newspaper stuck in the yeath ov the graveyard yu war a-blatherin' about jis' now.

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"An' I hain't told all, fur in yur skeer a-gwine away frum that orful place, yu run over the spot whar a fancy house 'bout five foot squar' hed been upsot, slunged in up tu yur eyebrows, amongst the slush in the hole, broke fur the crick, plunged in, onbuttoned yur shut collar, dove plum thru that ar crownless cap—hit cum ofen yur heels like a hoop—swum outen yur clothes, an jis' let every durn'd rag float away, an then went home es nakid es a well-scraped hog, but not

half as clean. The pepil what yu past on yer way to the crick tho't yu war the cholery a-cumin', and burn't tar in thar yards and stuffed ole rags onder thar doors, an intu the keyholes; an es yu sneaked back nakid frum the crick, they tho't yu war the ghost ov a skinn'd bullfrog, ur a forewarnin' ov a cumin' famin'.

"Yu see hit war Lum what foun' the saft-soap mine, an went tu the crick tu see what sorter suds hit wud make. Now jis' let enybody ax Lum an' see ef he do n't say hit war yu, afore they 'se dun axin' him, and offer tu prove hit by Frank Dudley—try hit.

"Lum narrates that the Masons' secrets konsists in a piece ov dry plank wif a strong, willin' man at wun aind, an about thuty pounds ov live, tendur, thin-

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skinned meat ni ontu thuther; while yu sez hit am nuthin' but a hole in the groun', what orter tu be kiver'd up ov nights; yu bof orter know.

"Now, I hes jis' wun remark to make afore I drinks, an' hit am this: 'Neither ov 'em hes ever tried to watch enything in the dark sence, an' jis' let wun ov 'em even to this night see a cumpus ur a squar', ef hits even a-lyin' ontu a carpenter's bainch, an' I'm durn'd ef they do n't hist thar noses an' take a sniff ov the air all 'roun' wif thar bristils sot. They s'pishion danger. I do n't blame em, du yu? Thar's no muny nur credit either in eavesdroppin'; they'se bof sot ag'in' hit an' they haint feared to say so.'"



THE ABSENT-MINDED HUSBAND

An amusing story is told about a presiding officer. The gentleman has a wife and family, but his thoughts were always with his ritual.

One evening his wife, who had been out for some hours, returned to find the house remarkably quiet. She had left the children playing about, but now they were nowhere to be seen.

She demanded to be told what had become of them, and the Brother explained that, as they had made a good deal of noise, he had put them to bed, without waiting for her or calling a maid.

"I hope they gave you no trouble," she said.

"No," replied he, "with the exception of the one in the cot here. He objected a good deal to my undressing him and putting him to bed."

The wife went to inspect the cot.

"Why," she exclaimed, "that's little Johnny Green from next door!"

HIS STIPULATION

"My friend," said the Grand High Punk-a-Punk, with sepulchral solemnity, "you now approach that portion of the ordeal of initiation into our noble Order in which you will be required to take upon yourself a binding obligation, that will not conflict with any duty you owe to society, your family, your religion, or your country; and it is my duty to warn you that it commits you to the performance of what we regard as important and necessary works, and to the forsaking of certain things we regard as evils. Bearing this in mind, are you ready to proceed further in this solemn ceremony?"

"I am ready to take the obligation," replied the candidate, in a clear, firm voice, "provided it does not deprive me of the privilege of manufacturing and selling the 'housekeepers' friend,' a little device of my own for seeding raisins, grating horseradish, putting scollops around the edge of a pie, opening a tin can, lifting a pan of hot biscuits from the oven without burning yourself, and cleaning lamp chimneys. The usual price of this unique article, gentlemen, is twenty-five cents, but in order to introduce it I will sell it to members of this noble Order at the ridiculously low figure of fifteen cents, with a further discount to purchasers of six or more. Upon the removal of this hoodwink from my eyes, gentlemen, it will afford me pleasure to read to you a lot of unsolicited testimonials to the merits of the 'housekeepers' friend' from parties who have used it and are thoroughly acquainted with its merits. Go ahead, mister, with the obligation."

He was subsequently tossed in a blanket and treated with great personal disrespect in other ways, but he had no regrets. He had got his work in.

CREATING A KNIGHT

The Knights were assembled and solemnly
sate
Awaiting the hour with bearing sedate,
When a brother-to-be should before them all
stand,
For initiative honors by this Pythian band.

In the adjoining room sat the victim to be,
Shaking and shivering in nude negligee,
Awaiting the summons of the Master-at-Arms
Who would usher him into the hall of alarms.

In the hall of alarms all things were in shape;
The windows were barred to prevent his escape,
And his "goatship" serene in one corner was tied,
While the "rat" made of rubber was just to one side.

And a pole in the center near touching the sky
Was surrounded by "tabby" perched there upon high,
There were "rings" in the floor and "tacks" on a chair,
And lots of more "torture" to be met with in there.

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All things being ready, the Chancellor cried:
"Pray bring in the victim here close to my side."
Then entered the brother, a Knight soon to be,
In wonder, alarm, amazement, all three.

The "oath" he took bravely, and swore that he would
Do all in his power for the Pythian good.
They led out his "goatship" and told him to ride,
But Mr. Goat objected, and rolled on his side.

Then truly the fun for the Knights now began,
For he "butted" and "hooked," and did up his man.
Up the round "greasy pole" the youth tried to climb,
But the "cat" was on top and the "goat" was behind.

So down he was hurried, thought he, the pathway
to h—l,
But it proved to be only the deep, darksome well,
Through the "pneumatic tube" he was hauled up
again
'Mid shouts of wild laughter that burst from these
men.

"Enough," cried they all "we each will confess
He is one of us now, let him go dress."
With three cheers and a tiger and a Pythian yell,
They shook hands with him warmly, and retired
pellmel'



"A FEMALE JINER"

"Madam, you must be satisfactorily identified before I can pay this draft," said a bank cashier a few days since at one of our city banks to a sharp-featured, mid-

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dle-aged lady, who bore unmistakable signs of being a spinster.

"Identified, sir! Why, I am already identified with the Rebekahs, Daughters of Pocahontas, Woman's Relief Corps, Order of Eastern Star, Pythian Sisters, Knights and Ladies of Honor, Chosen Friends, Anti-matrimonial League, Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Soldiers' Aid Society, Weekly Sewing Circle, Industrial Union, Chautauqua Circle, East Side Whist Club, and—and—and—great guns! Identified!"



A WIFE'S AWFUL DREAD

Once Brother Sylvester purchased a new pair of trousers and wore them to the Lodge meeting. His wife, who was well aware of his absent-minded habits, knew nothing of the purchase. An hour or so after the master's arrival at the Lodge, his wife was seen rushing breathlessly down the street and up into the hall with a package under her arm.

Meeting one of the members, she inquired hastily and anxiously, "Have you seen Mr. Sylvester?"

"Yes," answered the astonished Brother.

"Well, is he all right—is everything all right?" asked his anxious spouse.

"My dear madam," said the Tyler, "calm yourself. Your husband is perfectly well. I saw him but a moment ago."

"But I mean," said the almost frenzied woman, "did you notice anything peculiar about him? Did he look as he ought to look? O, did he—did he—"

Just then Brother Sylvester, recognizing his wife's voice, came out to the anteroom with the new trousers on, to the intense relief of both wife and the husband.

BY MISS BROCKMAN.

Odd Fellowship is extending far and wide,
That it makes men fraternal can not be denied,
Friendship, Love, and Truth are words we often quote,
But I am going to tell about the Odd Fellows' goat.

This much abused creature is seldom seen abroad,
He's kept busy in the Lodge-room making people odd,
He enjoys nothing better than a candidate to tote—
Ah, yes! the boys have all rode the goat.

The goat seems to know just who ought to ride,
He is gentle to the good, but a terror to the snide,
The man who's unworthy of an Odd Fellow's vote
Will be butted down stairs by the Odd Fellows' goat.

Seventy-three years ago one goat was all we had,
We found him in Baltimore, alone, poor, and sad;
We taught him the use of tongue, hands, and coat,
And gave him the name of the Odd Fellows' goat.

If you want to join a Lodge just knock at the door,
The goat will know the signal, he's heard it o'er and
o'er;
He'll give a little ba-a just to clear his throat,
For he'll know what you're after—he's a real smart
goat.

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You will then be admitted and placed on his back,
With a jump, kick, and snort he'll take to the track,
He can jump thirty feet, he's as frisky as a shoat,
If you don't get killed you'll remember the goat.

This few minutes' ride will seem to you a year,
But if you're all right you've nothing to fear,
If you're dishonest, a knave, or a bloat,
You'll never make the raffle, for you can't ride the goat.

There was once a fellow who tried this mystic ride,
But on the second jump he lost his breath and died;
His father, broken-hearted, on his tombstone wrote,
"He came to his death by riding the goat."

There's the Daughters of Rebekah, I must not them
forget,
They smooth our cares and linen, and temper when we
fret,
While relief to the distressed every one of them will
vote—
They like an Odd Fellows' kid much better than the
goat.

THE CAVALIERS OF COVEO

The other day, after a strapping young man had sold a load of corn and potatoes in the market and taken his team to a hotel barn to feed, it became known to men around the barn that he was very desirous of joining some secret society in town. When questioned, he admitted that such was the case, and the boys at once offered to initiate him into a new Order, called the Cavaliers of Coveo. He was told that it was twice as secret as Freemasonry, much nicer than Odd Fellowship, and the cost was only \$2. In case he had the toothache he could draw \$5 a week from the relief fund, and he was entitled to receive \$10 for every headache and \$25 for a sore throat. The young man thought he had struck a big thing. After eating a hearty dinner, he was taken into a storeroom above the barn to be initiated. The boys poured cold water down his back, put flour on his hair, swore him to kill his mother if commanded, and rushed him around for an hour without a single complaint from his lips. When they had finished, he inquired:

"Now I am one of the Cavaliers of Coveo, am I?"

"You are," they answered.

"Nothing more to learn, is there?"

"Nothing."

"Well, then, I am going to lick the whole crowd," continued the candidate, and he went at it, and before he got through he had his \$2 initiation fee back,

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and three more to boot; and had knocked everybody down two or three times apiece. He did not seem greatly disturbed in mind as he drove out of the yard. On the contrary, his hat was slanted on one side and he had a fresh five-cent cigar in his teeth, and mildly said to one of the barn boys:

"Say, boy, if you hear of any Cavaliers asking for a Coveo about my size, tell them I will be in on the full of the moon to take the Royal Sky Jungle degree."



A NEW LODGE

When Mayor Ashbridge was coroner he addressed one evening a meeting of the Patriotic Order Sons of America. At the conclusion of his speech a gray-bearded man, wearing the bronze button of the G. A. R., approached the coroner and, extending his hand, said:

"Comrade, I am proud to know you. What post do you belong to?"

"Post-mortem!" was the coroner's quick reply.

"Ah!" continued the veteran, soberly; "what is the number?"

"We have a different number every day," answered the coroner.

"Strange, strange," said the puzzled veteran, scratching his grizzled head; "but do you know I never heard of that post before? Where do you meet?"

"In the city hall," was the answer.

"I'll drop in on you some night, and sit around your campfire," quoth the veteran.

"Do n't," counseled the coroner, and as he walked away the veteran remarked to a bystander that Comrade Ashbridge was a very queer brother.

THE LODGE GOAT IN COURT

The Associated Press dispatches contained the following:

"The trial of the suit of a recently initiated member against a well-known secret Order for \$25,000 for injuries received while riding the goat at his initiation, was begun to-day. The plaintiff told of the injuries received. This occurred in March of last year.

"The production in court of the offending 'Billy,' was the sign for merriment that had to be checked by the doorkeepers. The goat was mounted on wheels, with a powerful spring mechanism operated by a handle in the rear of the seat on which the man to be initiated sat. The counsel for the plaintiff tried to operate it, but could not. Then the defendants volunteered their services, and one occupied the goat. The goat 'bucked,' and judge, lawyers, and spectators laughed heartily.

"A member testified for the defense, and said he had helped initiate the plaintiff and had walked by his side, when the goat pitched him over his head. Attendants had caught the candidate and he landed on his feet. He said he was hurt, got angry and wanted to fight.

"Just before being thrown the candidate was laughing, and told the goat to 'get up,' and it did so. The witness said he had ridden the goat, and others testified to taking the same exercise.

"The plaintiff used strong language toward a physician, who testified that he had been injured by an attack of fever. The judge admonished him. There was then a good deal of medical testimony introduced relative to the condition of the plaintiff, and the effect the goat had upon him."

A WARM RECEPTION

A Lodge in Canada was conferring the first degree on a candidate some years ago, when a funny accident occurred—that is, it was in a way funny to the onlookers—but it was a very serious matter from the initiate's point of view.

It seems that the Lodge-room was in an old frame building, and that a colony of wasps had taken up their headquarters in a "room adjacent." Some of the intruders got inside the candidate's clothing, who during the entire exercises kept hitching at his person in a way that was most ludicrous to the witnesses, and which materially lessened the solemnity of the ceremonies.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

At the conclusion of the session the cause of the antics was discovered, and the fact developed that the candidate in his innocence had supposed the punishment was a part of the usual order.

That the novitiate was a clergyman may explain why his anger did not get the better of the situation. This occasion is perhaps the only time on record where any irregular agency other than the proverbial "goat" ever took part in Masonic degree work.



WHAT HE MISSED

The maddest
in New De-
r is a married
lady, who
on a recent
occasion sat
up until
one o'clock
waiting for
her hus-
band to
come home
O, no! she
a thing to
, utterly worn
ng vigil, she
room to turn
in, and found her missing
husband in bed fast asleep, where he had gone immedi-
ately after supper, instead of going to the Lodge.

WHEN WILL THE KNIGHTS BE DEAD?

When the lion eats grass like the ox
And the fishworm swallows the whale,
When the terrapins knit woolen socks
And the hare is outrun by the snail.
When serpents walk upright like men
And doodle bugs travel like frogs,
When grasshoppers feed on the hen
And feathers are found on the hogs.
When Thomas-cats swim in the air
And elephants roost upon trees,
When insects in summer are rare
And snuff never makes people sneeze.
When fish creep over dry land
And mules on bicycles ride,
When foxes lay eggs in the sand
And women in dress take no pride.
When Dutchmen no longer drink beer
And girls get to preaching on time,
When billy-goats butt from the rear
And treason's no longer a crime.
When the humming-bird brays like an ass
And Limburger smells like cologne,
When plowshares are made out of glass
And the hearts of Americans are stone.
When apples grow on a Chinaman's head
And wool on the hydraulic ram,
Then the Knights —— will be dead
And the country won't be worth a ——.

HE COULD N'T FIND IT

She was sitting patiently in the waiting-room of the depot when he came lankly stalking in with a dejected face.

"It ain't no use, Lizzie," he said, wearily, "there ain't one o' them picters in the whole city. I've been agoin' since nine o'clock this mornin', traipsin' all over the place. I've been in every picter store down to a tin-type gallery on Main Street, and if there's anywhere's else you want me to go you'll have to send the police—I'm fagged plum out."

"It's mighty funny. Mary Spriggins—"

"Yes, Mary Spriggins said she got hern down here; but I believe Mary Spriggins yarned about that picter. There was n't a single picter-dealer in town that ever even heard of such a picter as 'Sarah at the Pump.'"

"'Sarah at the Pump!' ejaculated the old lady. 'Sarah at the Pump!' Josiah"—and her voice grew cold as ice in January—"pick up that bandbox and sit down."

He sat.

"Josiah," said she, in a tone like a cross-cut saw,

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"do n't you never come to town ag'in till you 're clear baked through. The picter that I wanted was 'Rebekah at the Well.'"



"'Tis Lodge night, dearest, do n't sit up,
I may be late you see;
I hardly know what friends I'll meet,
And then I have my key."
"All right," she answered with a smile,
Her words were always few,
But she suggested ere I went,
That I take the keyhole, too.

MASONRY EXPOSED

After forty-five years of trials and fears
I have come to the righteous conclusion,
To publicly show what all Freemasons know,
And put them in grievous confusion.

First, petition is made, some money is paid,
As earnest of more that 's expected,
Provided that all shall vote a white ball,
And the applicant 's duly elected.

If the ballot is clear, you need never fear,
They will send you the news in a billet,
With a day set apart to give you the art,
If you have the courage to will it.

The day having come, keep everything mum,
Repair to the place of the meeting,
Nor foolishly swoon when you enter the room,
Where the gridiron is ready and heating.

When the Deacon commands with a pole in his hands,
To walk to the fire and be seated,
Without delay his orders obey,
For thus have all Masons been treated.

Then take off your coat and mount on the goat;
He will carry you safe to the altar;
The nag is quite small, yet least you might fall,
They will tie you safe on with a halter.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Being mounted and tied, start off on a ride,
And stick to the goat like a plaster,
Through the Lodge on a bound, he will carry you round,
And halt you in front of the Master.

To the Master then pay due homage and say,
I, Richard, on billy goat mounted,
Do promise and swear, and firmly declare,
By pains that can not be counted,

That I never will write, print, paint, or indite,
The secrets with me just entrusted,
And should I indulge a thought to divulge,
May my heart and my liver be bursted.

There is brought in a trice, a tub of water and ice,
To end up the candidate's travel,
The Master standing by without telling why,
Knocks the candidate in with his gavel.

Then nothing he hears, but deafening cheers,
And outcries from one to another,
While the candidate gasps all eagerly clasp
The hand of the newly-made brother.

The Master then cries, "Let the brother arise,
And present him the Star and the Garter;
On his knees let him fall, and with his head to the wall,
Then anoint him with oil, salt, and water."

The unction complete, give the novice a seat,
No longer he is left in conjecture,
The moral he has gained is fully explained,
And comes in shape of a lecture.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

At your earnest desire you were tried by the fire,
And let the facts never be forgot;
The rite you must know, goes plainly to show,
A symbol of our Grand Master Lot.

Who fleeing the plains and sulphurous flames,
Traveled on towards Zoar on a trot,
While the Sodomites doomed, were quickly consumed
For neglecting the counsel of Lot.

By water then tried, it's plain to decide,
You then symbolized Grand Master Noah,
Who saved from the flood his children and duds,
Till the rest of mankind were no more.

And lastly it's plain, that fleeing the flame,
Lot's wife, you remember, looked back,
Neglect to obey made her body of clay
A pillar of salt in a crack.

Now, it's plain to be seen what the moral has been,
And here our instructions will halt;
What fire can not save, nor cold water lave,
There is still virtue left us in salt.

HOW I BECAME A KNIGHT

By I. W. MITCHELL.

In ninety-five my fate decrees
That I shall join the K. of P.'s.
I sent my application in,
Renouncing all there was of sin
In me, and pledged a better life:
I'd love my children and my wife;
Protect my sister, love my mother,
And treat my neighbor like a brother.
All this, good friends, I had to do
Before they'd say they'd let me through.
This done, a special com-mit-tee
Appointed was to visit me,
And see how many teeth I had,
How many good, how many bad;
If good in health, and sound in mind,
If aught they should by questions find
Why I should not permitted be
To join the ranks of K. of P.
Full satisfied they said at last,
They had my application past,
And if I'd pay one hundred groat
I ready was to ride the goat.
I paid the money and prepared,
To ride the beast, tho' somewhat scared.
I'd ridden "horses" when at school,

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

And once essayed to ride a mule.
Had our good friend, "Damon, the true,"
Bestrode that mule, I'll tell to you,
'Tis just as true as Holy Writ,
Pythias would be waiting yet.

They said that I, at first as Page,
Must ride the goat about the stage
Blindfold. This made my heart to flutter;
How could I tell but that the "butter"
Would buck and throw me to the floor,
And with his horns my body gore.
A silent, solemn prayer I said,
Then grasped the "beastie" by the head,
Quick as a wink jumped on his back
And off we went around the track.
John Gilpin's ride of olden time
Is not to be compared with mine.
Fast, and yet faster on we fly,
(The goat grew tired, and so did I.)
When suddenly he made a stop,
And I, alas! felt something drop.
'Twas I who to the ground was thrown,
And there I lay. The goat went on.
At last aroused by solemn sound,
I looked about, there on the ground
Close to my right beside me lay
All that was left of "human clay."
The form was spare, the bony hand,
Proclaimed him native of that land
Where all must dwell. "Fear not," said he,
"I am thy friend, and sent to thee
To tell thee this: A man your age,
Must be a fool to ride as Page."

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

A week passed by; then my desire
O'ercame my fears, and as Esquire
Once more I mount. This time in glee,
For all around I plainly see.
This goat seems gentle, old, and staid;
He has no tricks: I'm not afraid.
As near his goatship, while I stand,
I pat his head, he licks my hand.
The word is given, and off we canter,
So proud I feel I long to banter
Some other Esquire for a race.
The goat looks round, grins in my face,
Either to censure or commend.
Naught from his looks could I portend
Of that which shortly was to follow.
On, on we go o'er hill and hollow,
With pleasant thought and gentle motion,
Till I at last forgot all caution;
When suddenly I heard a gun,
Which put the goat into a run,
And roused in him all that was evil,
And made of him, not goat, but devil.
He bucked and shied, he plunged and reared,
Until I was so badly scared
I slipped from off him to the mire.
The goat looked round, and said, "Esquire,
To watch must always be your rule,
Whether you ride a goat or mule."

Another week, then all decide
That I, as Knight, once more must ride,
And this must be a hurdle race.
"Agreed," said I, and then my face

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Grew pale; but O, how hard I tried
My fear and nervousness to hide.
"I'll ride the 'bloody beast,'" said I,
Or in the effort will I die.
I am," I said, "resolved, in fine,
To break his neck, or he'll break mine.
Before I mount, if I may choose,
I will," I said, "remove my shoes."
This done, then springing on his back,
Once more we're off around the track.
"Old goat," said I, "we'll show the people
How we can jump a fence and steeple."
"All right," said he, but just the same,
When we got near it he went lame
And would not jump, but tried his best
To run around, lie down and rest.
"Look here," said I, "you surely see
That fellow there, behind that tree?
Well, in his hand he has a cord,
And with it when he gets the word
Will pull the hurdle from the way,
And thus we both shall win the day."
The goat agreed; so back we went
To try again, on victory bent.
"This time," said I, "we'll over go."
The goat looked round, said, "I don't know,
I do not like that pesky thing,
That darned fool may not pull the string."
At this I flew into a rage,
And beat him sore despite his age.
"You think," said I, "to scare me so.
I'll kill you or I'll make you go."
"Ah, well," said he, "in God we trust,
And if I must, suppose I must."

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

But lest his courage should give out,
I picked me up a cudgel stout.
As we drew nearer to the hurdle
He wavered; how my blood did curdle,
And with my club I thumped and thumped.
At last he reared and over jumped.
All in a heap upon the ground
We lay; the Knights all gathered round;
They picked me up; one of them said,
"You seem all right; the goat is dead."
"Brave man! Brave man!" they all exclaimed,
"And from this day you'll be proclaimed
An honored Knight. You, we declare,
Worthy the spurs that true Knights wear;
For he must be accounted brave,
Who kills a goat, himself to save."
And thus, dear friends, you plainly see,
How I became a K. of P.



BLESSED RELIEF

A Rebekah, if the Popular Odd Fellow may be
bedieved, in brooking the interference of some brethren
in the transaction of Rebekah Lodge business,
thus apostrophizes to ease her indignant feelings:

Sisters, sisters of our Order,
How relieved we all would be,
If the men were all transported
Far beyond the northern sea.
Tural, tural, tural, tural,
Tural, tural, tural lee,
If the men were all transported,
As we know they ought to be.

SUCCESS TO THY INGENUITY, O WOMAN!

A Noble of the Mystic Shrine was walking along one road, and a woman along another. The roads finally united into one, and as they reached the point of juncture at the same time, they walked on together. The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back; in one hand he held the legs of a live chicken, in the other a cane, and he was leading a goat. They neared a dark ravine. Said the woman: "I am afraid to go through that ravine with you; it is a lonely place, and you might overpower me and kiss me by force." Said the man: "How can I possibly overpower you and kiss you by force, when I have this great iron kettle on my back, a cane in one hand, and a live chicken in the other, and am leading a goat? I might as well be tied hand and foot." "Yes," said the woman, "but if you should stick your cane in the ground and tie your goat to it, and turn your kettle bottom side up and put the chicken under it, then you might wickedly kiss me in spite of my resistance." "Success to thy ingenuity, O woman!" said the rejoicing man to himself, "I should never have thought of this or similar expedients." And when they came to the ravine he stuck his cane into the ground and tied the goat to it, and gave the chicken to the woman, saying, "Hold it while I cut some grass for the goat," and then—so runs the legend—lowering the kettle from his shoulders, he put the fowl under it, and wickedly kissed the woman, as she was afraid he would.

ARE YOU A CAMEL?

Are you a camel?
Then get a hump on you.
Full hailing signal of the
UNQUENCHABLE CAMELS.

The Ancient and Unquenchable Order of Camels has been instituted at Denver, Colo. The origin of the Order is simplicity itself. Three friends met in front of the café of The Great Elk of the Denver band. It happened that the friends were lawyers.

"Hello, Tom," said one, "how long since you had a drink?"

"Bill—I reckon it's been better'n two hours."

"How long since you wet your whistle, George?"

"Not since early this morning," replied the other truthful barrister.

"Well, we are getting to be regular camels."

"Camels?" inquired The Great Elk, who had just come out of his own door.

"Sure," said Tom. "Aren't camels as good as elks? And besides, they're a good deal better for your business. They drink by the bucketful when they're dry, and it does n't take long to get that way in this climate."

The reasoning struck Mr. Elk.

"Can an Elk be a Camel?" he asked, after he had convoyed them inside and done the honors.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"Try it and see," said the spokesman, and The Great Elk tried and succeeded, and the other three did the same, and the Ancient and Unquenchable Camels were a quartet. Now they number some one hundred odd and are growing daily.



THEY DID N'T DO A "TING" TO 'IM

They got him to sign a petition,
And put up his twenty-five;
Then told him that on one condition
They'd let him out alive.
He must kneel before the Potentate
And make a profound salaam,
'And remain in that reverential state
Until he heard the sound of the flam.

They told him the Potentate would then
Cross the sands by the easy route,
Would furnish an escort of stalwart men
Who would see to his comfort, no doubt.
When too weary to stand, he could, like a pope,
Order his carriage to ease his tired feet.
And then he was cautioned to hang to the rope
By which he'd be led to a seat.

He took their advice as a novice should
And they thought he'd be content
To follow instructions that were for his good—
But he did n't, worth a cent.
He thought several things he's sorry for now,
And he got all there was to get;
But he soon forgot all about the row
When he sat down to his first Shrine banquet.

DER SHRINER

Who vas dat feller vat you meet
Und mit salaam und blessing greet;
Und bow half-way down to your feet?
Der Shriner!

Mit—"Es Selamu Aleikum,"
"Aleikum es Selamu"—zoom!
Who vas mit fun make vone big boom?
Der Shriner!

Who—e'en in zummer—learns to schlide,
Und of toboggan dooks a ride,
Den whirls der "doseh" on der side?
Der Shriner!

Who vas it—pickin' vor a fight—
Finds out his necktie vas too tight
Because he gif away der rite?
Der Shriner!

Who greets you efer mit a schmile
(Und dooks von by himself meanvile),
Den cocks his fez in mystic shtyle?
Der Shriner!

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Who suffers hunger, thirst, and pain
Vile traf'ling o'er hot, sandy plain,
Den vishes he vas home again?

Der Shriner!

Who goes home yust a total wreck
Und begs his vrau not to hen-peck
Because he "got it in der neck?"

Der Shriner!

Who, if I called der rooster o'er
Vould yust say—"Let her go galore!"
"Dot cuts no figger! Gif us more!"

Der Shriner!

Who, like a lawyer, truthful, wise,
So schmart is dot dere be no flies
On him, und on Blackstone relies?

Der Shriner!

Who can convert a temple's name
Into at least t'ree vords of fame
Und "Osman," "Mason," "Noble," claim?

Der Shriner!

A SHRINER OF THE SHRINE

A Shriner of the Shriners,
Was snoring mighty snores,
And the snorelets shook the windows,
And rattled all the doors,
But as he slept he murmured,
In the language of the Shrine,
"You bet I am a Noble,
And a Shriner of the Shrine."

And he slumbered brokenly,
Through all that early day,
A Noble bent beside him,
To hear what he might say,
"Take a message and a token
To some relatives of mine,
For I am never going home,
I'll linger with the Shrine.

Tell my wife it was the trouble
That has laid me out before,
'T was the question of expansion,
And that I could hold no more.
If she asks about my health, just say
That I am feeling fine,
For I am of the Nobles,
Yea, the Nobles of the Shrine.

There's another, not my mother,
She is just my mother-in-law,

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

With a buzz-saw disposition,
And her long suite is her jaw.
If I should never see her more,
Just say I am resigned,
For I am a truly Noble,
And I have been duly Shrined."

His voice grew faint and feeble,
His pulse came slow and weak,
He tried to tell his story,
But he choked and ceased to speak.
The Noble took him gently,
And laid him on his bunk,
For this tried and truly Noble,
Was sleeping off a—severe fit of
nervous prostration.

SHE WAS N'T IN IT

Pythians will smile over a story set afloat in effect that a young lady disguised herself in male attire and clerked for several months in a store, during which time she applied for admission as a Pythian. She was inducted into the Order. All went merry until the third rank was reached. "It seems," says the Press, "in the third they have an India-rubber rat and a celluloid snake run by clockwork inside, which are very natural indeed. The idea is to let them run at the candidates to see if they will flinch. When the snake ran at the girl she kept her nerve all right, but when that rat, 'that rat,' tried to run up her trouser's leg, she grabbed her imaginary skirts and jumped on a cake of ice standing near and screamed 'Murder.' The boys were, of course, surprised; and, upon motion by one, she was declared a member in spite of her cowardly actions, upon the terms she was to take the Orient the next meeting night. We have not heard from there since."

When lovely woman
Dons "pants" (which no man
Denies her right to wear),
She'll be no fright,
Nor e'en a sight
To make the thoughtless stare,
Yet wicked men
Will snicker, when
With absent-minded air,
She reaches back
To grab the "slack"
Of skirts no longer there.

HOW HIS WIFE CAUGHT HIM

A gentleman living in the West End has been in the habit of going to Lodge every night in the week. He manages to get home just sober enough to deny any insinuation of his wife that he is intoxicated.

One cold night last winter the cement walk which runs from his front door to the gate became very slippery. With wonderful forethought he sprinkled it with ashes. He then informed his wife that it was necessary for him to attend an important meeting of the Masons, and departed.

His wife noticed him sprinkling ashes on the walk, and smiled grimly as a bright idea suggested itself. Fifteen minutes after her dutiful lord had departed she sallied forth from the house, bundled up and armed with a broom and fifty feet of hose. She carefully swept the ashes from the walk, and then, after attaching the hose to the hydrant, literally flooded the place.

She retreated, and left the rest to nature and her husband. Nature did her part by turning the water into ice so smooth and slick that old Boreas himself

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

could not stand upon it. Early next morning the husband proceeded to do his part. He was in his usual condition, and there was but one thought that remained

clear and distinct in his mind, and that was that he had placed ashes on the walk.

He opened the gate, and confidently and briskly started for the door. In a few moments his feet tried to exchange places with his head, he revolved several times in the air, and then returned very forcibly to the earth.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

When it came to astonishment and surprise, that man could have stood his ground against any one in the world.

Again and again he essayed to walk, but every effort was a repetition of the first. Finally he gave it up, and tried to think out a way to reach the door.

After an hour's thought he succeeded in devising a way to slowly but surely get there. He played quadruped, and advanced on hands and knees.

When he was within a yard of the door it was quietly opened, and his wife appeared.

"Henry," she said, "what on earth is the matter? It can not be that you are drunk?"

That was the straw that broke the camel's back, and the now humbled Henry replied: "Yes 'm, I 'm drunk. But I 'll be hanged if I do n't believe the man who said ashes was n't slip'ry is a liar."



MY PAPA AND THE GOAT

My papa, he's a Woodman. I des he rode de goat; he jumped and raired and bucked and pitched and dib my papa an awful goalt.

He said dey run a foot-race, an' acted tina silly, and de first sing my papa knowed, he was a-st'addle of Old Billy.

And Billy he jist snorted and jumped and pitched and raired, and you dis ought to have seen my papa when he tomed home, his trousers was dis all tored.

But my papa likes de Woodman; he says dere awful funny, and when my papa dies, he says dey 'll dib us tids some money.

WIFE HAS JOINED A LODGE

I have to stay at home a-nights,
My wife has joined a Lodge;
I can't go out to "see the sights,"
Since wife has joined a Lodge.
I take the baby on my knee,
Trot her three hours carefully,
But she never goes to sleep for me
When her mother's at the Lodge.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

I hate to see the nights come round,
When wife goes to the Lodge;
She thinks it pleasure, I 'll be bound,
For her to go to Lodge,
While I stay at home and sweep the floor
And keep the children from the door,
And do a dozen things or more,
While she is at the Lodge.

Of course, the first thing she did seek
Was an office at the Lodge;
And now she goes six nights a week,
On duty for the Lodge,
When she comes home at half-past ten,
And I gently ask her where she 's been,
You ought to hear her answer then:
"Out working for the Lodge."

'T is said all things must have an end;
It 's not so with the Lodge;
I 'll have a change, on that depend,
In spite of the pesky Lodge.
I 'll take the baby and little Sue,
And Fred and Kittie, and Willie too,
And leave them all; now, would n't you?
With their mother at the Lodge.

LETTER FROM SAM'WEL'S WIFE

Deer Bundel o' Stix:—Mi huzbend heerz me an' our nu preecher sa a good menne wurdz thet he doant no the rite meenin' to 'em. Our preecher ized the wurd hipnotize and Sam'wel tho't awl along thet it ment a dezeez o' the hip—rumatiz into it, like. I wuz very mutch tikeld et hiz meenin' to the wurd. I sez, mi deer, yoo hain't got the rite dickshunary of it. It meanz a wooman thet hez got tiard o' livin' with hur huzbend 'cauz he iz too old an' feabel, an', she bein' yung, goze off with anuther man 'bout her oan aige hooze wife iz git oald faster 'n him, an', ain't purty no moar ner vigerus, an' when thay hev lived together unanamus like, fer a weak he goze off with awl hur effecks, but the sad wunz, an' she doant no whair sheze at—hipnotized, like. Sez Sam'wel, thetz wurs then enne hip dezeez i ever heern of; it sez hip—an' i thot it mus' be suthin' dredful in the regun of the hipz, like—thetz what Sam'wel sed, an' sez i, mi deer, yure meenin' wuz in the lokalitee of it—not a mile awa. He sed he never wanted me to git it, i sez not while yoor a livin'. Our konvers on languigez wuz broak up bi a nabor wooman—a Bekka—kallin' to me to kum to

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

the fense. I lade mi nitten down an' went to the fense an', bles me, she hed a hole krok o' milk thet she wanted me to taik, an', befoar she wuz awl thru with the prezentment speach i sez, what a treat fur Sam'wel! kind o' exklamashions, like, an' when i stopt to git moar breth, she started in an' sed, too wit: Yoor katz . hez bin into it in mi seller, an' i tho't it a grate pitte to fling it out, an', so i bring it ovar to yoo a thinkin' thet yoor katz wood like to uze the rest on it az we kant bair to uze it after thay hev bin into it. Sez i, no indead, nuther cood we uze it after thay hed bin in it. Surtinlee, sez i, i'll fead it to 'em with a glad hart, an' if yoo ever hev moar krokz ov it thet iz over run with mi katz er enne boddeze katz, it neadent maik no kind o' differentz hooze katz, i'd be glad, like, to git it, fer lawz-a-me our katz iz fond ov it.

While i wuz slappin' the katz Sam'wel kum to me with THE BUNDEL O' STIX an' sez he hooze pictur iz this? I sez, lawz-a-me Sam'wel thetz the editur ov it. Sez he whatz them spotz onto his fais? Sez i, mi deer, thetz whair he waz sun burnt a goin' 'thout hiz hat an' tuck dark, like. He seamed rekon-siled after thet—he iz fond o' pikturz an' he thinkz thet the Bekkaz wil wont to kut thet piktur out to hang up on the woll.

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Ever sense Sam'wel wuz tuk into the Bekkaz hiz mind hez bin a runnin' onto the subjeck o' femailz in the Bibel. He heern 'em speekin' o' so mennee wimmen into the Bibel thet he didnt no wuz in it, like. I sez, sez i, 't seamz like awl the wimmen that hez been populus, like, in the whole world wuz Bekkaz like, whether thay knode it er not.

Sam'wel sez, sez he, i wish yoo wood reed about thet yung wooman thet thay wuz tellin' us about when we wuz nockulated into it—thet wooman thet karride watter into a pitcher an' giv it to a hole lot o' men an' kamilz thet hed stopt in front o' her papz hous.

Lawz-a-me, mi deer, sez i, hur naim wuz Bekka, she wuz a yung od femail—singel, like,—an' didnt do a livin' thing but watter peepelz thingz an' fead 'em provinder (which iz the saim az fodder in our languidge), an' giv the men thair supperz an' brekfas'.

I wil tel yoo, sez i, about hur. She wuz purtee, 'thout pante er powder, for thay didnt uze nun in them daiz, an' she wuz good-harted. She didnt hev to karre watter fer evree boddee, but she liked to run to the wel an' git a picher everee now an' then an' thetz wun shure sine that she wuz odder'n sum uther yung phemailz fer thay doant like to go to the welz to git watter unles thair boze iz with 'em. Bekka hed no bo. She never node wun od fello frum a nuther.

Our Loge 'z naim iz tuk frum Bekka, not bekauz we air awl ov us butiful phemailz like Bekka wuz, awl of us iz not hansum—sum ov us iz.

Sam'wel, poar sole, studid a while an' then remarkt interrogativ like, didnt Bekka git marride to sum fello

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what kalled thair with hiz stok an' stopt et the wel to git a drink an' when he got a drink he wanted to no if her pap hed enne kold vittelz an' hoss feed?

Yes, sez i, a bein' verst in the skipterz i kan tel yoo awl about that. He wuz od to, singel, like, an' hiz naim wuz Izik, (The saim naim ez Ike in our language,) an' he wuz a huntin' a wife unbenoanst to Bekka.

He staid et her papz long enuff to find out if Bekka cood kook an' then he wanted her to go with him 'thout ennee kortein or enneething—thay ast her if she 'd go with this man an' bles me she sed she 'd go an' she went.

She bekum the 'riginal Bekka ov it, an' when a od fello an' a Bekka gitz to tawkin' about goin' with wun a nuther, an' thay aint marride neether ov 'em thay will be, both ov 'em, purtee quik.

Sumtimez i think thet Izik an' Bekka wuz foredetermined to git marride, i no thay wuz determind, but how long befoar i kant sa.

Bekka waz poar but i think Izik hed a littel reddee kash. Lawz-a-me thet didnt kut no figger with Bekka nuther did it with me, sez i, to Sam'wel. Sez i, yoo kno, Sam'wel thet i wuz like Bekka, hansum an' yung, but poar, while yoo wuz a gittin' up in yeerz an' ritch. It hez alwaze seamed foreordinary thet yoo an' me, sez i to Sam'wel, shood git marride or how cood we git marride onles it wuz. Mebbe it wuz nachrul fer a purtee yung wooman like me to marree a ritch ole man—mebbe. (?)

Izik luved Bekka deerle saim ez yoo luved me, Sam'wel, sez i. Izik hed lost hiz muther but hiz father wuz a livin' an' wuz anxyus fur him to git marride an' settel down to bizness.

Izik wuz forchunit like yoo Sam'wel. Bekka the

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muther ov awl phemailz od felloze wuz wun ov the best wimmin in the wurld et that time. She wuz a Methodis, sez i to Sam'wel. an' hed awl the good traitz thet Methodis' heve—sumtimez—saim church, sez i, that we b'long to. This staitment pleezed mi huzbend fer he thinkz thet the hed Methodis waiz in the gardin o' Eden. I think miself thay hed—sum ov 'em frum the gardin o' Eden cleer down to the Forx whair me an' Sam'wel livz.

Sam'wel hez becume so inquizitus ov lait—a shure sine thet he iz gittin' well an' thet hiz daze ma be long in the lan' kontraree to sum expecktashionz. He sez to me dident Izik kall hiz wife hiz sister wun da. Sez i, mi deer, i wil tel yoo about thet.

Az i wuz a sain' Bekka wuz purty an' the peepel awl lookt et her purty mutch when she went out a kallin' saim az thay dun when i went out a kallin', sum peepel iz so onthotless about lookin' at femailz when thay air out kallin', like.

Bekka coodent help her purtiness, but Izik, poar sole, he coodent stan' every thing, he got a feerd thay wood kil him to git Bekka, so he kalled her hiz sister to keap frum bein' kild.

Sam'wel remarkt thet he woodent never hev to kall me hiz sister to keep sumbodde from taikin me awa frum him. I've bin wonderin' what he ment.

I sed Sam'wel do brush them katz off'n the tabel an' we'll set up an' hev a bite befour goin' to loge.

Yes, sez Sam'wel, i want to go befoar it iz tuck up, fer it givz me the tremenz to speek the wurd thru a hoal in the doar to a phemail.

Yurzs,
Sam'welz wife.

THE JINER'S LAST JINING

C. C. HASKINS.

In the wilds of dark Missouri,
Black from hilly Kansas City,
Lived a native whose ambition,
Sole and single all his aim was
To investigate all Orders.
Known to all throughout the region
As Old Atkinson, the jiner.
These the Orders he belonged to,
Possibly there may be others:
With the Foresters he lumbered;
Wore an Elk tooth on his watchguard;
Was a Maccabee most worthy;
Favorite 'mongst the Knights of Honor;
Was a Sachem in the Red Men;
Bravely wore his eagle feathers,
Smoked the fragrant pipe refreshing;
Pythias and Damon knew he;
Jonathan and David also;
Was a way-back Snow-Shoe veteran;
Knew the signs of Sons of Freedom;
And, as has been elsewhere stated,
Others possibly forgotten.
One alone of all the Orders,
Coveted above the others,
Deemed the fountain-head most ancient,

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

This he never had been able
To accomplish, to his sorrow.
In the Lodge-room of the Masons
When the jiner's name was mentioned
And the vote was being taken,
One, a staid and serious brother,
Begged to be excused from voting,
And thus frankly gave his reason:
"There are none but snow-white ballots;
All the black ones have been voted."
And the general jiner, ang'red,
Swore revenge upon the Masons.
But he knew not how until he
Found a blind, mysterious notice
Of an Order older, better,
Faster spreading through the country,
Than these proud Masonic Orders
Better men, it said, were in it.
Through the towns and through the cities
It was rushing like a whirlwind,
Sweeping like a wild tornado.
P. S.—strictly on the quiet—
If the jiner would consent, he
Should be made a charter member
Without cost, and once commander,
He could down the hated Masons.
Soon a due and timely notice
Called him for initiation
Early in the month of April.

* * * * *

Silently the stairs he mounted
To the garret called a Lodge-room,
Where the brethren masked and silent
Waited for the coming heathen,

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

And as he had been instructed,
Gave four raps, and then another.
From within in voice of thunder,
As he slyly moved the wicket,
Bawled the guardian of the portal
"Let the heathen jiner enter."
And the door with slow precision
Opened wide, then closed behind him.
Dim the light, almost to darkness,
Masked were all attending brothers.
Swift the work of preparation
Till he stood as nature made him.
Then he donned a single garment
Such as ladies often sleep in,
And a pair of boots of rubber,
On his eyes a hoodwink fastened,
On his head a cap of paper.
Thus prepared the inner portal
Opened—while the room he entered
And was given to the Mogul.
"Place the heathen in position
For the coming obligation,"
Roared the grand head of the Order.
Flat upon his back they laid him.
"Brethren, all surround the heathen,
Place each right foot near his person.
Thus if he refuse to answer
Or is dumb to obligation,
You will easily remove him
Back to outer, utter darkness."
Thus he took his obligation.
Swore to not reveal, and so forth,
To revere the constitution,
And on each recurring birthday—

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Birth of his initiation—
Spread a banquet for the brothers.
Then in token of submission,
Turned and kissed the floor he lay on.
Round his waist they laid an apron,
Fastened with a grass-green girdle,
Covered well with mystic figures,
And the high grand word was on it,
Never found in print or writing.
From the darkest ages came it:
“Loof-lir-pana,” thrice repeated,
Loof-lir-pana, Loof-lir-pana,
Only spoken in the Lodge-room,
At the closing of the meeting.
Followed then perambulation.
Barriers every step beset him,
In a watery tank he floundered
While the rocky road to Dublin
Never knew one-half the trials
That beset him on his journey.
Weary, then, each pore perspiring,
To the Great Mogul they led him.
When the lecture was concluded
To a mirror he was guided
To receive his last impressions.
Thus the Great Mogul instructed:
“Facing this intently listen,
With your inward self communing,
Till the gong the end announces.
Then remove the blinding hoodwink,
Speak the sacred word as shown there
In the mirror spread before you.”
Silently they all departed,
Left the candidate to wonder,

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

And when he alone was present
Suddenly the gong was sounded.
In the mirror clear reflected
Loof-lir-pana on his fool's cap
That mysterious ancient motto
Read transposed "An April Fool," but
When he turned in frowning anger
All the brethren had vanished,
And he never has discovered
Who they were, these mad tormentors.



F. C. B.

Some of the constructions assigned to the letters
F. C. B. by outsiders and by members of the Order, to
suit their pleasure:

For the farmer—Fresh Country Butter.

For the imbiber—Fresh Cool Beer.

For the edification of the simple—Fools Can't Be-
long.

For the satisfaction of the feminine—Female Curios-
ity Baffled.

For the merchant—For Cash Buy.

For the religious—Firm Christian Belief.

For those wishing to know—Fire Chestnuts Burst.

For the careful—From Curiosity Beware.

For the ladies, God bless them—Firm, Courteous,
Benevolent.

And last, not its construction but in truth—Friend-
ship, Charity, and Benevolence.

FATHER HAS RIDDEN THE GOAT

BY T. L. G., COLUMBUS, GA.

One day we noticed father more
 ual was the case,
 e was so nervous, and
 nn was his face,
 His absent-mindedness
 I 'm sure,
 We could not help but
 note,
 e found out later, he that
 night
Was pledged to ride the
goat.

was midnight when the
 door-bell rang,
And father's voice was
 heard
something for our ear—

 I think the secret word—
And when he 'd satisfied himself
 By trying all the blinds,
He 'd twist his fingers, crook his arm,
 And get off other signs.

One sock left in the anteroom,
 His watch for safety taken,

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His coat ripped up the back, and he
With great excitement shaken,
We recognized our father dear,
Who then sat down and wrote
The day and date upon a slate,
On which he rode the goat.

He said, however, all was mild,
He would not make complaint,
And then he 'd groan and feel himself,
And look as if he 'd faint;
Some words he oft repeated,
And of them we made a note,
There 's something on my father's mind
Connected with the goat.

At last we got him off to bed,
And then he fell asleep,
And muttered things he 'd sworn on oath
To ever secret keep;
Next morning at the table,
When we asked how stood the vote,
He answered in an absent way,
"O yes, I rode the goat."

HOW SCROGGINS JINED THE ORDER

By W. B. TOWNSEND.

The boys of 99 at Plunketville one time
At one another slyly winked and said, "You'd better
jine."

I guessed I would, and so one night I got my Sunday
coat,

And as I left I said to Sue, "I am going to ride the
goat."

Now, I don't claim to ride the best of any man in
town,

But 'lowed no livin' broncho could ever get me down.
I kinder laughed at what I thought would be a big
surprise

To that there goat when he had found he'd struck one
of his size.

But I felt a kind o' sinkin' and a scrimigin within
When a cur'ous lookin' creetur said the fun would
soon begin.

And I had a crawlin' feelin' a-runnin' down my back,
And things got kinder hazy, and I couldn't see the
track.

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My teeth began to chatter, and my knees began to
shake,

'T was wuss than last December, when I fell into the
lake;

At last a chap in fixins said now 't was time to proceed,
And I said as how I thought that he 'd better take the
lead.

He tuck me by the elbow and he swung me into line,
I guess he knowed his business, so I tho't I 'd not
decline;

I grabbed onto my courage, fer I did n't want to fail,
And then we struck it lively down that most infernal
trail.

'T was nip and tuck, or su'thin', fer a dozen miles er
more,
And I can't tell how it happened, but I know I kept
the floor;

I felt a little sweaty after hurryin' about,
And kind o' trembly in my jints to feel the world shut
out.

An' then we just slowed up a bit, to take a breathin'
spell;

They said to not get rattled, 't would scare the goat to
yell.

I heard his shains a-clankin' and the stampin' of his
feet,

And other funny noises that sounded like his bleat.

An' then the lights got red, and green, and rather
ghostly like,

I had a sort of feelin' when the lightnin' 's 'bout to
strike;

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

I heard the music soft and low, and felt a solemn
streak

Go slowly crawlin' round my throat, so that I could n't
speak.

I thought how mean I 'd been to Sue, and did n't know
just why;

But tears cum up right in my eyes, I felt as though
I 'd cry;

I thought of how she toiled and slaved to make our
home look bright,

And guessed I had n't helped her so often as I might.

And then I got to thinkin': supposin' she was dead—
I could n't ax her pardon fer the ugly words I said—
'T would break my heart to see her hands lie folded
on her breast,

And look into her careworn face a-lyin' there at rest.

And then I said it softly down somewhere in my
heart,

"I 'll be a better man to Sue, until death shall us part."
I thought that God had heard me, and would help me
true to be,

And I heard the music playing, "Nearer, my God, to
Thee."

The music then grew fainter, and the light began to
fade;

A fellow clapped me on the back, and said he guessed
we 'd staid

Around these diggins long enough, we 'd better jog
along;

I 'lowed he knew the country, and said I 'd follow on.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

I heard a sort of buzzin' and a hummin' in my brain,
And do n't suppose I knowed enough to come in
out the rain;
But that there chap that stuck to me when things
looked mighty blue,
Said: "Never mind," he guessed I'd live to ride the
critter through.

We veered a little from our course, and started 'cross
the plain,
My feelings rose considerable, but soon cum down
again;
We found an old one on the trail, I tried to help him
rise,
I guess I could of done it, but he made an awful noise.

Of course, I felt a little mean, but said I meant no
harm,
If I was rough, it was because I worked upon the
farm;
He felt concerned, lest I should tell the things that he
had said;
And when I left him he just stood and shook his old
gray head.

We went around and 'round and 'round, like hosses
on a track;
And when the fun got rather tame, they set me up
and back.
And then they sung and told me that I'd nothing now
to fear,
But still I felt as skeery as a Texas yearlin' steer.

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I wondered if that pesky goat would keep it up all
night—

I was afraid I 'd lose my grip and fall off in my fright,
They told me this, and told me that, and what to say
and do,

They might as well have told it to a jumpin' kangaroo.

At last the game was finished, and they 'lowed I 'd
won the prize;

I said I 'd look it over when the dust was out my eyes.
I s'pose I acted rather odd, it wouldn't have been
strange,

The way we had it up and down across that pesky
range.

It's been almost a score of years since I took down
my coat,

'Way back in Plunketville that time to go and ride
the goat;

An' many a chap I 've helped put through since that
immortal night,

And laughed and laughed like all git out to see 'em
hold on tight.

And many a hard old tussle I 've had with this cur'ous
world,

An' strange ideas an' fancies queer all through my
head have whirled;

But none compare to what I felt that night at 99,
As I went it pretty lively down the 'nitiation line.

HEADQUARTERS' DINNER IN JEOPARDY

In the early history of one of the uniformed degrees of a prominent secret Order, the colonel of one of the regiments conceived the idea that it would be a good thing to assemble his scattered companies and hold a

summer Encampment for the practice in battalion drill, general instructions, etc., and provide an outing for "the boys" as well. A local band volunteered to join them, and provide the music. As the use of the camp equipage and subsistence had to be provided for at the individual and personal expense of the members,

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the camp was held under strained pecuniary and otherwise rather adverse and precarious circumstances. The uniforms of the men, also, had been undergoing the vicissitudes of frequent changes in the regulations, so that at best they put up a motley appearance in that respect. But their enthusiasm and the novelty of camping prompted them to make the best of the circumstances, living on badly-cooked and unaccustomed rations, and suffering the inconveniences of scant and defective tentage, which, with other appliances, were hired for the occasion, and there was but little complaining.

One day, towards the close of the Encampment, those who had not been granted permission to go to town were lined up by the colonel, and told that the Grand officer had sent him word unexpectedly that he was coming over to "pay a visit of inspection," and was due to be on hand at almost any moment. The men were admonished to do "their prettiest." "Just brace up as if your uniforms were all alike, and as though you had had the best on earth to eat, and plenty of it. We have n't any band left; they're all gone to town, except Smith there, with the bass drum, and it's a plumb fine one—big as a barrel. Now, Smith, when I give you the word, you let her go for all she's worth." Thus spoke the colonel. In a little while the Grand officer was announced, and ready to inspect the anxious and nervous remnant of the "regiment;" and as he and his staff appeared in the distance the colonel gave the order to "line up." As the Grand officer drew near, the colonel shouted, "Now, Smith, let her go," and turned to salute his commanding officer. But not a note came from the big barrel drum. The colonel, red in the face, turned toward the drummer and again shouted for

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"music." But still the drum remained as mute as the harp of Tara Hall fame. Infuriated at this open disobedience of orders, and in the presence of the Grand officer too, the colonel rode down the line, and as he reached the refractory drummer cried out, "Say, Smith, what in —— and —— do you mean by not beating that blankety-blank drum?"

"I can't, Colonel," whispered Smith; "the old drum's full of chickens, and half of 'em are for you." The colonel paused but a moment before he shouted so that the Grand officer and the rest of the men might hear: "All right, Smith; but if you were too sick to play the —— drum, why in —— and —— didn't you say so?"



WHEN THE ROLL WAS CALLED

Abraham Blum joined a secret society, recently. After he had taken his third degree one of the Brothers asked him what he thought of the work.

"The work is all right," said Abraham, "and I know I am a Hebrew, but when the Brothers want me hereafter I'd like to have them find a little more respectful title for me."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the Brother in surprise.

"That's all right," said Abraham, "do n't you think I heard 'em calling for Jew Blum?"

"I expect you had an awful time at the election last night," said the girl who hadn't attended the annual meeting, "for I heard that nearly all the girls wanted to be president, and that there was going to be a terrible fight."

"There was n't," explained the president, sweetly, "not a bit of trouble, and all the old officers were re-elected, too. You see, I wanted to be president myself this year, and Alicia Brown wanted to stay in office, too, so we fixed up a little plan between us, and it was a famous success."

"What did you do? Hurry up and tell me!" the other girl exhorted her excitedly, "how on earth did you manage it?"

The president smiled happily.

"O, Alicia and I talked it over beforehand," she said, "and just as soon as the meeting was called to order and before the girls had got through talking, she made a motion that the oldest girl in the club be made president always, and Lucile Hicks seconded it. She wanted to be secretary again, you see. So I put the motion, or the question, or whatever it was, and Alicia and Lucile said 'Yes' very loud, and all the

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other girls did the same without understanding what it was all about in the least. My! but some of them were mad afterward, though."

"What happened then?" asked the other girl; "did they all tell their ages under protest?"

"No, indeed, not a bit of it," responded the president, smiling again. "I just knew they would n't. When they found out what it meant they would n't say a word, so Alicia got up again and moved that all the old officers be elected over again unanimously. And every girl in the room shouted 'Yes.' They were glad of any way out of the difficulty."



AN ALL KNIGHT

Three little girls in a communicative mood.

First L. G.: "My pa is a Knights Templar. What is your pa?"

Second L. G.: "O, my pa is a Knights of Pythias. What is your pa?"

Third L. G.: "I guess my pa is an All Knight. Anyhow, ma says she thinks he is, 'cause he do n't come home till mornin'."

KING SOLOMON'S DECISION

An Illinois boy was asked to write an essay on Masonry, and here is what he wrote:

"King Solomon was a man who lived so many years

in the country that he was the whole push. He was an awfully wise man, and one day two women came to him,

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each holding to the leg of a baby and nearly pulling it in two, and each claiming it. And King Solomon was n't feeling right good, and he said, 'Why could n't the brat have been twins, and stop this bother?' And then he called for his machete and was going to Weyerize the poor innocent little baby, and give each woman a piece of it, when the real mother of the baby said: 'Stop, Solomon, stay thy hand! Let the old hag have it. If I can't have a whole baby, I won't have any.' Then Solomon told her to take the baby and go home and wash its face, for he knew it was hers. He told the other woman to go chase herself. King Solomon built Solomon's Temple, and was the father of Masons. He had seven hundred wives and three hundred lady friends, and that's why there are so many Masons in the world. My papa says King Solomon was a warm member, and I think he was hot stuff myself. That is all I know about King Solomon."



NOT A BEEHIVE

The following is told at the expense of an Elk, who was stopping with his wife at a Milwaukee hotel during the Elks' Carnival. On their first evening there he happened to retire somewhat later than his spouse. Arriving at the door of what he imagined to be his room, and finding it locked he tapped and called, "Honey!" No answer came, and he called her again more loudly, "Honey!" Still he got no reply, and becoming somewhat uneasy he shouted the endearing term with his full lung power. This time the reply came in an indignant male voice: "Go away, you idiot! This is a bathroom, not a bee-hive!"

of the Electric band, while they were engaged in rendering those sweet and seductive strains for which they have become noted? Well, do n't. Nor before any other band, for it may not be such a scratchless escape as a boy met with who figures as a principal in this story.

It was when a German band that had been engaged to escort a Lodge in a parade, while waiting on the street before the hall, started to tear the "Wacht Am Rhine" to pieces. They fared pretty well and had switched off to "Sweet Rosy O'Grady," when a small boy, who had evidently been put up to do the trick, made his appearance, and stood near the band. He was sucking a lemon, and at his appearance a look of disgust spread over the faces of the members of the band. One by one the musicians gradually and reluctantly dropped out of the game until at last there was left only the bass-horn player. He had to quit after a little while. The weather was steaming hot, and this, with the lemon episode, rather combined to put the bass-horn player in a bad humor. He walked over to the boy, and taking him by the ear, he said:

"Vat for you come aroun' here mit a lemon and

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

kveer der whole tam pand? It's tough luck to shtand apout in der sun mitout bein' kveered py a poy mit dot lemon."

And there was subdued laughter in a store near by when the order was given to march. It is a fact slightly known that the presence of any one sucking a lemon in front of a band will cause a panic. The musician's mouth fills so rapidly with saliva he can not play.



EXCESSIVE MODESTY

There is an Eastern Star girl so modest that she will not go to bed while the Christian Observer is in the same room.

A certain Rebekah girl declines to walk up a steep hill for fear her breath will come in short pants.

We know of a Rathbone Sister who will not bathe in the same room with potatoes until she has picked out their eyes.

There lives a certain Royal Neighbor maiden who refuses to wear a chatelain watch chain attached to her person because the watch has hands.

A Pochahontas girl locks herself in her room every time she hears a brass band approaching; she vows she will never look at any drum major who parades in his bear skin.

The D. of A. girl is too modest to be sympathetic. She can not tolerate a fellow feeling.

In a city in the West lives a Woodmen Circle young lady so bashful that she refused to eat at a table where lettuce is served undressed.

We heard of a Maccabee young lady who always goes without gloves because she doesn't want any undressed kids about her.

RIDING THE GOAT

By C. R. GIBSON.

In speaking of the Odd Fellows,
There is one thing you should note,
It is the law with them to make
Each fellow ride a goat.
Not a puny little creature,
That can scarcely jump a ditch,
But a great big strong "Sir William,"
That can bleat and buck and pitch.

Upon this beast a saddle
Is placed and firmly tied,
While the candidate astraddle
Begins his famous ride.
Round and round the spacious Lodge-room
With lightning speed they fly,
While the candidate is screaming,
Say, "How is this for high?"

The goat tries hard to throw him,
But the rider holds on fast,
And though the road is rocky,
He stays there till the last.
And when the ride is over,
You are apt to hear him sing,
"I am very much disfigured,
But still I'm in the ring."

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Thus having proven worthy,
He is taken to the stand,
And there is told what he must do,
By the worthy Noble Grand.
He then is asked to take a seat,
In the row along the wall,
While the billy goat is taken
And placed back in his stall.

I have given you this secret,
Which you must safely keep,
For the sake of my dear papa,
Who talks while in his sleep.
This is the way I got it,
I heard him very plain,
And I'll have some more to tell you,
When he sleeps and talks again.

Since now they've got a "Becky" Lodge
Established on the side,
I'm very anxious to find out
If they make the sisters ride.
They may, but if they do I'm sure
They use another saddle,
It would not look so well, you know,
For them to ride a—like men.

HIS LITTLE JOKES

"I see," said the Cheerful Idiot, "that the Order of the Golden Eagle has been in session for a few days. Funny Order, that. Man who sings bass can't join."

"What—the—er—how?" said the shoe clerk boarder.

"Golden eagle, you know, is always a tenner."

DWENTY YEARS AGO

FRANK KIRK.

I vent and shoined a nodder Lodge,
Id vose der same olt show;
I lishened to der same olt charge
I hurt long year ago;
Old Santy Claus he vose der same—
His speech vose waful slow,
Der obligation vos der same, like
Dwenty years ago.

Den ven I dake der first degree
I dink id vosh in May,
Efry ding shust seamed der same
Like in der olten day;
Der same olt vords dot ve must reep,
Der dings we always sow,
Id dook me pack to olten days
Some dwenty years ago.

Den in der second I vos schered,
I cand dell der reason why,
Bud id made a lump come in my troat,
I feal shust like I cry.
He said before I dake der next
Dot I musd learn to know,
Dot der Lodge vos running different now.
Dan dwenty years ago.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Und now my liber friend, I dink
Dot man knew vot he said,
Or mapy dot olt Dutchman vos
Completely lost his head.
He dold me I must dake a bath
In voter vorm ash snow;
Now, I do n't remember doing dot
Boud dwenty years ago.

Den next I dake der third degree
I dink dayed brake my jaw,
Day put me on a pilly goat
Der verst I efer saw.
I nefer rode a goat before, und
I vont you all ter know
Der Lodge ish diferend dan it vosh
Some dwenty years ago.



SECRETS OF THE KEYSTONE EXPOSED

A Camden Mason, who had recently been exalted to the Sublime Degree of Royal Arch Mason, was asked by his wife—a highly intelligent lady—the significance of the letters H-T-W-S-S-T-K-S, which she observed on his beautiful mark. The Mason replied: "My dear, they are the initials of the Masonic sentiment, 'He That Was Slain Soared to Kindred Spirits.'" The lady thought a minute, and the replied: "That at least has the merit of sounding mystical; my father told me it meant, 'He That Will Smoke Spanish Tobacco Knows Something.' I knew that was n't right, but I believe, dear, you tell me the truth." And then the horrid wretch gave the innocent creature a learned explanation of the hidden meaning of the sentence, and expatiated on its beauties.

A PARLIAMENTARY WOOING

"I move," said the young Lodge-man, "that we now resolve ourselves into a committee of the whole to consider the advisability of immediate annexation."

"I—I object," said the maiden, shyly.

"I move the previous question," said the young man, slyly.

This was beyond her, and she said nothing.

"We will now put it to a vote," said he. "Any opposition may be manifested by giving the sign of 'no.'"

She looked at him a trifle bewildered, and he hastily continued:

"Your speaking eyes being the only signs I note, it is plainly evident that the ayes have it and the previous question is carried. Now, as this vote must be considered a test of strength, it can no longer be doubted that annexation is favored by an overwhelming majority, in consequence of which you might as well name the day when the union shall be completed."

The maiden gasped.

"I—I ob——" she began.

But with the able assistance of a luxuriant mustache he succeeded in shutting off debate. And the fight was won.

SOMETHING DOING

A date was fixed by Ismailia for a pilgrimage over roaring Niagara. The painstaking Recorder called it a spring opening, and said: "Our camels have survived the long winter, but are somewhat

done up, like the man who Fit(z)simmons, and in order that they may be properly exercised you are requested to secure the petition of some eligible "Good Fellow," that his "chips" may fatten our herd, and he be used kindly before the camels become too strong." He dispels the fears of the faint-hearted thusly: "Some of our Nobles have ex-

pressed the belief that more of our eligible friends would flock to our tents but for the fear that they would receive their just deserts, and that punishment beyond endurance would be meted out to them. To calm their fears and remove all the terrors that attach to the unknown, we give a partial description of our pleasant and harmless initiation:

WE'LL RAISE YOU TO THE HIGHEST POINT

WHAT WE PROPOSE TO DO

We 'll shake your hand and pat your back,
And collect your little fee ;
We 'll hint about the wondrous things
That you will shortly see.

We 'll ask you then to undergo
Some little tests of nerve ;
We 'll tell you that we 've all been there,
And never bent a curve.

We 'll put you in the torture room
To let you meditate ;
We 'll let you think about yourself,
Then cut you up for bait.

We 'll scalp you and we 'll skin you,
And put plasters on your soles ;
We 'll file your teeth and twist your joints,
And fill you full of holes.

We 'll raise you to the highest point,
Then drop you in the well ;
We 'll bring to mind your past misdeeds
And give you a taste of h——!

We 'll boil you on the gridiron,
Then lay you out on ice ;
We 'll cook you in slow-boiling oil
Until you 're crisp and nice.

We 'll let you ride the camel
When you get too sore to walk ;
We 'll do several other pleasant things,
About which we must n't talk.

PARADES

BY CATHERINE YOUNG GLEN.

Makes no matter where we live,
It's the same old cheat
As it allus is—parades
Do n't come down our street.

Never knowed 'em, Fourth-July
Or election day.
All we do is hear the drums,
'Bout a mile away.

Other chaps can see without
Makin' half a try.
Jest a-look at Billy's luck
When the Knights went by—

(Day they would n't lemme go
'Cause 't was rainin' hard)—
Watched the whole thing, sittin' on
The front stoop in his yard!

Jacky allus gets 'em, Joe's
Corner's where they meet
Like to know, once, why pa!
Do n't never come our sti

A DENVER POSTSCRIPT

I was at the Shriner show,
 Marthy Jane,
And I am not keen to go
 There again,
For the things on which I fed
Sent me reeling off to bed,
And I woke up with a head
 Streaked with pain!

O! the camel ride I took
 In my glee
Every inspiration shook
 Out of me.
For the moment that I struck
On that bump he wears for luck,
You had ought to see him buck!
 Hully gee!

I've a warping of the spine,
 Martha dear,
And my ribs are out of line
 Too, I fear.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Every organ that I own,
Every ligament and bone—
Every cussed thing seems thrown
Out of gear!

O! I dare n't tell it all
Dear, for it
Would but treat you to a fall
In a fit—

Dare n't tell you of the fun
When the mystic work was done,
And the damp degree begun,
Nit, O! nit!

Now I'm a Shriner, dear,
Do n't you see,
And I need no longer fear
That degree.
And I'll sit with gleeful pride
And watch other victims ride
Down that old base-burning slide
Same as me.



A HORSE ON THE MASONS

"Why is a horse the best Mason?" has been a question attracting the attention of the New South Wales Masonic Club members. The answer is given in the May "Circular" as follows: "Because he is amiable, sympathetic, and charitable. Why? Amiable, because he can stand a lot of chaff; sympathetic, because he always answers to the cries of (woe) whoa; and charitable, because he will give the bit out of his mouth without saying a word."

BACHELOR GIRLS' GROVE

INITIATION CEREMONY

Tee! he! he! Ha! ha! ha!

Rap! tap! tap! went the beetle.

"What means this levity?" said the guardian. Little Miss Dimity rose demurely and with a voice resembling the squeaking of a flute, she said:

"My dear Guardian: Sovereign Farmer met us girls at the foot of the stairs and told us he had just come from Dyball's candy store. He said he saw a very handsome young lady there about the size of Sovereign Bessie. He described her to us and then said: 'Now, what do you suppose she weighed?' Some guessed 120. I said 130. Ida guessed 110. 'No,' says Sovereign Farmer, 'she weighed candy.'"

The whole grove screamed with laughter. The guardian rapped for silence; the grove cat ran about the room excitedly, the fur bristled upon her back, and sputtered and spattered as if a dozen dogs were at her heels;

BACHELOR GIRLS' GROVE

**"He kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That at the parting all the forest echoed."**

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

she finally climbed to the top of the magician's wigwam and glared below as if a demon were after her.

Then came a loud rap at the door; the watchman demanded who was there. In tones of deep distress came the words : "He who enters here leaves all hope behind!" This silenced the merriment. The adviser began to weep, Sovereign Lama showed signs of fainting, but a douse of Missouri River water took the crimps out of her hair and streaked her face with mud. She made a rush for the boudoir, screaming: "O, dear, O, dear! what a sight I am!" Sovereign Maginnis remarked: "And sure, I wish Patrick was here, to go to the dure." "I do n't tank anybody would hurt us," suggested Sovereign Larson, and Sovereign Schneider, proceeding to the entrance of the forest, cried: "What for you come sneaking up to this meeting? Vell, I say, vat for you come here? Better you go away mighty quick. I sends for them policeman und he dakes you mit him and you no get oudt pretty quick."

"My dear ladies," came the response, "open the door; I have a little surprise for you." Remembering the mouse once sent to the grove, Sovereign Wagner gathered her skirts securely about her and cautiously opened the door. There stood that generous-hearted, impulsive, and humorous Supreme Physician. In his hands was a large box, securely tied with gold and silver threads. A large bouquet of roses was on the top of the box, and as he looked benignly over the bevy of pretty girls, whose rosy cheeks and disordered hair betokened the excitement they had experienced, he laughed, chuckled, and gesticulated as if he were struggling for breath to say something. Sovereign Roberts tried to pronounce his name, and twisted and

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

contorted her face so comically that it aroused the risibles of everybody. Finally the magician assumed an appearance of great dignity and said: "Dr. Holovtschiner, enter this rose garden and explain your unbidden presence here."

The Sovereign Physician, with a graceful bow and wave of his hand, protested that he was on a peaceful mission. "My dear young ladies—misnamed bachelor girls—I have the honor to present you this bouquet, a sweet emblem of the charming members of this grove, and, sub rosa, I have another gift for you. Your deliberations should be conducted under the rose. The rose among the ancients was a symbol of secrecy, and was hung up at entertainments as a token that nothing there said was to be divulged. I trust that your session will be roseate in the fullest significance of the term. But my mission: I hold in my hand a ten-pound box of candy, which Sovereign Farmer has intrusted to my keeping for safe delivery to you. You do not need its sweetness, I know, but may find a few sour drops to leaven when needed. Pardon this intrusion, and permit me to assure you that I hope the young men who are fancy free will be induced to give you all the privilege of making them your beneficiaries."

The doctor bowed himself from their presence and tripped down the stairs, humming to himself, "There'll be a Hot Time in the Bachelor Grove To-night."

The confections were "laid upon the table" for later consideration. The regular order of business was observed until the ceremony of introduction was announced. At this moment heavy footsteps were heard upon the stairs. Sovereign Crane remarked that she reckoned that Deacon Cannon was coming:

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"Why, do n't you know, he told me that he has not attended a party since his wife departed more than five years ago. But to please me," simpered Miss Crane, as she pursed up her lips into a comical pucker and stroked her corkscrew curls, "he is coming to join our Circle, and I do hope that I may give him his obligation." Other younger bachelor girls told of their success in inducing single sovereigns to come into the Grove, with many a smirk and blush in the attempt to appear unconcerned.

Then followed a whispered conference and the announcement was made that Sovereign Adolphus Simpkins would be introduced. We will let Adolphus relate his adventures:

"Well, do n't-ye-know, a pretty maiden came to the reception room; she looked charming as an angel. Gee! she was a daisy. She told me I was to explore mysteries 'under the rose,' and that all would be 'sub rosa.' She put a hoodwink over my eyes, and the touch of her dainty little fingers upon my face, as she did it, made me feel as if I was riding in a balloon. It did, 'pon honor. Then a wreath of roses was put on my head, and a circular cape, such as French dancing-masters wear, was placed upon my shoulders.

"Two girls grasped my arms and we walked within what they called the forest. I was told to sit. But I was not comfortable. I was too polite to protest, and feared the young ladies would guy me if I stirred. I felt cold as death, my teeth began to chatter; I was very unhappy. I reached my hand down, and—would you believe it, old chappie?—I was sitting on a cake of ice. They said something about a lesson, reminding

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

me that the ice-cream season was on and the girls suffering for invitations to enjoy it. I told them to let me arise and I would never forget it. There was a coolness after that, but the Magician invited me to her camp-fire and I was given a whiff of camphor.

"The girls sang a song and marched around me. I could n't quite get the drift of the song. It was something about bowers and poses, kisses and roses. I was then invited to enter the gate. I entered, but in doing so stepped upon a board that dropped, it appeared to me, about a thousand feet. At any rate, it opened up a shower bath, and I got it. Just think of it, all over my new cheviot suit and lavender trousers. I wouldn't have cared if the girls had n't laughed so over it. I kept my temper, but it was hard work. Well, they made me repeat a lot of promises after that; they jabbed me with hat pins, gave me cold porridge to eat or drink, or both, pinched my cheeks, made me ride on a seesaw with old Miss Crane on the other end of the plank. I know it was her, for I heard her sigh, simper, and remark: 'Laws-me, what would the Deacon think, if he saw me seesawing with a young man!'

"But the worst was to come. They chattered something about 'kissing in the bower.' One girl accused me of flirting with every girl I met and stealing kisses at every opportunity. I pleaded guilty and was about to promise never to do so again when there came a unanimous protest of 'do n't promise, for heaven's sake, do n't promise!' I was escorted in my blind and helpless condition beneath shimmering leaves and fragrant roses; twittering

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

birds were singing about me. Then came the command:

“‘You are soon to see the light. You have proven yourself of manly stuff. We welcome thine, welcome you. Our hostess will give you a fine token of our esteem—a kiss.’ At this ‘witching hour,

‘When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,’

I grasped a willing maiden in my arms, and again and again I imprinted a sweet kiss upon her luscious lips.

‘Like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume.’

“The bachelor girls at the time sung:

‘Rose, rose and clematis,
Trail and twine and clasp and kiss.’

“Then a solemn voice repeated:

‘He kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That at the parting all the forest echoed.’

“Then came a shout and the hoodwink was removed. Chappie, old boy, I was simply paralyzed. There stood—but I can not tell you. She simply said:

“‘Now look heah, Mr. ‘Dolphus, ain’t yer gwine to kiss dis yer chile once mo’? Come honey, do n’t look so pale; dis yer little episode is under the rosey. De ladies wanted to teach yer to be mighty ca’ful when you kiss folks, ‘specially when it’s a little dark. I do n’t b’long in here nohow, just cum in fer your benefit. Good bye, honey, when you wants to see me again, ring the bell.’

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"And out walked Dinah, the darky cook at the Slawberbilt mansion. I fled to the outer door, rushed down to Balduff's and ordered ten gallons of ice-cream to be sent up to the Grove, and then went back and saw Deacon Cannon introduced. Miss Crane wanted to take Dinah's place, but she was frowned down. I was the only chap who got the kissing business. Queer, was n't it, old chappie, do n't-yer-know?"



THE GIRL TO KISS

Who holds you in sweet embrace?
Who never lets you leave the place?
Who has for kissing just the face?
The Rebekah Girl.

Who breathes a soft, long drawn out sigh,
Declares she knows that she 'll "just die,"
But all the same who lets you try,
The Pythian Sister Girl.

Who lets you kiss a forehead nice,
But stops you if you do it twice?
Who makes you think of Greenland's ice?
The Maccabee Girl.

But who's the fascinating miss
That fills you with exquisite bliss?
Who is the sweetest girl to kiss?
The Eastern Star Girl.



THE LEVEL AND THE SQUARE

REVISED EDITION

BY WILL H. DAY.

"We meet upon the level and we part upon the square"—

What words of dreadful meaning their terms Masonic are!

Come, let us contemplate them, for time is not remote
Since, as members of the Order, we each struggled
with the goat!

Hands round, ye bloody Masons! Don your aprons,
grind your knives;

Send a message to your faithful, patient, jealous, vixen
wives

That you won't be home for supper, and beseech them
to forbear

The keen, sarcastic comments that they level at the
square!

Tell them that the meeting's special, and the Lodge
will hold till late,

'Cause you've got to "work the Third" upon a fellow-
candidate—

You're subpoenaed by the Master, and you know he'll
rave and tear

If you disobey the summons of the level and the
square!

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Repeat the ancient story to the air of the old tune,
How these calls of Lodge are governed by the phases
 of the moon;

When the orb is full and beaming in the firmament
 so fair

Abject homage you must render to the level and the
 square!

Assure them your resistance, even though it be the
 least,

To the edicts of the tyrant who presideth in the East,
Will be visited with vengeance, for the Master does n't
 spare

The craftsmen if they trifle with the level and the
 square!

Convince them once forever now that it would never
 do

To take them to the meeting of the Lodge along
 with you;

They could n't stand the racket, and the brothers
 would n't dare

To let the sisters meddle with the level and the
 square!

'T is a question among craftsmen as to when they fared
 the worst—

In passing through the third degree, the second or
 the first;

Some will admit they lost their grit, and fears exceed-
 ing rare

Possessed them when they first beheld the level and
 the square!

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

In ante-rooms the stewards take a scrutinizing look
Not only at the applicant, but in his pocketbook;
No heed to protestations that the fee is most unfair—
They stifle all objections with the level and the square!

The candidate is tumbled o'er the altar and the stools
To exemplify the workings of the ancient working tools!
It's a question of the Order, 't is the way that they
prepare
A fraternal intimacy with the level and the square!

In a cask they place the novice, which is hooped se-
curely tight,
And they roll the barrel round the Lodge with all their
main and might;
If the victim deigns to mutter, or presumes to yell
for air,
They hoop the cask-et tighter with the level and the
square!

Is it a wonder that the Masons go so many miles to see
The doings of the horrid and the awful third degree?
From town and country places they will gather at the
lair
To see the final struggle with the level and the square!

Goodness gracious! what a tumult, what a ruction,
what a roar,
As they drag the weary pilgrim round the tessellated
floor;
He repents the evil moment when he climbed the
Lodge's stair,
And fell into the clutches of the level and the square!

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Should the victim swoon com-
pletely or apparently be
dead,

They attempt resuscitation with
a dose of molten lead;

If this does n't cause a reaction,
in a frenzy of despair

They prod him in the stomach
with the level and the
square!

Amid the din and tumult wild the
Master then will urge

The craft to drown the wailing
with a still yet sadder
dirge;

The agony is over now—and later on they'll scare
Some other luckless fellow with the level and the square!

And woe betide the brother who reveals the secrets
true

Which with him are safe reposed within the Lodge
of ancient blue;

For the Tiler, with his cutlass, will most certainly be
there

To behead the desecrators of the level and the square!

Who would be a Royal Archer, Mystic Shriner,
Templar Knight,

If the three degrees will leave a man in such a sorry
plight!

It's hoped the higher Orders now do not so fully
scare

At the terrors of the level and the horrors of the
square!



JOHNNY'S RAM

Johnny had a little ram,
Its head was hard as wood.
One day it stole away from him,
And joined the brotherhood.

A candidate was due that night,
To pass the portals there.
The ram he winked his other eye,
And straightway clum the stair.

"I 'll see what I can do," said he,
"To help this victim through,"
And with a very vigorous leap,
Into the hall he flew.

The novice took one look at him—
But his efforts were in vain—
He hit him where he thought he would,
He never came back again.

A CORKER

'A Lodge man's wife recently gave him the following letter, with instructions that it should not be opened until he got to his place of business. "I am forced to tell you something that I know will trouble you; but it is my duty to do so. I am determined you shall know it, let the result be what it may. I have known for a week that this trial was coming, but kept it to myself until to-day, when it has reached a crisis, and I can not keep it any longer. You must not censure me too harshly, for you must reap the results as well as myself. I do hope it won't crush you." Here he turned over to the next page, his hair slowly rising. "The flour is out. Please send me some this afternoon. I have known that your mind has been entirely absorbed by your Lodge, so I thought by this method you would not forget the flour." The husband telegraphed forthwith for a barrel of the best flour in the market to be sent to his home instanter.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

"Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
'That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
'That man to man the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

THE CHARGE

Mortal, pause and go slow! That which you see before you, you do not behold. Standing as you do upon the illimitable confines of the inevitable void, cogitating upon the profundity of the yet to be, you are, yet you are not. Many seem to ill are, and yet are not;—there-why?

Gain, pause, and proceed not until advance. The exacerbations of the human mind approximate infinity. Man's natural tendency is toward egotism. He thinks he amounts to something,—he does not;—no man does,—except us. You are not what you seem, therefore seem to be that which you are not; consequently you occupy a position which you do not hold.

The silent Sphinx sits in solemn grandeur, with the winds of the desert whistling through her whiskers and the shining sands drifting through her stern. Ask her, "Why?" "Wherefore?" and then "Which?" and she answers not. Probably she does not know. Therefore, we, as members of this Order, tell you many things which we do not know, and for which you do not care a d——n.

But as it is all in the Ritual, therefore it goes. You will now be put to the grand razzle-dazzle, after which you will be expected to set up the drinks.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ORIENTAL

ABOU HASSOUAT, CALIPH OF OMASH.—THE ACCOUNT OF
HIS STRANGE ADVENTURES.—HE WAS THE
FIRST INITIATED

"Ye happy tribes who inhabit the smiling plains of Arabia, it is to you that the secret is given. Rejoice! rejoice, ye happy tribes! Thine wisdom is fastened by strong roots. Ye furious winds, strive not to shake it! It was made to brave your fury! Ye gloomy clouds, ye lightnings, ye tempests, which precede the bursting of the thunders, respect ye a man impressed with the seal of the Great Prophet!"

"Thus," writes Abou Hassouat, Commander of the Faithful and Caliph of Omash, "was I received into the assembly of Princes of the Orient, this strange language being chanted by seven Negro railroad clerks employed on the night force of the general office of the Bagdad Jerk Water Short Line."

At the time of my initiation I was but a common scribe, in the midst of a social desert, destitute of all the enjoyments of social life, and exposed to the pains of thirst and hunger after enjoyment; from time to time chance offered some wild fruits, and the scanty trickling of some distant springs, which, for the time, caused me to forget my social destitution.

Thanks to thee, O Allah! thou didst look with favor

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

on young Abou, destitute of social enjoyment. Thou didst guide his footsteps to the open door of the Grand Orient. But I must transcribe my experience so that future generations may laugh and grow fat thereon.

I learned that in the town of Omash there was a body of learned sages, who had discovered a sure thing in the way of a cure for the blues. Being sorely afflicted with the real dark navy blues (my best girl having given me the mitten), I considered it wise to journey thither in quest of the remedy.

I didst therefore go on a pilgrimage across the wide desert to reach the town of Omash. I could scarcely tread the hot sands without losing the use of my feet, nor could I find a drop of water to quench my thirst at night, the Arabian leg pullers, who prowl in the hours of darkness might gather me in, but being firmly resolved to reach the Orient, I continued.

Having journeyed "three days and nights," I reached the declivity of one of the highest hills on the border of the desert.

I had no food remaining but a few roots, and as I looked before me I beheld a sandy plain terminated by the horizon. I could hope for no relief or refreshments till I had crossed the wide desert. I sank down in despair, and fell asleep.

I was awakened by a rich and peculiar odor, and discovered also that it was night, and blinding darkness was spread around me. I heard a voice saying:

"Pilgrim, why tarriest thou here in the desert; wouldst thou become of the elect, and enjoy life?"

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

And I answered and said, "Right ye are."

"Then thou goest to Omash, to enter the Grand Orient," said the voice.

I answered, and said: "I am lost in an ocean of sand, the limits of which I can not perceive. The

earth flees before me as a cloud. I have called on the burning sand to afford me water. It has refused. See, my feet refuse to bear me, my legs stagger, my knees bend; verily I act like a "full man;" yet will I crawl, even on my belly to the place whither I am directed by the decrees of fate, even unto Omash."

Then said the voice, "Arise, pilgrim, mount and sit thee on thine ass, and I will guide thee thither, for I am of the Orient and am thine friend." But said I, "I have no ass, neither have I any other beast."

From the darkness the voice answered: "Fool, thinkest thou that I mock thee, do as I bid; arise! and I will show to thee thine ass, which belongeth to thee."

And I arose, and it was light; and, behold! I had an

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

ass, and I mounted and sat thereon and journeyed onward in joy. Now, when I was come to the gates of Omash, a great crowd of the wise men received me and took me up to the great Mosque, where I was crowned an Oriental Prince, and having pledged my word, and broken bread, and drank wine with them, I resolved to forever dwell among them, for their "sure thing" worked well on my blues, and, moreover, they were my friends.



UNCLE PAUL DIRECTS A LODGE FUNERAL

Uncle Paul was a fine type of the old-school Pennsylvania German, and, having amassed a competency by economy and thrift, was content to settle down in his pleasant home on the outskirts of the village to spend his remaining years in peace and comfort. It may seem paradoxical to say that Uncle Paul enjoyed a Lodge funeral above all things; but it was a fact that he was on hand at all the obsequies within striking radius of his home. No weather was ever too inclement but that the good old German would be found occupying a prominent place in the funeral procession. But to have charge of a funeral was to Uncle Paul the acme of dignity and responsibility, and it was when acting in this capacity upon a certain occasion that, the Lodge services being concluded, he wished to give all present a last look at the remains. So stationing himself at the head of the casket, he proclaimed, "De diseased frendts and Brothers may now view der corpse."

THE FREEMASON IN THE FOC'SLE

"The new hand's come aboard, sir," said the mate, putting his head into the state-room. "Came down in a cab, like a passenger for a liner, and sung out for the boy to help his traps down the foc'sle as if he was a Krujer."

When the London Pride had been towed out of Table Bay and set on her course, the captain and mate conferred anent the new arrival.

"Gives himself airs, you say?" queried the captain.

"I should think so, indeed. He told the men his name was James, not 'Jim,' and made nasty remarks about his bunk not being too clean."

"O, he'll soon get past himself," returned the other confidently; but in this he was over sanguine.

Mr. James Tamplin had not been on board many hours before his colleagues gave vent to their varied opinions concerning him, his ancestors, his belongings, and all that was his, with freedom and profanity. The cab incident had nettled them to begin with, and his fault-finding was irritating. When Bill ironically suggested his own berth instead of the one assigned to the new-comer, the latter inspected the offer critically, but declined it, on the ground that, if possible, it was worse than the other. This aroused the united enmity of the men, for Bill's bunk was specially coveted by them all, in that it was nearest the stove and farthest from the scuttle.

THE FREEMASON IN THE FOC'SLE

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At supper, Mr. Tamplin produced a Cape Argus for a tablecloth, and shifted his tea-can up and down the "Fashionable Intelligence" column as he read, with more apparent relish than he showed for the liquid itself. He finished his meal with the resigned air of a gourmand indulging pro tem. in a biscuit and soda-water diet under medical advice. The seamen resented it naturally, but worse was to follow. He lined his berth with sheets of newspaper, to the amazement of the crew, and added a dilapidated mosquito-net amid the snickers of the boy, and to the imminent apoplectic danger of the cook. When, finally, he removed all his clothes before turning in, and donned a complete suit of pajamas, the men's exasperation reached white heat.

"Boy," shouted Bill savagely, "boy, ask the gentleman what time he 'd like 'is shaving water, an' if he's partic'lar as to the pattern on the mug." But Mr. Tamplin's face was turned to the wall.

Secretly the crew of the London Pride could not but acknowledge that the new hand was a person of consequence.

"Sam," said Mr. Tamplin, on the third day of their acquaintance, "you seem to have more sense than the others. Do I look as if I was one of you?"

"No, Jim—James, I mean—you oughter to be on the bridge, so to speak, or maybe in dock"—(Tamplin started violently at the word, used in all innocence)—"as 'arbor-master."

"Well, Sam, when you call the Prince of Wales—or King Edward, as he now is—'brother,' like I can, p'rhaps you 'll understand me better."

"Lor', sir! you do n't mean ter say you an' the R'yal Family are—" Others of the crew gathered round openmouthed.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"Yes," said Mr. Tamplin simply, "we meet on common ground as members of one society."

"Buffaloes?" inquired the boy, but it was loftily ignored by James.

"Foresters, I suppose," said the cook, anxious to show his versatility of knowledge.

"Better than that," was the answer.

"There's a Nodfellows 'all down Wapping way—it ain't that, I suppose?" queried another.

"No, it is n't," said James, "but it's more than all of 'em put together. I'm a—I'm a Freemason!"

The men looked incredulous, and Tamplin went on:

"Yes, a Freemason. I may tell you the King of England is proud to join us, and more than half the nobility. We drop all rank when we're in Lodge, and are just 'Brother Rothschild,' 'Brother Tamplin,' or 'Brother Edward' (that's the king), as the case may be."

The ensuing silence was relieved by Bill.

"I asks yer pardon, sir, for my rude remarks when you first come aboard; I oughter ha' seed you was a cut above us."

The Freemason smiled, and produced a shilling.

"Perhaps the cook could get us a little something from the mate, as it's my birthday," he said, persuasively.

The effect was magical. Subsequently Sam was overheard admonishing the boy with a small piece of rope, for what might have been treasonable utterances on the part of the younster.

"Pickaxe and spade be blowed!" said Sam (whack, whack). "D' you suppose the Prince o' Wales always carries his shovel and trowel around with him (whack) to show to unbelieving little cusses like you?" (whack, whack, whack).

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

The victory was complete, and the new hand laid himself out to be agreeable. He told yarns more or less improbable of his wealthy friends—all Freemasons; and how he, James Tamplin, beginning as a shoeblack, had risen until he was never hard up for a shilling to get a little something if he felt faint.

Saturday arrived, and with it came Tamplin's turn at brass-polishing, holystoning, and other amenities of sailor life. "Bill," said the new hand, confidentially, "Bill, I'm in an 'ole. Here's this bit of brass-cleaning to be done. I want to do it, mind you; yet it's against the rules of my Lodge to polish brass on Saturday afternoons. They're very partic'lar. Of course, I should n't like anything unpleasant with the skipper. D' you think a twist of tobacco would—er——?"

"Certainly, James; I'm sure it would. Sam'll be only too pleased to take on a bit o' polishing for you, won't you, Sam?"

"Ye—es," said that gentleman, uneasily, being uncertain as to the destination of the tobacco; but Bill, with an absentmindedness that deceived no one, bonded the black twist in his own trousers pocket. Later it appeared that mast-scraping was another profession denied Mr. Tamplin by the rigid tenets of his Lodge, and the long-suffering Sam assured the mate that to be slung up to the mast in a rope chair was the height of his ambition.

The men's curiosity regarding Freemasonry at last overcame their discretion. With a fine show of reluctance, Tamplin assured them that not even a man-o'-war, with all the guns in the navy, could extort the secret from him. Yet that night, in a moment of weakness, he confided to the crew of the *London Pride*, having previously put the boy on deck, that the real secret of

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Freemasonry was the payment of pensions, up to ten shillings a week, to all deserving members.

"But why is it such a secret?" asked Bill, incredulously.

"Well," admitted Mr. Tamplin, "it's a beautiful scheme whereby a married man always has a little pocket-money unbeknown to his missus. If you look at it in that light, I think you'll agree there's a good deal in it."

They did!

"An' where does the money come from?" queried another.

"From Brother Rothschild, of course. But you must n't ask too many questions. My Lodge might say you knew too much already. I'll tell you what I'll do, though. There's no reason why you should n't have a Lodge of your own aboard this ship. It's a fine thing, partic'ly when a man wants to give up sailing, to have a good steady income ashore." And with sundry innuendoes Mr. Tamplin worked on the imaginations of those honest sailor-men until they vied with one another in relieving the Freemason from his night watches and other labors, in order that he might lie in his bunk and think out his plans. For him the cook selected the freshest-looking biscuit he could find, and likewise reserved the tenderest corner of iunk, when it was possible to differentiate.

"There's only one thing I see in the way of a Lodge," said Tamplin musingly one day, "and that is the deposit. Every Freemason puts down a deposit of five pounds to begin with, like a savings bank, and you can have it out at the end of a year. You see," he went on, "these millionaires have such fine ways of investing money that five hundred per cent—if you know what that means—

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

is quite easy." Nobody did know, but they all agreed that Freemasonry was a wonderful thing for helping deserving men.

The London Pride was duly berthed in the London docks, and it was a comparatively simple matter for Mr. Tamplin to take charge of five pounds out of each man's wages; and he left the ship to deposit the guarantee fund with Brother Rothschild.

When Mr. Tamplin entered the private bar of "The Bag o' Nails," Poplar, he was quietly followed by two men, who took a languid interest in his doings. Finally one of them addressed him by a name which may have been his baptismal name, but it certainly was not James, and added a surname that did not coincide with "Tamp-
lin." At this juncture a small youth squirmed into the bar and listened to the conversation.

"Look here, Watson," said the interrogator again, "let's get to business. If you want details, I'll begin when you were first-class steward on board the Kimberley Castle. Berth 47 lost a gold watch and a jewel case, I fancy? Then there was No. 22—old gentleman, very fussy about his early morning tea and toast, you remember—pocket-book, was n't it? After that you changed to the Matabele. The door of berth No. 17 was always locked, but they left the porthole open at night. A walking-stick with a hook on the end makes a capital fishing-rod, eh?" The Freemason collapsed.

"Please, sir," interposed the boy, "what about the thirty pound he've just taken from our men?"

The youngster's further explanations were so interesting that he was persuaded to relate them at the nearest police station to the inspector on duty, who entered the charge and likewise took care of the money.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

"Better cut away to your ship and tell your captain," said the detective to the boy; but the latter hung back.

"I say, mister, is it all gammon about 'im" (nodding in the direction of a closed door) "being a Freemason?"

The officer chuckled. "Your friend's a very old hand," was his only comment.—Windsor Magazine.



WIDOW MUST LOOK ELSEWHERE

A member of a Lodge out West died a few years since, and shortly after his decease the widow married another member of the same Lodge. In a few months he too climbed the golden stairs; nor was it long before the weeping widow, tiring of single blessedness, again sought the charms of wedded bliss, and once more took for a partner a brother of the Lodge. He, too, soon put on angel's plumage and "walked through the cedar valleys, and joined the seraphim's hymn." The Lodge in each case performed the last sad rites with due solemnity. But self-protection demanded some decisive action, and fearful that there might be further designs on the Lodge, and not knowing who might be the next victim, a motion was made at a regular meeting, by which a charge of unbecoming conduct would be preferred against any member who was seen at the widow's.



MODERN KNIGHTHOOD

Gayly bedight, a noble Knight
Fared forth, and yet, and yet,
He had forgot the word and not
Could into the hall get.

THE DENIZENS OF THE TEMPLE

Celebrate the last work of the Season prior to calling off for the Summer

RIDING THE GOAT

A jolly young Irishman, saucy and bold,
Named Timmy O'Hooley, as I have been told,
Concluded he could, with perfect propriety,
Enlist in the ranks of some secret society.

So looking around, the right one to
choose,

That gave large returns for very small
dues,

A Lodge I'll not name, it appeared
to his mind,

Was surely the very best one he could
find.

Tim's petition for membership quickly
was made;

And for fear that the matter might
be long delayed,

He said: "Now, b'ys, ye must do this
up quick,

No tellin' how soon I may be gettin' sick,
And wantin' thim dollars ye promise to lave
To Kate an' the baby whin I'm in me grave."
He was told to appear the next meeting night,
And the matter would be attended to right.
Now, the "boys" of that Lodge were full of
their tricks,

And to get Irish Tim in a terrible fix,

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES



Concluded to add by the way of
variety,

Something new to the Ritual of
their society.

To the meeting Tim came, all
dressed in his best,

And anxious to take his seat with the rest;

But was met at the door by a member or two,

Who said: "There's a ceremony you must go
through.

Before entering the room you must take off your
coat,

For we hear you are good at riding a goat."

"Ride a goat!" exclaimed Tim. "What the devil
is that?

"T is surely some joke ye are now drivin' at;

I kin ride on a horse very sthylish an' neat,

But to get on a goat, what 'll I do wid me feet?"

But he took off his
coat and they
bandaged his
eyes,

Put a belt 'round
his waist, to
Tim's great sur-
prise,

They bade him to
enter, and he
quickly would
see

How soon he'd be
raised to the sec-
ond degree.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

A stout rope and tackle
were placed near
the door,

By the pelt poor
Tim was
raised from
the floor;

Back and for-
ward he
swung, a
comical sight
Kicking and
sprawling
with all of
his might.

"Let me down, let me out!" he cried in
affright.

"Bad cess to me sowl that I came here
to-night!"

The rope quickly slackened,
and Tim came down
plump

In a big vat of water just
fresh from the pump.

"Och, murther; I'm
drowned! By my sowl,
't is a shame!

Me Katy's a widdy, an'
do n't know the same!"

Cried Tim in a rage, as he
sprang to the floor,

Tore the blind from his eyes,
and rushed for the door.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

All dripping with water from
his recent cold bath,
He shook his fist at the crowd
and gave vent to his
wrath:

"Ye dirty spal-
pleens! I'll
take by the
throat



The first one that jokes me
'bout riding the goat."

Then seizing his coat he fled
from the hall,

And never was made a mem-
ber at all.



A FREEZING CEREMONY

One cold winter's night the Lodge had a candidate to initiate. Zero weather had been on for several days, and it was found next to impossible to warm up the Lodge-room to even a minimum degree of comfort. It was so cold that the Tyler had to keep on his overcoat or freeze. The fires were kept roaring in the stoves without producing much improvement in the temperature.

The candidate had been duly prepared, and was being conducted through the ceremonies, shivering, but without complaint. At a critical point, however, he failed to contain himself any longer. Standing before the altar, with chattering teeth, when asked what he most desired, he replied, without the least hesitation, "More clothes."

THE JINERS

SCENE.—Enter Sam, throwing a package into his wife's lap.

Samantha. Now, Sam Smith, what is this? I did not send by you for nuthin'.

Sam. I know that, Samantha; but can't a man get a new dress for his wife if she do n't send for it?

Samantha. Yes, I suppose some men can; but you ain't that kind of a man, Sam Smith. Leastwise you never did, unless you wanted to jine something; and what's more, you never will. Now, Sam Smith, what is it? Let's hear at once; what is it you want to jine now?

Sam. O, Samantha, can't you be reasonable and look at your new dress? Ain't it pretty? And I paid twenty-five cents a yard for it. Now, just untie it, Samantha, and see how it shines. 'T ain't every man that gets such a dress for his wife, I can tell you that, Samantha.

Samantha. And you would n't if you did n't want to jine something.

Sam. Look here, now, Samantha, I ain't never going to jine anything more unless my wife can jine with me, and that's why I got the dress; for I mean, when we do jine, you shall look as smart as any of them town-folks.

Samantha. There, Sam, did n't I tell you so; I knew

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

you wanted to jine something, and now want me to jine. That 's a new dodge, Sam. I know you.

Sam. It's no dodge at all, Samantha; but I will tell you all about it. I want to jine the Odd Fellers, and they have a Lodge for women; but no women but Odd Fellers' wives and gals can jine 'em.

Samantha. Me jine the Odd Fellers, Sam; I'd like to know who's going to take care of the young ones if I go to jining!

Sam. Why, they do n't meet but once a week, and Sally Ann can take care of them just as well as she can when you go to town.

Samantha (looking at her new dress approvingly). It is pretty, Sam; that's a fact.

Sam. Yes, I knew you would like it; and now hurry and get it made, and have it made stylish, 'cause I want you to wear it among the town-folks, and I want my wife to look as smart as any of them; and I know she is a tarnal sight smarter than the most of them. (*Samantha shakes out the goods, and looks approvingly.*) You had better get Miss Dodkins to make it. She will make you look stunnin'.

Samantha. Who said I was going to jine anything? I hain't, Sam Smith; but if you will go jining everything, I can't help it.

Sam. Samantha, can't we have supper now? I want to go to town early, and find out all about this wimen's Lodge.

Samantha. No, we can't have supper now, and I do n't want to know anything about wimen's Lodges, neither.

(*Sam gets up and looks out of the window. Samantha slyly sets a plate of doughnuts and some pie on the table, and leaves the room. Sam turns around,*

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

eats the pie, and puts the doughnuts in his pockets, and goes out. Samantha enters with dress on her arm.)

Samantha. Well, he's gone to jine something more. Will that man ever get through jining? But never mind; this time I'll jine, and if I don't make it hot for them, then my name ain't Samantha Smith. Now I'll get this dress made jest as soon as I can. Guess I'll go over and see Miss Dodkins to-night (*holding up the goods before her and looking in the glass*). It is pretty, and I guess I'll look as smart as any of 'em. But jest let them have any of their carryings-on after I jine 'em; I know how they act, and I'll expose them to the end of the arth. My time has now come, and I'll use it, too. I'll make 'em wish they'd never jined no wimen's Lodge before they get through with me. (*She rolls up the goods.*) Now, I'll make this dress cost Sam something, and I won't get a bit less than ten yards of white lace; and I won't have nothin' less than fifteen-cent lace, nuther; and I'll make Sam Smith pay for it, too. (*She puts on her bonnet and shawl, and starts for the dressmaker's.*)

ACT II. Enter Samantha, with dress on her arm.

Samantha. Look here, Sam, Dodkins has jest brought my dress home; and ain't it a beauty? It cost a big pile of money, though. Only think, you paid twenty-five cents a yard; and there's ten yards of it; and I paid fifteen cents a yard for this lace; and there's ten yards, and she put it all on to it, every speck on't; and then I paid a dollar and a half for the making, and sewed the lace onto it myself. But I don't care; I guess I'll look as smart as any of 'em.

Sam. Yes, it is pretty, Samantha, and the wimen that beats you has got to get up early.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Samantha. Say, Sam, have you found out yet how I can jine that wimen's Lodge? I'm ready now.

Sam. Y-a-s; leastwise I've jined it and handed your name in. (*Sam hitches uneasily in his chair.*)

Samantha. And what did they say when you handed it to 'em, Sam?

Sam. Why, they voted on it, Samantha.

Samantha. They voted on my name? That's pretty doings, Sam Smith. Voted on my name!

Sam. Why, Samantha, they alus have to vote on everybody that jines.

Samantha. And if they do n't want them, they black-ball 'em, and that's what they've done on me, Sam Smith. You need not deny it; I see it in your eyes.

Sam. Well, well, Samantha, we'll try it again. I guess there's some of 'em did n't like you; but we'll have you in yet; lots of 'em said so.

Samantha. Have me in yet? No, they won't. You did it yourself, Sam; I know you did. Have me in? I guess not much; but I'll have a divorce. I'm done with pesky jiners. Yes, I'll have a divorce this very day. (*Throws her dress on the floor, and leaves the room. Sam, with his head between his hand, in tears.*)

CURTAIN FALLS.

WHY THEY JOINED THE REBEKAHS

AN ORIGINAL FARCE IN ONE ACT,

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS, RELATIVE
POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, DE-
SCRIPTION OF COSTUMES AND THE WHOLE OF THE
STAGE BUSINESS, CAREFULLY MARKED
FROM THE MOST APPROVED
ACTING COPY.

BY
IDA M. BUXTON.

*Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1885, by
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CINCINNATI, O.:
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WHY THEY JOINED THE REBEKAHS

CHARACTERS.

Mrs. Dean. Mrs. Kent. Mrs. Barnes. Mrs. Gray.

Scene—a Sitting-Room.

Time—the present.

Time in representation—twenty minutes.

SCENE.—MRS. DEAN'S sitting-room. MRS. KENT
and MRS. BARNES seated with her, all engaged with
some work.

Mrs. B. (*looking at clock.*) I met Mrs. Gray on
my way over, and she promised to call at three o'clock.
I wonder where she can be!

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Mrs. K. She said she had a deal of shopping to do, and that takes one's time dreadfully.

Mrs. D. Yes indeed, it does; I never think of making calls and going shopping all in one day.

Enter MRS. GRAY, L.

Mrs. B. Here comes Mrs. Gray now.

Mrs. D. We were just talking about you, my dear, and wondering if you had forgotten us.

Mrs. G. I should have come sooner, but "better late than never," you know.

Mrs. D. (*taking Mrs. Gray's hat.*) What a lovely feather, Mrs. Gray!

Mrs. G. I think it's very pretty; and indeed it ought to be, for I teased for it long enough.

Mrs. B. The old, old story, man's purse-strings tight as ever, eh?

Mrs. G. Ours ought not to be; but it all comes of those Odd Fellows. If I want a new dress or hat there is no money; but my husband always has surplus funds to devote to the "three links," as he calls them.

Mrs. B. I sympathize with you; three links, indeed! I often tell Mr. Barnes I wish he would get as much linked to his home as he has to that horrid old Lodge. Why, he's there every evening in the week.

Mrs. D. He can't be worse than Mr. Dean, I'm sure. With him, Monday it's Lodge, Wednesday the Encampment, and a degree for every other night in the week. If he'd put a few more degrees into the house I'd like it; but no, that can't be done. The girls have wanted a new piano for a year, but could n't have it because their father must needs flaunt about in royal purple.

Mrs. K. I know just how it is. Last winter I

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

wanted a sealskin sack, but husband declared his means would n't allow it, so I mended and patched my old broadcloth, content to do my part of the economizing; but my anger was at its height when, the very next day, Mr. Kent bought a new Odd Fellow's suit that never cost a cent less than a hundred dollars, I know.

Mrs. G. That's the way it was with my spring bonnet. Husband says, "Jane, we must economize." "Very well," I replied, cheerfully, "I'm glad of an opportunity to aid as a wife should;" but when they paraded on anniversary-day, was n't my husband there in line with a hat on that cost twenty times more than my bonnet would?

Mrs. K. I'll warrant you were as angry as I.

Mrs. G. You are right. When John came home I just freed my mind. "Economize indeed!" said I; "nice economy that is. I can't have a bonnet as big as a postage stamp, but you could find money enough to buy that hat which looks like some old sugar-box, and ornamented with a fifteen-dollar feather, could n't you?"

Mrs. K. What did he say to that?

Mrs. G. O, he muttered something about looking well on parade.

Mrs. D. Parade, indeed! If we women go downtown shopping, it's a terrible thing; but they can rig themselves out, and trot around after an old brass band, and find it fun.

Mrs. G. I think the Odd Fellows must be a very sickly organization. There's always two or three dozen who demand fraternal aid, and my husband does enjoy sitting up with the sick people, and getting home about three o'clock in the morning.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Mrs. B. Last week Mr. Barnes, besides attending the regular meeting, took two degrees and watched three nights with sick Brothers, and when I asked for money to buy the children some shoes, he had given it to aid a suffering Brother.

Mrs. G. I do n't care how much he attends to sick *Brothers*; but when he came home with his shoulders covered with yellow hair a yard long, and in his pocket a daintily-perfumed handkerchief marked with feminine initials, then I resolved to hunt up the affair.

Mrs. D. That is n't any worse than Mr. Dean. His hobby used to be Odd Fellows' widows and children, although I think the children came in for a pretty small share of the attention. He said he was a special committee to attend to them; but after he visited Widow Downes three times in one week, I appointed myself a special committee to investigate the affair, and since then he has lost all fondness for widows.

Mrs. B. I tell you what let's do. I believe half the stories they tell us are lies; now let us all send our names into the Daughters of Rebekah, and then we'll know just what is going on, the exact number of sick folks and corpses that have to be sat up with nights.

Mrs. D. A very good suggestion. I will gladly act upon it. What say you, Mrs. Kent?

Mrs. K. O, I'm afraid—they do such horrible things at the initiation! Why, when I went to the Hall to that collation, right in one corner was a huge banner with cross-bones on it and a horrible grinning skull, enough to make any Christian woman scream in agony.

Mrs. G. They say they lead them around the room, holding their nose by a pair of tongs, and that, as the

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

candidate stands in the center, all the members pass by and pinch him to see how he bears trials.

Mrs. D. Do you believe it?

Mrs. B. Maybe the pinching story is true, because the other night Barnes came home with a black eye, and he said there had been an initiation, and while preparing for the candidate he hit his eye. Perhaps he pinched too hard, and the candidate hit him.

Mrs. B. Well, I do n't care; the other women have survived the terrible realities of an initiation, and I guess we can.

Mrs. G. I'm willing to undergo some torture just for the sake of getting inside the ring, so let's all join, anyway.

Mrs. K. Let's put on our bonnets and go right over to Mrs. Smith's and ask about it.

(All put on bonnets.)

Mrs. D. Won't Mr. Dean be surprised when he finds out my intentions? I'll have a hand in these operations now.

Mrs. B. Suppose we shall have to sit up with sick Sisters every night in the week and twice on Sunday.

Mrs. G. At least, we've found a sure cure for all the ills that Odd Fellows are heir to, and if it works all right, we'll publish a pamphlet entitled, "WHY THEY JOINED THE REBEKAHS."

CURTAIN.

SISTER MASONS

A BURLESQUE IN ONE ACT.

BY

FRANK DUMONT,

Author of "The Cuban Spy," "The Old Dairy Homestead."

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ADDRESS

C. B. PETTIBONE & CO.,

CINCINNATI, O.

NOTE.—The right to use this play is not granted in the purchase of this book. Copies may be purchased, however, from the publishers at 15 cents per copy, with right to produce.

CHARACTERS

SISTER ANGELCAKE.—*Master of the Lodge and Most Worthy Grand Skyrocket.*

SISTER GOSSIP.—*High Back Jellymixer ; second in command.*

SISTER BUSYBODY.—*Most Refulgent Pincushion.*

SISTER THANKFUL.—*Grand Chow Chow ; Inner Guard and Keeper of the Goat.*

SISTER LONESOME.—*A widow.*

SISTER BLUEBLOOD.—*A new member.*

MRS. PADLOCK.—*Hardware dealer's wife,* } *Candidates*
MRS. IPECAC.—*The Doctor's wife,* } *for initiation.*

POLICEMAN.—*One of the members.*

SISTER BACKBITE, ROYAL PEEK ABOO, AND OTHER
LADY MASONS.—*Members of the Lodge.*

TIME IN REPRESENTATION, TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

PROPERTIES

Chinese gong and beater; a live tame goat or dog; mallet; books on desk, also a dinner-bell. Desk and chair up stage, c. Desk and chair, r. c. Desk and chair, l. c. Table—with black tablecloth rolled up; on this tablecloth's front a "death-head and cross-bones," like a pirate's flag.

COSTUMES

Fantastic gowns or dominoes with symbols upon them; peaked dunces' caps; gilt pasteboard crown for the Master; blindfolds for the candidates.

SISTER MASONS

SCENE—*Plain chamber. Interior of Lodge-room. Desk and chair, up stage, c., for "Master" of Lodge. Desk and chair, down r. c. Desk and chair, down l. c. Bell and small mallet on Master's desk.*

(SISTERS BACKBITE, GOSSIP, and BUSYBODY discovered, c.)

Sister Backbite. What a charming evening for our meeting and to initiate new members!

Sister Gossip. What a grand idea it was to have a female Masonic Lodge, and one just as good as the ones in which our husbands are so prominent!

Sister Busybody. Yes, and we've got all their secrets, their ritual, and everything appertaining to Masonry.

Sister Backbite. How lucky it is that husband talk in their sleep and give away Lodge secrets!

Sister Gossip. Yes, and Sister Sharp Eyes found a

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

book with the whole Masonic affair written out, and then this Lodge of Lady Masons was started at once.

Sister Busybody. And they say that women can't keep a secret. (*They laugh.*)

Sister Gossip. And that we can not show sisterly affection for each other; that we'd talk about each other.

Sister Backbite. The idea of such a thing! O, by the way, did you see Sister Blueblood's new dress?

Sister Gossip. New dress? It's last year's made over again, and she thinks we're nearsighted and can't tell it. (*They laugh.*)

Sister Busybody. And that fright of a hat she wears. (*Laughs.*) Roses and pink buds for a woman of her age!

Sister Gossip. And did you notice the way she holds her dress? She's brazen enough, dear knows! A cheap fifty-cent skirt to expose.

Sister Backbite. And they do say that she has her face massaged! Goodness knows it needs it. She's one mass of freckles! (*Laughs.*)

Sister Busybody. I hate Sister Blueblood, so I do!

Sister Gossip. And so do I. She's too airy to suit me.

Sister Backbite. I despise her. (*Looks, L. I E.*) Why here comes Sister Blueblood, now!

(*Enter SISTER BLUEBLOOD, L. I E. They run up to her and kiss her.*)

Sister Gossip. O, we're so glad you came!

Sister Busybody. Yes—we were just talking about you.

Sister Backbite. We were afraid you'd miss the Lodge's meeting.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Sister Blueblood. O no! I would n't miss it for the world, especially since the doctor's wife is to be initiated into this Masonic Lodge. I want to see her suffer. I hate her, and want to see her get all the degrees as hot as they can make 'em!

Sister Gossip. But we must not forget our obligations, to love one another and be a band of Sisters.

Sister Busybody. O, as we are female Masons, we never forget our obligations!

Sister Gossip. And here is our Most Worthy High and Exalted Ruler, Sister Angelcake, Master of our Lodge.

(Enter SISTER ANGELCAKE, L. U. E. All greet her. She takes her seat at her desk, C.)

Sister Angelcake. Good evening, sisters! Did you attend the bargain sale this morning? Was n't it splendid? Everything marked down! *(Raps for order with mallet.)*

(Enter Sister members—THE PAINTER'S WIFE, THE GROCER'S WIFE, THE DENTIST'S WIFE, THE BANK CASHIER'S WIFE, and several others; all salute SISTER ANGELCAKE, C., and SISTERS BUSYBODY and GOSSIP, who occupy desks, R. and L. Members take seats on either side of the room.)

(Enter SISTER LONESOME. She salutes Master.)

Sister Gossip (to Sister Busybody). Get on to the new shoes!

Sister Backbite. And the new hair!

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

(WIDOW sits R. Enter SISTER THANKFUL, an old maid,
L. 2 E. She salutes.)

Sister Angelcake. Sister Thankful, you will take your station at the portals of this Lodge, admitting none without the password and the grip.

Sister Thankful. I've just gotten over the grip. The doctor said I had a very close call.

(All laugh; Master raps for order; all are silent; SISTER THANKFUL stands L. 2 E., acting as tyler or inner guard.)

Sister Angelcake. You will at once proceed to robe yourselves in the solemn attire of the Blue Lodge of Free and Accepted Female Masons.

(Ladies attire themselves quickly in loose robes of different colors, with mystic signs pasted or sewn upon them. These hieroglyphics can be cut out of foil paper, of different colors. Members wear high conical caps, like dunces' caps, with the exception of the Master, who wears a huge gilt pasteboard crown. When all are attired, Master raps three times, and SISTER THANKFUL strikes a gong thrice in response. Then she places a small table in front of Master's desk, and spreads a dark cloth over it. Upon its front is seen a large skull and cross-bones, painted white, or cut out of white muslin and sewed upon the front of the black table-covering.)

Sister Angelcake. This Grand Lodge of Female Masons is now opened. (Raps.) Sister High Back Jellymixer—

Sister Gossip. Most Worthy Grand Skyrocket.

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

Sister Angelcake. What does your position signify?

Sister Gossip. Love thy neighbor as thyself, always speak kinds words of a Sister and extend the hand of friendship and assistance.

Sister Angelcake. Sister Most Refulgent Pin-cushion—

Sister Busybody. Most Worthy Grand Skyrocket.

Sister Angelcake. What does your position signify?

Sister Busybody. To bridle the tongue of scandal and be a comfort to the distressed Sister. Never speak ill of any one behind her back, and ever be truthful in all things, except what we tell our husbands.

Sister Angelcake. Sister Most Grand Chow Chow, guardian of the goat—

Sister Thankful. Most Exalted Skyrocket.

Sister Angelcake. What are the duties of your position?

Sister Thankful. To guard the keyhole; to see that none but members peep through it; and, above all, to give the signal of alarm should a man penetrate into this temple of Masonry. Also to feed the new goat.

Sister Angelcake. Most Worthy Scribe—Sister Royal Peek Aboo!

Widow (rising). Most Worshipful Skyrocket, my duties are to inscribe the minutes of this Lodge and keep an eye upon the boodle intrusted to my care, and see that none of it is deposited in the bank.

Sister Angelcake. Sister Tyler will see that each member present has the correct word and grip.

(SISTER THANKFUL goes around in a circle to each lady, who whispers in her ear, makes eccentric motions with hands behind ears and finger beside nose, then gives her a ridiculous grip of the hand. When she has thus

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

visited all except the Master, she goes and strikes the gong once.)

Sister Thankful. We all are Masons!

Sister Angelcake. Then the Lodge is formally assembled. I declare Blue Lodge, No. 1, Free and Accepted Lady Masons, of (name of city or town), opened in due form and ready for business. You all know that we are free and independent married women, and that our first and principal object is to elevate ourselves above that groveling insect called man. It has been stated that Adam was created first, and Eve next. Of course we've been "next" to man right along, and he doesn't get the better of us. If he does, we call in our mothers, and that settles him! We represent all that is good in this world. We were for a long time denied the privilege of being Masons; but our time came. Man can not keep a secret, and he babbles in his sleep. Lucky for us that he is so weak-minded. O, Sister Masons! I implore you to be vigilant, watchful, and silent. Do not be tempted to reveal the secrets of our Lodge. Let not a new dress, a new bonnet, jewelry, or other masculine bribes, swerve you from the paths of duty to this Lodge. Of course that sneaking creature called man will tempt us with new shades of silk, gorgeous hats with birds on them, shirtwaists of rainbow hues, a new bicycle, and everything that goes with it. And lo and behold, we hesitate—and accept. There's where we're weak. O, married Sisters, be firm! Widows who have had experience, be firmer. Ladies of doubtful age not yet cajoled into matrimony, be solid as a rock; be as solid and firm as the hills. In fact, be cautious and independent. Be Masons, and an honor to the first Lodge of Female Masons organ-

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ized in America. Your noble Lodge first, your family afterwards (*raps*). Your duties have been explained, and the Sisters will repeat the Opening Ode.

SISTERS (*recite.*)

We're a band of Sisters gay;
Man—at last has had his day;
He's not "in it" any more;
We should have done this thing before.

Sister Angelcake. Here we stand fearless and free, and who shall dare provoke our wrath? What living thing can defy the Lady Masons?

(*SISTER THANKFUL utters a piercing scream.*)

Sister Thankful. O! there's a mouse! (*All the ladies scream and jump on chairs. The Master and officers climb upon their desks.*) No, it was not a mouse. It was a large roach! (*All utter a cry of relief, and clamber down to their respective seats.*)

Sister Angelcake. Sister Thankful, make a closer investigation before you throw this Lodge into hysterics. I'm not afraid of a mouse myself, but you took me off my guard. (*Raps.*) Come to order, Sisters. I'm ashamed of you, showing the white feather in such a manner. Don't let it happen again. (*Knocks heard outside, L. 2 E.*) Who raps at the portals of our most solemn and undisturbed conclave?

Sister Thankful. Two candidates for this Lodge of Female Masons, who will test our new goat.

Sister Angelcake. Admit them! Rise, Sisters, and greet the candidates. (*Music. Two ladies are brought in from L. 2 E., blindfolded.* *SISTER THANKFUL leads MRS.*

THE LODGE GOAT AND GOAT RIDES

PADLOCK. *WIDOW leads in MRS. IPECAC. They are marched around in a circle. All Sisters standing. They are halted c.)* Invest the candidates with the insignia of the first degree. (MRS. PADLOCK is given a broom. MRS. IPECAC a rolling-pin.) These are the weapons to be used on your husbands. A broomstick and a rolling-pin! And don't be afraid to put all your muscle into them. Take the candidates to the east before the other tribunals of this Lodge. (They are brought before SISTER GOSSIP's desk.)

Sister Gossip. My Sisters: You have the power in your own hands to make man respect you. If he stays out too late, use the broom for your sweeping remarks. If he finds fault with your cooking, give him a taste of the rolling-pin, and roll him on the floor with it. You will next visit the station opposite. (They go before SISTER BUSYBODY's desk.)

Sister Busybody. Beloved Sisters: You have heard the words of wisdom, now put them into practice. Remember that you are Masons. Your husbands mix the mortar and carry the hod. You are the superintendents of it all. You will prepare yourselves for the second degree.

Sisters (shouting). Second degree!

Sister Angelcake. You will obey each and every instruction, go through the motion of each thing I mention, and do it quickly. Are you ready?

Candidates. We are.

Sister Angelcake. Swim. (They go through motions.) Work at the wash-tub. (They go through motions.) Scratch your husband's face. (Motions.) Pull his hair. (Motions.) Comb your own hair. (Motions.) Go through your husband's pockets. (They go through this as if picking up sleeping man's trousers and searching

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pockets.) Good! You are adepts, and deserve all you can get. Third degree.

Sisters. Third degree!

Sister Angelcake. You must ride the goat. (*Candidates, alarmed, try to run out, but are held back by their conductors.*) All Masons ride the goat, and you must do so likewise, in order to be genuine members of the Craft. Bring in the "butter." (*Music. A live tame goat is brought in by several members, L. 2 E. If a goat can not be obtained, use a large dog with pasteboard horns affixed to his head. The goat is better, as he will be apt to cavort around, and ladies can mount chairs, etc. They utter screams of "Help!" "Save us!" etc. A policeman enters and arrests the goat, taking it by a rope to lead it out. Ladies on chairs screaming, and the entire picture conveys the idea that the Lodge is entirely broken up by the unruly goat.*)

CURTAIN.



While the stories in this book are intended to portray the humorous side of Lodge Life, there is yet another side, and the Editor can not refrain from the temptation to touch slightly upon this other side, and conclude this collection with a gem reflecting a sentiment that all who will have glanced through these pages will most heartily appreciate.

ONLY A BADGE

BY DR. C. A. ROBINSON, IN SPRIG OF MYRTLE

"Where are you going, my pretty
maid?"

"I 'm going 'way off, sir," she said.

"Papa an' mamma bofe is dead,
An' gran'ma she ist cried and cried,
An' I cried too, cause then they said
'At bofe my parents now is dead,
An' I must go away to stay.
An' go all by myself to-day."

The little eyes grew dim with tears,
The little heart grew faint with fears,
The little hand toyed timidly
At a 'kerchief lying on her knee,
The big man at the lady's side
Cleared his throat, coughed, and turned
aside,
Then laid his hand upon her head,
And smiling, tenderly he said:

ONLY A BADGE

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THE LODGE GOAT-AND GOAT RIDES

"And whose is this, my pretty maid?"
"It was my papa's, sir," she said.
"He wore it always while he lived,
An' when he 's dead, why, gran'ma gived
The pretty little badge to me;
Cause, gran'ma she says, do n't you see,
When you reach your journey's end,
This tells you who 's your papa's friend."

"My papa wore this pretty badge,
'Cause he 'longed to the goodest Lodge
What sends fer little dirls to come
To the bestest, nicest, finest home—
That 's little dirls, like me, you know,
'At ain't got nowhere else to go.
An' gran'ma says ist keep this badge,
An' they 'll all know her little Madge."

Back through the train the big man
walked,
Then lowly to some strangers talked;
And no one heard just what he said;
But pretty soon the little maid
Was laughing out in childish glee,
For six strong men were there to see
Her safely to her journey's end,
And every man the baby's friend.

"Why, you are wearin' badges, too,
An' so are you, an' you, an' you;
Ist like my papa's, do n't you see?
This one 'at gran'ma gived to me."

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She warbled, going from man to man,
As on her pretty prattle ran.
"Is all of your Lodges ist like his?
F'r do n't you see, all your badges is."

The noisy brakeman called out "Mon-
roe!"
"That 's ist the place I want to go,"
The little maiden quickly said.
In two strong arms she left the car,
Two other arms took her into their care.
"Dood-bye," she said, as the train moved
away,
"Come over an' see us all some day."

FINIS

THE EDITOR'S ANNOUNCEMENT

Should the "Lodge Goat" meet with the success and approval the editor hopes, it may be followed by a second volume. But the unique material from which the book was made is exceedingly scarce in print, and the sources from which the present collection was made were extremely varied. The collection forming the "Lodge Goat" was accumulated only after much labor and trouble, and the time occupied in this work covered a number of years.

Doubtless there is much more, and perhaps better, material extant that might have been available, but was missed in the editor's search; good stories and a more than sufficient number possibly, which, if brought together, might have formed a second volume of the "Lodge Goat."

Would you like to see a continuation of these stories, in another volume?" A little thoughtful observance upon the part of our readers might result in a collaboration that would prove mutually interesting. There are good stories relating to the humorous side

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of Lodge life to be seen in print in every part of the world, even in the most unlikely papers or places; not confined to complete stories alone, but paragraphs, illustrations, etc., that have a point or that can be adapted.

If the interested reader will clip everything he may think appropriate, or write out the best he can, any good story or incident within his knowledge, and send to the editor, he will do the rest. No matter how poorly written, badly printed, or valueless they may appear, they can be redressed, rewritten, or re-engraved, and given a renewed interest.

It is said, "There is nothing new under the sun," but old stories are often as good as new—sometimes better, and if brought up to date they will appear new to the most of us.

Should these suggestions meet with responsive co-operation, and the editor shall find himself again in possession of a sufficient quantity of appropriate material to form a new book—provided, of course, that our first effort shall have met with favor and success in the publication, then the publishers will take pleasure in issuing a second volume, and, in reciprocation for favors shown, will send a copy, when issued, with their compliments to each contributor whose article shall be used in the new work.

We take this occasion, also, to thank in advance those who may contribute, and ask that they will kindly address

The Lodge Goat Editor,
P. O. Box No. 128,
Cincinnati, O.

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